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Stories by American Authors.

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H. James

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Stories by

American Authors

V.

A LIGHT MAN.

By HENRY JAMES.

YATIL.

By F. D. MILLET.

THE END OF NEW YORK.

By PARK BENJAMIN.

WHY THOMAS WAS DISCHARGED.

By GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE TACHYPOMP.

By E. P. MITCHELL.

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1891

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7.6.44

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The Carlton Press
171, 173 Macdougall Street, New York

A LIGHT MAN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

“ And I—what I seem to my friend, you see—
What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess.
What I seem to myself, do you ask of me?
No hero, I confess.”

A Light Woman.—Browning's Men and Women.

APRIL 4, 1857.—I have changed my sky without changing my mind. I resume these old notes in a new world. I hardly know of what use they are ; but it's easier to stick to the habit than to drop it. I have been at home now a week—at home, forsooth ! And yet, after all, it is home. I am dejected, I am bored, I am blue. How can a man be more at home than that ? Nevertheless, I am the citizen of a great country, and for that matter, of a great city. I walked to-day some ten miles or so along Broadway, and on the whole I don't blush for my native land. We are a capable

race and a good-looking withal ; and I don't see why we shouldn't prosper as well as another. This, by the way, ought to be a very encouraging reflection. A capable fellow and a good-looking withal ; I don't see why he shouldn't die a millionaire. At all events he must do something. When a man has, at thirty-two, a net income of considerably less than nothing, he can scarcely hope to overtake a fortune before he himself is overtaken by age and philosophy—two deplorable obstructions. I am afraid that one of them has already planted itself in my path. What am I ? What do I wish ? Whither do I tend ? What do I believe ? I am constantly beset by these impertinent whisperings. Formerly it was enough that I was Maximus Austin ; that I was endowed with a cheerful mind and a good digestion ; that one day or another, when I had come to the end, I should return to America and begin at the beginning ; that, meanwhile, existence was sweet in—in the Rue Tronchet. But now ! Has the sweetness really passed out of life ? Have I eaten the plums and left nothing but the bread and milk and corn-starch, or whatever the horrible concoction is ?—I had it to-day for dinner. Pleasure, at least, I imagine—pleasure pure and simple, pleasure crude, brutal and vulgar—this poor flimsy delusion has lost all its charm. I shall never again care for certain things—and indeed for certain persons. Of such things, of such persons, I firmly maintain, however, that I was never an enthusiastic votary. It would be more to my

credit, I suppose, if I had been. More would be forgiven me if I had loved a little more, if into all my folly and egotism I had put a little more *naïveté* and sincerity. Well, I did the best I could, I was at once too bad and too good for it all. At present, it's far enough off ; I have put the sea between us ; I am stranded. I sit high and dry, scanning the horizon for a friendly sail, or waiting for a high tide to set me afloat. The wave of pleasure has deposited me here in the sand. Shall I owe my rescue to the wave of pain ? At moments I feel a kind of longing to expiate my stupid little sins. I see, as through a glass, darkly, the beauty of labor and love. Decidedly, I am willing to work. It's written.

7th.—My sail is in sight ; it's at hand ; I have all but boarded the vessel. I received this morning a letter from the best man in the world. Here it is :

DEAR MAX : I see this very moment, in an old newspaper which had already passed through my hands without yielding up its most precious item, the announcement of your arrival in New York. To think of your having perhaps missed the welcome you had a right to expect from me ! Here it is, dear Max—as cordial as you please. When I say I have just read of your arrival, I mean that twenty minutes have elapsed by the clock. These have been spent in conversation with my excellent friend Mr. Sloane—we having taken the liberty of making you the topic. I haven't time to say more about Frederick Sloane than that he is very anxious to make your acquaintance, and that, if your time is not otherwise engaged, he would like you very much to spend a month with him. He is an excellent host, or I

shouldn't be here myself. It appears that he knew your mother very intimately, and he has a taste for visiting the amenities of the parents upon the children ; the original ground of my own connection with him was that he had been a particular friend of my father. You may have heard your mother speak of him. He is a very strange old fellow, but you will like him. Whether or no you come for his sake, come for mine.

Yours always,

THEODORE LISLE.

Theodore's letter is of course very kind, but it's remarkably obscure. My mother may have had the highest regard for Mr. Sloane, but she never mentioned his name in my hearing. Who is he, what is he, and what is the nature of his relations with Theodore? I shall learn betimes. I have written to Theodore that I gladly accept (I believe I suppressed the "gladly" though) his friend's invitation, and that I shall immediately present myself. What can I do that is better? Speaking sordidly, I shall obtain food and lodging while I look about me. I shall have a base of operations. D., it appears, is a long day's journey, but enchanting when you reach it. I am curious to see an enchanting American town. And to stay a month! Mr. Frederick Sloane, whoever you are, *vous faites bien les choses*, and the little that I know of you is very much to your credit. You enjoyed the friendship of my dear mother, you possess the esteem of the virtuous Theodore, you commend yourself to my own affection. At this rate, I shall not grudge it.

D—, 14th. — I have been here since Thursday

evening—three days. As we rattled up to the tavern in the village, I perceived from the top of the coach, in the twilight, Theodore beneath the porch, scanning the vehicle, with all his amiable disposition in his eyes. He has grown older, of course, in these five years, but less so than I had expected. His is one of those smooth, unwrinkled souls that keep their bodies fair and fresh. As tall as ever, moreover, and as lean and clean. How short and fat and dark and debauched he makes one feel! By nothing he says or means, of course, but merely by his old unconscious purity and simplicity—that slender straightness which makes him remind you of the spire of an English abbey. He greeted me with smiles, and stares, and alarming blushes. He assures me that he never would have known me, and that five years have altered me—*sehr*! I asked him if it were for the better? He looked at me hard for a moment, with his eyes of blue, and then, for an answer, he blushed again.

On my arrival we agreed to walk over from the village. He dismissed his wagon with my luggage, and we went arm-in-arm through the dusk. The town is seated at the foot of certain mountains, whose names I have yet to learn, and at the head of a big sheet of water, which, as yet, too, I know only as "the Lake." The road hitherward soon leaves the village and wanders in rural loveliness by the margin of this expanse. Sometimes the water is hidden by clumps of trees, behind which we heard it lapping and gurgling in the darkness ;

sometimes it stretches out from your feet in shining vagueness, as if it were tired of making, all day, a million little eyes at the great stupid hills. The walk from the tavern takes some half an hour, and in this interval Theodore made his position a little more clear. Mr. Sloane is a rich old widower ; his age is seventy-two, and as his health is thoroughly broken, is practically even greater ; and his fortune — Theodore, characteristically, doesn't know anything definite about that. It's probably about a million. He has lived much in Europe, and in the " great world ;" he has had adventures and passions and all that sort of thing ; and now, in the evening of his days, like an old French diplomatist, he takes it into his head to write his memoirs. To this end he has lured poor Theodore to his gruesome side, to mend his pens for him. He has been a great scribbler, says Theodore, all his days, and he proposes to incorporate a large amount of promiscuous literary matter into these *souvenirs intimes*. Theodore's principal function seems to be to get him to leave things out. In fact, the poor youth seems troubled in conscience. His patron's lucubrations have taken the turn of many other memoirs, and have ceased to address themselves *virginibus puerisque*. On the whole, he declares they are a very odd mixture—a medley of gold and tinsel, of bad taste and good sense. I can readily understand it. The old man bores me, puzzles me, and amuses me.

He was in waiting to receive me. We found him

in his library—which, by the way, is simply the most delightful apartment that I ever smoked a cigar in—a room arranged for a lifetime. At one end stands a great fireplace, with a florid, fantastic mantelpiece in carved white marble—an importation, of course, and, as one may say, an interpolation; the groundwork of the house, the “fixtures,” being throughout plain, solid and domestic. Over the mantel-shelf is a large landscape, a fine Gainsborough, full of the complicated harmonies of an English summer. Beneath it stands a row of bronzes of the Renaissance and potteries of the Orient. Facing the door, as you enter, is an immense window set in a recess, with cushioned seats and large clear panes, stationed as it were at the very apex of the lake (which forms an almost perfect oval) and commanding a view of its whole extent. At the other end, opposite the fireplace, the wall is studded, from floor to ceiling, with choice foreign paintings, placed in relief against the orthodox crimson screen. Elsewhere the walls are covered with books, arranged neither in formal regularity nor quite helter-skelter, but in a sort of genial incongruity, which tells that sooner or later each volume feels sure of leaving the ranks and returning into different company. Mr. Sloane makes use of his books. His two passions, according to Theodore, are reading and talking; but to talk he must have a book in his hand. The charm of the room lies in the absence of certain pedantic tones—the browns, blacks and grays—which distinguish

most libraries. The apartment is of the feminine gender. There are half a dozen light colors scattered about—pink in the carpet, tender blue in the curtains, yellow in the chairs. The result is a general look of brightness and lightness ; it expresses even a certain cynicism. You perceive the place to be the home, not of a man of learning, but of a man of fancy.

He rose from his chair—the man of fancy, to greet me—the man of fact. As I looked at him, in the lamplight, it seemed to me, for the first five minutes, that I had seldom seen an uglier little person. It took me five minutes to get the point of view ; then I began to admire. He is diminutive, or at best of my own moderate stature, and bent and contracted with his seventy years ; lean and delicate, moreover, and very highly finished. He is curiously pale, with a kind of opaque yellow pallor. Literally, it's a magnificent yellow. His skin is of just the hue and apparent texture of some old crumpled Oriental scroll. I know a dozen painters who would give more than they have to arrive at the exact "tone" of his thick-veined, bloodless hands, his polished ivory knuckles. His eyes are circled with red, but in the battered little setting of their orbits they have the lustre of old sapphires. His nose, owing to the falling away of other portions of his face, has assumed a grotesque, unnatural prominence ; it describes an immense arch, gleaming like a piece of parchment stretched on ivory. He has, apparently, all his teeth, but

has muffled his cranium in a dead black wig ; of course he's clean shaven. In his dress he has a muffled, wadded look and an apparent aversion to linen, inasmuch as none is visible on his person. He seems neat enough, but not fastidious. At first, as I say, I fancied him monstrously ugly ; but on further acquaintance I perceived that what I had taken for ugliness is nothing but the incomplete remains of remarkable good looks. The line of his features is pure ; his nose, *cæteris paribus*, would be extremely handsome ; his eyes are the oldest eyes I ever saw, and yet they are wonderfully living. He has something remarkably insinuating.

He offered his two hands, as Theodore introduced me ; I gave him my own, and he stood smiling at me like some quaint old image in ivory and ebony, scanning my face with a curiosity which he took no pains to conceal. " God bless me," he said, at last, " how much you look like your father !" I sat down, and for half an hour we talked of many things—of my journey, of my impressions of America, of my reminiscences of Europe, and, by implication, of my prospects. His voice is weak and cracked, but he makes it express everything. Mr. Sloane is not yet in his dotage—oh no ! He nevertheless makes himself out a poor creature. In reply to an inquiry of mine about his health, he favored me with a long list of his infirmities (some of which are very trying, certainly) and assured me that he was quite finished.

"I live out of mere curiosity," he said.

"I have heard of people dying from the same motive."

He looked at me a moment, as if to ascertain whether I were laughing at him. And then, after a pause, "Perhaps you don't know that I disbelieve in a future life," he remarked, blandly.

At these words Theodore got up and walked to the fire.

"Well, we shan't quarrel about that," said I. Theodore turned round, staring.

"Do you mean that you agree with me?" the old man asked.

"I certainly haven't come here to talk theology! Don't ask me to disbelieve, and I'll never ask you to believe."

"Come," cried Mr. Sloane, rubbing his hands, "you'll not persuade me you are a Christian—like your friend Theodore there."

"Like Theodore—assuredly not." And then, somehow, I don't know why, at the thought of Theodore's Christianity I burst into a laugh. "Excuse me, my dear fellow," I said, "you know, for the last ten years I have lived in pagan lands."

"What do you call pagan?" asked Theodore, smiling.

I saw the old man, with his hands locked, eying me shrewdly, and waiting for my answer. I hesitated a moment, and then I said, "Everything that makes life tolerable!"

Hereupon Mr. Sloane began to laugh till he

coughed. Verily, I thought, if he lives for curiosity, he's easily satisfied.

We went into dinner, and this repast showed me that some of his curiosity is culinary. I observed, by the way, that for a victim of neuralgia, dyspepsia, and a thousand other ills, Mr. Sloane plies a most inconsequential knife and fork. Sauces and spices and condiments seem to be the chief of his diet. After dinner he dismissed us, in consideration of my natural desire to see my friend in private. Theodore has capital quarters—a downy bedroom and a snug little *salon*. We talked till near midnight—of ourselves, of each other, and of the author of the memoirs, down stairs. That is, I spoke of myself, and Theodore listened; and then Theodore descanted upon Mr. Sloane, and I listened. His commerce with the old man has sharpened his wits. Sloane has taught him to observe and judge, and Theodore turns round, observes, judges—him! He has become quite the critic and analyst. There is something very pleasant in the discriminations of a conscientious mind, in which criticism is tempered by an angelic charity. Only, it may easily end by acting on one's nerves. At midnight we repaired to the library, to take leave of our host till the morrow—an attention which, under all circumstances, he rigidly exacts. As I gave him my hand he held it again and looked at me as he had done on my arrival. “Bless my soul,” he said, at last, “how much you look like your mother!”

To-night, at the end of my third day, I begin to feel decidedly at home. The fact is, I am remarkably comfortable. The house is pervaded by an indefinable, irresistible love of luxury and privacy. Mr. Frederick Sloane is a horribly corrupt old mortal. Already in his relaxing presence I have become heartily reconciled to doing nothing. But with Theodore on one side—standing there like a tall interrogation-point—I honestly believe I can defy Mr. Sloane on the other. The former asked me this morning, with visible solicitude, in allusion to the bit of dialogue I have quoted above on matters of faith, whether I am really a materialist—whether I don't believe something? I told him I would believe anything he liked. He looked at me a while, in friendly sadness. "I hardly know whether you are not worse than Mr. Sloane," he said.

But Theodore is, after all, in duty bound to give a man a long rope in these matters. His own rope is one of the longest. He reads Voltaire with Mr. Sloane, and Emerson in his own room. He is the stronger man of the two; he has the larger stomach. Mr. Sloane delights, of course, in Voltaire, but he can't read a line of Emerson. Theodore delights in Emerson, and enjoys Voltaire, though he thinks him superficial. It appears that since we parted in Paris, five years ago, his conscience has dwelt in many lands. *C'est tout une histoire*—which he tells very prettily. He left college determined to enter the church, and came abroad with his

mind full of theology and Tübingen. He appears to have studied, not wisely but too well. Instead of faith full-armed and serene, there sprang from the labor of his brain a myriad sickly questions, piping for answers. He went for a winter to Italy, where, I take it, he was not quite so much afflicted as he ought to have been at the sight of the beautiful spiritual repose that he had missed. It was after this that we spent those three months together in Brittany—the best-spent months of my long residence in Europe. Theodore inoculated me, I think, with some of his seriousness, and I just touched him with my profanity; and we agreed together that there were a few good things left—health, friendship, a summer sky, and the lovely byways of an old French province. He came home, searched the Scriptures once more, accepted a “call,” and made an attempt to respond to it. But the inner voice failed him. His outlook was cheerless enough. During his absence his married sister, the elder one, had taken the other to live with her, relieving Theodore of the charge of contribution to her support. But suddenly, behold the husband, the brother-in-law, dies, leaving a mere figment of property; and the two ladies, with their two little girls, are afloat in the wide world. Theodore finds himself at twenty-six without an income, without a profession, and with a family of four females to support. Well, in his quiet way he draws on his courage. The history of the two years that passed before he came to Mr. Sloane is

really absolutely edifying. He rescued his sisters and nieces from the deep waters, placed them high and dry, established them somewhere in decent gentility—and then found at last that his strength had left him—had dropped dead like an over-ridden horse. In short, he had worked himself to the bone. It was now his sisters' turn. They nursed him with all the added tenderness of gratitude for the past and terror of the future, and brought him safely through a grievous malady. Meanwhile Mr. Sloane, having decided to treat himself to a private secretary and suffered dreadful mischance in three successive experiments, had heard of Theodore's situation and his merits ; had furthermore recognized in him the son of an early and intimate friend, and had finally offered him the very comfortable position he now occupies. There is a decided incongruity between Theodore as a man—as Theodore, in fine—and the dear fellow as the intellectual agent, confidant, complaisant, purveyor, pander—what you will—of a battered old cynic and dilettante—a worldling if there ever was one. There seems at first sight a perfect want of agreement between his character and his function. One is gold and the other brass, or something very like it. But on reflection I can enter into it—his having, under the circumstances, accepted Mr. Sloane's offer and been content to do his duties. *Ce que c'est de nous !* Theodore's contentment in such a case is a theme for the moralist—a better moralist than I. The best and purest

mortals are an odd mixture, and in none of us does honesty exist on its own terms. Ideally, Theodore hasn't the smallest business *dans cette galère*. It offends my sense of propriety to find him here. I feel that I ought to notify him as a friend that he has knocked at the wrong door, and that he had better retreat before he is brought to the blush. However, I suppose he might as well be here as reading Emerson "evenings" in the back parlor, to those two very plain sisters—judging from their photographs. Practically it hurts no one not to be too much of a prig. Poor Theodore was weak, depressed, out of work. Mr. Sloane offers him a lodging and a salary in return for—after all, merely a little tact. All he has to do is to read to the old man, lay down the book a while, with his finger in the place, and let him talk ; take it up again, read another dozen pages and submit to another commentary. Then to write a dozen pages under his dictation—to suggest a word, polish off a period, or help him out with a complicated idea or a half-remembered fact. This is all, I say ; and yet this is much. Theodore's apparent success proves it to be much, as well as the old man's satisfaction. It is a part ; he has to simulate. He has to "make believe" a little—a good deal ; he has to put his pride in his pocket and send his conscience to the wash. He has to be accommodating—to listen and pretend and flatter ; and he does it as well as many a worse man—does it far better than I. I might bully the old man, but I don't think I could

humor him. After all, however, it is not a matter of comparative merit. In every son of woman there are two men—the practical man and the dreamer. We live for our dreams—but, meanwhile, we live by our wits. When the dreamer is a poet, the other fellow is an artist. Theodore, at bottom, is only a man of taste. If he were not destined to become a high priest among moralists, he might be a prince among connoisseurs. He plays his part, therefore, artistically, with spirit, with originality, with all his native refinement. How can Mr. Sloane fail to believe that he possesses a paragon? He is no such fool as not to appreciate a *nature distinguée* when it comes in his way. He confidentially assured me this morning that Theodore has the most charming mind in the world, but that it's a pity he's so simple as not to suspect it. If he only doesn't ruin him with his flattery!

19th.—I am certainly fortunate among men. This morning when, tentatively, I spoke of going away, Mr. Sloane rose from his seat in horror and declared that for the present I must regard his house as my home. "Come, come," he said, "when you leave this place where do you intend to go?" Where, indeed? I graciously allowed Mr. Sloane to have the best of the argument. Theodore assures me that he appreciates these and other affabilities, and that I have made what he calls a "conquest" of his venerable heart. Poor, battered, bamboozled old organ! he would have one believe that it has a most tragical record of

capture and recapture. At all events, it appears that I am master of the citadel. For the present I have no wish to evacuate. I feel, nevertheless, in some far-off corner of my soul, that I ought to shoulder my victorious banner and advance to more fruitful triumphs.

I blush for my beastly laziness. It isn't that I am willing to stay here a month, but that I am willing to stay here six. Such is the charming, disgusting truth. Have I really outlived the age of energy? Have I survived my ambition, my integrity, my self-respect? Verily, I ought to have survived the habit of asking myself silly questions. I made up my mind long ago to go in for nothing but present success; and I don't care for that sufficiently to secure it at the cost of temporary suffering. I have a passion for nothing—not even for life. I know very well the appearance I make in the world. I pass for a clever, accomplished, capable, good-natured fellow, who can do anything if he would only try. I am supposed to be rather cultivated, to have latent talents. When I was younger I used to find a certain entertainment in the spectacle of human affairs. I liked to see men and women hurrying on each other's heels across the stage. But I am sick and tired of them now; not that I am a misanthrope, God forbid! They are not worth hating. I never knew but one creature who was, and her I went and loved. To be consistent, I ought to have hated my mother, and now I ought to detest Theodore. But I don't

—truly, on the whole, I don't—any more than I dote on him. I firmly believe that it makes a difference to him, his idea that I *am* fond of him. He believes in that, as he believes in all the rest of it—in my culture, my latent talents, my underlying “earnestness,” my sense of beauty and love of truth. Oh, for a *man* among them all—a fellow with eyes in his head—eyes that would know me for what I am and let me see they had guessed it. Possibly such a fellow as that might get a “rise” out of me.

In the name of bread and butter, what am I to do? (I was obliged this morning to borrow fifty dollars from Theodore, who remembered gleefully that he has been owing me a trifling sum for the past four years, and in fact has preserved a note to this effect.) Within the last week I have hatched a desperate plan: I have made up my mind to take a wife—a rich one, *bien entendu*. Why not accept the goods of the gods? It is not my fault, after all, if I pass for a good fellow. Why not admit that practically, mechanically—as I may say—maritally, I *may* be a good fellow? I warrant myself kind. I should never beat my wife; I don't think I should even contradict her. Assume that her fortune has the proper number of zeros and that she herself is one of them, and I can even imagine her adoring me. I really think this is my only way. Curiously, as I look back upon my brief career, it all seems to tend to this consummation. It has its graceful curves and crooks, indeed,

and here and there a passionate tangent ; but on the whole, if I were to unfold it here *à la* Hogarth, what better legend could I scrawl beneath the series of pictures than So-and-So's Progress to a Mercenary Marriage ?

Coming events do what we all know with their shadows. My noble fate is, perhaps, not far off. I already feel throughout my person a magnificent languor—as from the possession of many dollars. Or is it simply my sense of well-being in this perfectly appointed house ? Is it simply the contact of the highest civilization I have known ? At all events, the place is of velvet, and my only complaint of Mr. Sloane is that, instead of an old widower, he's not an old widow (or a young maid), so that I might marry him, survive him, and dwell forever in this rich and mellow home. As I write here, at my bedroom table, I have only to stretch out an arm and raise the window-curtain to see the thick-planted garden budding and breathing and growing in the silvery silence. Far above in the liquid darkness rolls the brilliant ball of the moon ; beneath, in its light, lies the lake, in murmuring, troubled sleep ; round about, the mountains, looking strange and blanched, seem to bare their heads and undrape their shoulders. So much for midnight. To-morrow the scene will be lovely with the beauty of day. Under one aspect or another I have it always before me. At the end of the garden is moored a boat, in which Theodore and I have indulged in an immense deal of irregular

navigation. What lovely landward coves and bays — what alder-smothered creeks — what lily-sheeted pools — what sheer steep hillsides, making the water dark and quiet where they hang. I confess that in these excursions Theodore looks after the boat and I after the scenery. Mr. Sloane avoids the water — on account of the dampness, he says ; because he's afraid of drowning, I suspect.

22d. — Theodore is right. The *bonhomme* has taken me into his favor. I protest I don't see how he was to escape it. *Je l'ai bien soigné*, as they say in Paris. I don't blush for it. In one coin or another I must repay his hospitality — which is certainly very liberal. Theodore dots his *i*'s, crosses his *t*'s, verifies his quotations ; while I set traps for that famous "curiosity." This speaks vastly well for my powers. He pretends to be surprised at nothing, and to possess in perfection — poor, pitiable old fop — the art of keeping his countenance ; but repeatedly, I know, I have made him stare. As for his corruption, which I spoke of above, it's a very pretty piece of wickedness, but it strikes me as a purely intellectual matter. I imagine him never to have had any real senses. He may have been unclean ; morally, he's not very tidy now ; but he never can have been what the French call a *viveur*. He's too delicate, he's of a feminine turn ; and what woman was ever a *viveur* ? He likes to sit in his chair and read scandal, talk scandal, make scandal, so far as he may without catching a cold or bringing on a headache. I already feel as

if I had known him a lifetime. I read him as clearly as if I had. I know the type to which he belongs ; I have encountered, first and last, a good many specimens of it. He's neither more nor less than a gossip—a gossip flanked by a coxcomb and an egotist. He's shallow, vain, cold, superstitious, timid, pretentious, capricious : a pretty list of foibles ! And yet, for all this, he has his good points. His caprices are sometimes generous, and his rebellion against the ugliness of life frequently makes him do kind things. His memory (for trifles) is remarkable, and (where his own performances are not involved) his taste is excellent. He has no courage for evil more than for good. He is the victim, however, of more illusions with regard to himself than I ever knew a single brain to shelter. At the age of twenty, poor, ignorant and remarkably handsome, he married a woman of immense wealth, many years his senior. At the end of three years she very considerably took herself off and left him to the enjoyment of his freedom and riches. If he had remained poor he might from time to time have rubbed at random against the truth, and would be able to recognize the touch of it. But he wraps himself in his money as in a wadded dressing-gown, and goes trundling through life on his little gold wheels. The greater part of his career, from the time of his marriage till about ten years ago, was spent in Europe, which, superficially, he knows very well. He has lived in fifty places, known thousands of people, and spent

a very large fortune. At one time, I believe, he spent considerably too much, trembled for an instant on the verge of a pecuniary crash, but recovered himself, and found himself more frightened than hurt, yet audibly recommended to lower his pitch. He passed five years in a species of penitent seclusion on the lake of—I forget what (his genius seems to be partial to lakes), and laid the basis of his present magnificent taste for literature. I can't call him anything but magnificent in this respect, so long as he must have his punctuation done by a *nature distinguée*. At the close of this period, by economy, he had made up his losses. His turning the screw during those relatively impecunious years represents, I am pretty sure, the only act of resolution of his life. It was rendered possible by his morbid, his actually pusillanimous dread of poverty ; he doesn't feel safe without half a million between him and starvation. Meanwhile he had turned from a young man into an old man ; his health was broken, his spirit was jaded, and I imagine, to do him justice, that he began to feel certain natural, filial longings for this dear American mother of us all. They say the most hopeless truants and triflers have come to it. He came to it, at all events ; he packed up his books and pictures and gimcracks, and bade farewell to Europe. This house which he now occupies belonged to his wife's estate. She had, for sentimental reasons of her own, commended it to his particular care. On his return he came to see it, liked it, turned a parcel

of carpenters and upholsterers into it, and by inhabiting it for nine years transformed it into the perfect dwelling which I find it. Here he has spent all his time, with the exception of a usual winter's visit to New York—a practice recently discontinued, owing to the increase of his ailments and the projection of these famous memoirs. His life has finally come to be passed in comparative solitude. He tells of various distant relatives, as well as intimate friends of both sexes, who used formerly to be entertained at his cost ; but with each of them, in the course of time, he seems to have succeeded in quarrelling. Throughout life, evidently, he has had capital fingers for plucking off parasites. Rich, lonely, and vain, he must have been fair game for the race of social sycophants and cormorants ; and it's much to the credit of his sharpness and that instinct of self-defence which nature bestows even on the weak, that he has not been despoiled and *exploité*. Apparently they have all been bunglers. I maintain that something is to be done with him still. But one must work in obedience to certain definite laws. Doctor Jones, his physician, tells me that in point of fact he has had for the past ten years an unbroken series of favorites, *protégés*, heirs presumptive ; but that each, in turn, by some fatally false movement, has spilled his pottage. The doctor declares, moreover, that they were mostly very common people. Gradually the old man seems to have developed a preference for two or three strictly exquisite inti-

mates, over a throng of your vulgar pensioners. His tardy literary schemes, too—fruit of his all but sapless senility—have absorbed more and more of his time and attention. The end of it all is, therefore, that Theodore and I have him quite to ourselves, and that it behoves us to hold our porringers straight.

Poor, pretentious old simpleton ! It's not his fault, after all, that he fancies himself a great little man. How are you to judge of the stature of mankind when men have forever addressed you on their knees ? Peace and joy to his innocent fatuity ! He believes himself the most rational of men ; in fact, he's the most superstitious. He fancies himself a philosopher, an inquirer, a discoverer. He has not yet discovered that he is a humbug, that Theodore is a prig, and that I am an adventurer. He prides himself on his good manners, his urbanity, his knowing a rule of conduct for every occasion in life. My private impression is that his skinny old bosom contains unsuspected treasures of impertinence. He takes his stand on his speculative audacity—his direct, undaunted gaze at the universe ; in truth, his mind is haunted by a hundred dingy old-world spectres and theological phantasms. He imagines himself one of the most solid of men ; he is essentially one of the hollowest. He thinks himself ardent, impulsive, passionate, magnanimous—capable of boundless enthusiasm for an idea or a sentiment. It is clear to me that on no occasion of disinter-

ested action can he ever have done anything in time. He believes, finally, that he has drained the cup of life to the dregs ; that he has known, in its bitterest intensity, every emotion of which the human spirit is capable ; that he has loved, struggled, suffered. Mere vanity, all of it. He has never loved any one but himself ; he has never suffered from anything but an undigested supper or an exploded pretension ; he has never touched with the end of his lips the vulgar bowl from which the mass of mankind quaffs its floods of joy and sorrow. Well, the long and short of it all is, that I honestly pity him. He may have given sly knocks in his life, but he can't hurt any one now. I pity his ignorance, his weakness, his pusillanimity. He has tasted the real sweetness of life no more than its bitterness ; he has never dreamed, nor experimented, nor dared ; he has never known any but mercenary affection ; neither men nor women have risked aught for *him*—for his good spirits, his good looks, his empty pockets. How I should like to give him, for once, a real sensation !

26th.—I took a row this morning with Theodore a couple of miles along the lake, to a point where we went ashore and lounged away an hour in the sunshine, which is still very comfortable. Poor Theodore seems troubled about many things. For one, he is troubled about me ; he is actually more anxious about my future than I myself ; he thinks better of me than I do of myself ; he is so deucedly conscientious, so scrupulous, so averse to giving

offence or to *brusquer* any situation before it has played itself out, that he shrinks from betraying his apprehensions or asking direct questions. But I know that he would like very much to extract from me some intimation that there is something under the sun I should like to do. I catch myself in the act of taking—heaven forgive me!—a half-malignant joy in confounding his expectations—leading his generous sympathies off the scent by giving him momentary glimpses of my latent wickedness. But in Theodore I have so firm a friend that I shall have a considerable job if I ever find it needful to make him change his mind about me. He admires me—that's absolute; he takes my low moral tone for an eccentricity of genius, and it only imparts an extra flavor—a *haut goût*—to the charm of my intercourse. Nevertheless, I can see that he is disappointed. I have even less to show, after all these years, than he had hoped. Heaven help us! little enough it must strike him as being. What a contradiction there is in our being friends at all! I believe we shall end with hating each other. It's all very well now—our agreeing to differ, for we haven't opposed interests. But if we should *really* clash, the situation would be warm! I wonder, as it is, that Theodore keeps his patience with me. His education since we parted should tend logically to make him despise me. He has studied, thought, suffered, loved—loved those very plain sisters and nieces. Poor me! how should I be virtuous? I have no sisters,

plain or pretty!—nothing to love, work for, live for. My dear Theodore, if you are going one of these days to despise me and drop me—in the name of comfort, come to the point at once, and make an end of our state of tension.

He is troubled, too, about Mr. Sloane. His attitude toward the *bonhomme* quite passes my comprehension. It's the queerest jumble of contraries. He penetrates him, disapproves of him—yet respects and admires him. It all comes of the poor boy's shrinking New England conscience. He's afraid to give his perceptions a fair chance, lest, forsooth, they should look over his neighbor's wall. He'll not understand that he may as well sacrifice the old reprobate for a lamb as for a sheep. His view of the gentleman, therefore, is a perfect tissue of cobwebs—a jumble of half-way sorrows, and wire-drawn charities, and hair-breadth 'scapes from utter damnation, and sudden platitudes of generosity—fit, all of it, to make an angel curse!

“The man's a perfect egotist and fool,” say I, “but I like him.” Now Theodore likes him—or rather wants to like him; but he can't reconcile it to his self-respect—fastidious deity!—to like a fool. Why the deuce can't he leave it alone altogether? It's a purely practical matter. He ought to do the duties of his place all the better for having his head clear of officious sentiment. I don't believe in disinterested service; and Theodore is too desperately bent on preserving his disinterest-

edness. With me it's different. I am perfectly free to love the *bonhomme*—for a fool. I'm neither a scribe nor a Pharisee ; I am simply a student of the art of life.

And then, Theodore is troubled about his sisters. He's afraid he's not doing his duty by them. He thinks he ought to be with them—to be getting a larger salary—to be teaching his nieces. I am not versed in such questions. Perhaps he ought.

May 3d.—This morning Theodore sent me word that he was ill and unable to get up ; upon which I immediately went in to see him. He had caught cold, was sick and a little feverish. I urged him to make no attempt to leave his room, and assured him that I would do what I could to reconcile Mr. Sloane to his absence. This I found an easy matter. I read to him for a couple of hours, wrote four letters—one in French—and then talked for a while—a good while. I have done more talking, by the way, in the last fortnight, than in any previous twelve months—much of it, too, none of the wisest, nor, I may add, of the most superstitiously veracious. In a little discussion, two or three days ago, with Theodore, I came to the point and let him know that in gossiping with Mr. Sloane I made no scruple, for our common satisfaction, of “coloring” more or less. My confession gave him “that turn,” as Mrs. Gamp would say, that his present illness may be the result of it. Nevertheless, poor dear fellow, I trust he will be on his legs to-morrow. This afternoon, somehow, I found

myself really in the humor of talking. There was something propitious in the circumstances; a hard, cold rain without, a wood-fire in the library, the *bonhomme* puffing cigarettes in his arm-chair, beside him a portfolio of newly imported prints and photographs, and—Theodore tucked safely away in bed. Finally, when I brought our *tête-à-tête* to a close (taking good care not to overstay my welcome) Mr. Sloane seized me by both hands and honored me with one of his venerable grins. “Max,” he said—“you must let me call you Max—you are the most delightful man I ever knew.”

Verily, there’s some virtue left in me yet. I believe I almost blushed.

“Why didn’t I know you ten years ago?” the old man went on. “There are ten years lost.”

“Ten years ago I was not worth your knowing,” Max remarked.

“But I did know you!” cried the *bonhomme*. “I knew you in knowing your mother.”

Ah! my mother again. When the old man begins that chapter I feel like telling him to blow out his candle and go to bed.

“At all events,” he continued, “we must make the most of the years that remain. I am a rotten old carcass, but I have no intention of dying. You won’t get tired of me and want to go away?”

“I am devoted to you, sir,” I said. “But I must be looking for some occupation, you know.”

“Occupation? bother! I’ll give you occupation. I’ll give you wages.”

"I am afraid that you will want to give me the wages without the work." And then I declared that I must go up and look at poor Theodore.

The *bonhomme* still kept my hands. "I wish very much that I could get you to be as fond of me as you are of poor Theodore."

"Ah, don't talk about fondness, Mr. Sloane. I don't deal much in that article."

"Don't you like my secretary?"

"Not as he deserves."

"Nor as he likes you, perhaps?"

"He likes me more than I deserve."

"Well, Max," my host pursued, "we can be good friends all the same. We don't need a hocus-pocus of false sentiment. We are *men*, aren't we?—men of sublime good sense." And just here, as the old man looked at me, the pressure of his hands deepened to a convulsive grasp, and the bloodless mask of his countenance was suddenly distorted with a nameless fear. "Ah, my dear young man!" he cried, "come and be a son to me—the son of my age and desolation! For God's sake, don't leave me to pine and die alone!"

I was greatly surprised—and I may add I was moved. Is it true, then, that this dilapidated organism contains such measureless depths of horror and longing? He has evidently a mortal fear of death. I assured him on my honor that he may henceforth call upon me for any service.

8th.—Theodore's little turn proved more serious than I expected. He has been confined to his

room till to-day. This evening he came down to the library in his dressing-gown. Decidedly, Mr. Sloane is an eccentric, but hardly, as Theodore thinks, a "charming" one. There is something extremely curious in his humors and fancies—the incongruous fits and starts, as it were, of his taste. For some reason, best known to himself, he took it into his head to regard it as a want of delicacy, of respect, of *savoir-vivre*—of heaven knows what—that poor Theodore, who is still weak and languid, should enter the sacred precinct of his study in the vulgar drapery of a dressing-gown. The sovereign trouble with the *bonhomme* is an absolute lack of the instinct of justice. He's of the real feminine turn—I believe I have written it before—without the redeeming fidelity of the sex. I honestly believe that I might come into his study in my night-shirt and he would smile at it as a picturesque *deshabillé*. But for poor Theodore to-night there was nothing but scowls and frowns, and barely a civil inquiry about his health. But poor Theodore is not such a fool, either; he will not die of a snubbing; I never said he was a weakling. Once he fairly saw from what quarter the wind blew, he bore the master's brutality with the utmost coolness and gallantry. Can it be that Mr. Sloane really wishes to drop him? The delicious old brute! He understands favor and friendship only as a selfish rapture—a reaction, an infatuation, an act of aggressive, exclusive patronage. It's not a bestowal, with him, but a transfer, and half his pleasure in

causing his sun to shine is that—being wofully near its setting—it will produce certain long fantastic shadows. He wants to cast my shadow, I suppose, over Theodore ; but fortunately I am not altogether an opaque body. Since Theodore was taken ill he has been into his room but once, and has sent him none but a dry little message or two. I, too, have been much less attentive than I should have wished to be ; but my time has not been my own. It has been, every moment of it, at the disposal of my host. He actually runs after me ; he devours me ; he makes a fool of himself, and is trying hard to make one of me. I find that he will bear—that, in fact, he actually enjoys—a sort of unexpected contradiction. He likes anything that will tickle his fancy, give an unusual tone to our relations, remind him of certain historical characters whom he thinks he resembles. I have stepped into Theodore's shoes, and done—with what I feel in my bones to be very inferior skill and taste—all the reading, writing, condensing, transcribing and advising that he has been accustomed to do. I have driven with the *bonhomme* ; played chess and cribbage with him ; beaten him, bullied him, contradicted him ; forced him into going out on the water under my charge. Who shall say, after this, that I haven't done my best to discourage his advances, put myself in a bad light ? As yet, my efforts are vain ; in fact they quite turn to my own confusion. Mr. Sloane is so thankful at having escaped from the lake with his life that he looks

upon me as a preserver and protector. Confound it all ; it's a bore ! But one thing is certain, it can't last forever. Admit that he *has* cast Theodore out and taken me in. He will speedily discover that he has made a pretty mess of it, and that he had much better have left well enough alone. He likes my reading and writing now, but in a month he will begin to hate them. He will miss Theodore's better temper and better knowledge—his healthy impersonal judgment. What an advantage that well-regulated youth has over me, after all ! I am for days, he is for years ; he for the long run, I for the short. I, perhaps, am intended for success, but he is adapted for happiness. He has in his heart a tiny sacred particle which leavens his whole being and keeps it pure and sound—a faculty of admiration and respect. For him human nature is still a wonder and a mystery ; it bears a divine stamp—Mr. Sloane's tawdry composition as well as the rest.

13th. — I have refused, of course, to supplant Theodore further, in the exercise of his functions, and he has resumed his morning labors with Mr. Sloane. I, on my side, have spent these morning hours in scouring the country on that capital black mare, the use of which is one of the perquisites of Theodore's place. The days have been magnificent—the heat of the sun tempered by a murmuring, wandering wind, the whole north a mighty ecstasy of sound and verdure, the sky a far-away vault of bended blue. Not far from the mill at M., the

other end of the lake, I met, for the third time, that very pretty young girl who reminds me so forcibly of A. L. She makes so lavish a use of her eyes that I ventured to stop and bid her good-morning. She seems nothing loath to an acquaintance. She's a pure barbarian in speech, but her eyes are quite articulate. These rides do me good ; I was growing too pensive.

There is something the matter with Theodore ; his illness seems to have left him strangely affected. He has fits of silent stiffness, alternating with spasms of extravagant gayety. He avoids me at times for hours together, and then he comes and looks at me with an inscrutable smile, as if he were on the verge of a burst of confidence—which again is swallowed up in the immensity of his dumbness. Is he hatching some astounding benefit to his species ? Is he working to bring about my removal to a higher sphere of action ? *Nous verrons bien.*

18th.—Theodore threatens departure. He received this morning a letter from one of his sisters—the young widow—announcing her engagement to a clergyman whose acquaintance she has recently made, and intimating her expectation of an immediate union with the gentleman—a ceremony which would require Theodore's attendance. Theodore, in high good humor, read the letter aloud at breakfast—and, to tell the truth, it was a charming epistle. He then spoke of his having to go on to the wedding, a proposition to which Mr.

Sloane graciously assented—much more than assented. “I shall be sorry to lose you, after so happy a connection,” said the old man. Theodore turned pale, stared a moment, and then, recovering his color and his composure, declared that he should have no objection in life to coming back.

“Bless your soul!” cried the *bonhomme*, “you don’t mean to say you will leave your other sister all alone?”

To which Theodore replied that he would arrange for her and her little girl to live with the married pair. “It’s the only proper thing,” he remarked, as if it were quite settled. Has it come to this, then, that Mr. Sloane actually wants to turn him out of the house? The shameless old villain! He keeps smiling an uncanny smile, which means, as I read it, that if the poor young man once departs he shall never return on the old footing—for all his impudence!

20th.—This morning, at breakfast, we had a terrific scene. A letter arrives for Theodore; he opens it, turns white and red, frowns, falters, and then informs us that the clever widow has broken off her engagement. No wedding, therefore, and no departure for Theodore. The *bonhomme* was furious. In his fury he took the liberty of calling poor Mrs. Parker (the sister) a very uncivil name. Theodore rebuked him, with perfect good taste, and kept his temper.

“If my opinions don’t suit you, Mr. Lisle,” the

old man broke out, "and my mode of expressing them displeases you, you know you can easily protect yourself."

"My dear Mr. Sloane," said Theodore, "your opinions, as a general thing, interest me deeply, and have never ceased to act beneficially upon the formation of my own. Your mode of expressing them is always brilliant, and I wouldn't for the world, after all our pleasant intercourse, separate from you in bitterness. Only, I repeat, your qualification of my sister's conduct is perfectly uncalled for. If you knew her, you would be the first to admit it."

There was something in Theodore's look and manner, as he said these words, which puzzled me all the morning. After dinner, finding myself alone with him, I told him I was glad he was not obliged to go away. He looked at me with the mysterious smile I have mentioned, thanked me, and fell into meditation. As this bescribbled chronicle is the record of my follies as well of my *hauts faits*, I needn't hesitate to say that for a moment I was a good deal vexed. What business has this angel of candor to deal in signs and portents, to look unutterable things? What right has he to do so with me especially, in whom he has always professed an absolute confidence? Just as I was about to cry out, "Come, my dear fellow, this affectation of mystery has lasted quite long enough—favor me at last with the result of your cogitations!"—as I was on the point of thus expressing my impatience

of his ominous behavior, the oracle at last addressed itself to utterance.

"You see, my dear Max," he said, "I can't, in justice to myself, go away in obedience to the sort of notice that was served on me this morning. What do you think of my actual footing here?"

Theodore's actual footing here seems to me impossible ; of course I said so.

"No, I assure you it's not," he answered. "I should, on the contrary, feel very uncomfortable to think that I had come away, except by my own choice. You see a man can't afford to cheapen himself. What are you laughing at?"

"I am laughing, in the first place, my dear fellow, to hear on your lips the language of cold calculation ; and in the second place, at your odd notion of the process by which a man keeps himself up in the market."

"I assure you it's the correct notion. I came here as a particular favor to Mr. Sloane ; it was expressly understood so. The sort of work was odious to me ; I had regularly to break myself in. I had to trample on my convictions, preferences, prejudices. I don't take such things easily ; I take them hard ; and when once the effort has been made, I can't consent to have it wasted. If Mr. Sloane needed me then, he needs me still. I am ignorant of any change having taken place in his intentions, or in his means of satisfying them. I came, not to amuse him, but to do a certain work ; I hope to remain until the work is completed. To

go away sooner is to make a confession of incapacity which, I protest, costs me too much. I am too conceited, if you like."

Theodore spoke these words with a face which I have never seen him wear—a fixed, mechanical smile; a hard, dry glitter in his eyes; a harsh, strident tone in his voice—in his whole physiognomy a gleam, as it were, a note of defiance. Now I confess that for defiance I have never been conscious of an especial relish. When I am defied I am beastly. "My dear man," I replied, "your sentiments do you prodigious credit. Your very ingenious theory of your present situation, as well as your extremely pronounced sense of your personal value, are calculated to insure you a degree of practical success which can very well dispense with the furtherance of my poor good wishes." Oh, the grimness of his visage as he listened to this, and, I suppose I may add, the grimness of mine! But I have ceased to be puzzled. Theodore's conduct for the past ten days is suddenly illumined with a backward, lurid ray. I will note down here a few plain truths which it behooves me to take to heart—commit to memory. Theodore is jealous of Maximus Austin. Theodore hates the said Maximus. Theodore has been seeking for the past three months to see his name written, last but not least, in a certain testamentary document: "Finally, I bequeath to my dear young friend, Theodore Lisle, in return for invaluable services and unflinching devotion, the bulk of

my property, real and personal, consisting of—" (hereupon follows an exhaustive enumeration of houses, lands, public securities, books, pictures, horses, and dogs). It is for this that he has toiled, and watched, and prayed ; submitted to intellectual weariness and spiritual torture ; accommodated himself to levity, blasphemy, and insult. For this he sets his teeth and tightens his grasp ; for this he'll fight. Dear me, it's an immense weight off one's mind ! There are nothing, then, but vulgar, common laws ; no sublime exceptions, no transcendent anomalies. Theodore's a knave, a hypo—nay, nay ; stay, irreverent hand !—Theodore's a *man* ! Well, that's all I want. *He* wants fight—he shall have it. Have I got, at last, my simple, natural emotion ?

21st.—I have lost no time. This evening, late, after I had heard Theodore go to his room (I had left the library early, on the pretext of having letters to write), I repaired to Mr. Sloane, who had not yet gone to bed, and informed him I should be obliged to leave him at once, and pick up a subsistence somehow in New York. He felt the blow ; it brought him straight down on his marrow-bones. He went through the whole gamut of his arts and graces ; he blustered, whimpered, entreated, flattered. He tried to drag in Theodore's name ; but this I, of course, prevented. But, finally, why, *why*, WHY, after all my promises of fidelity, must I thus cruelly desert him ? Then came my trump card : I have spent my last penny ; while I stay,

I'm a beggar. The remainder of this extraordinary scene I have no power to describe : how the *bonhomme*, touched, inflamed, inspired, by the thought of my destitution, and at the same time annoyed, perplexed, bewildered at having to commit himself to doing anything for me, worked himself into a nervous frenzy which deprived him of a clear sense of the value of his words and his actions ; how I, prompted by the irresistible spirit of my desire to leap astride of his weakness and ride it hard to the goal of my dreams, cunningly contrived to keep his spirit at the fever-point, so that strength and reason and resistance should burn themselves out. I shall probably never again have such a sensation as I enjoyed to-night—actually feel a heated human heart throbbing and turning and struggling in my grasp ; know its pants, its spasms, its convulsions, and its final senseless quiescence. At half-past one o'clock Mr. Sloane got out of his chair, went to his secretary, opened a private drawer, and took out a folded paper. " This is my will," he said, " made some seven weeks ago. If you will stay with me I will destroy it."

" Really, Mr. Sloane," I said, " if you think my purpose is to exert any pressure upon your testamentary inclinations—"

" I will tear it in pieces," he cried ; " I will burn it up ! I shall be as sick as a dog to-morrow ; but I will do it. A-a-h !"

He clapped his hand to his side, as if in sudden,

overwhelming pain, and sank back fainting into his chair. A single glance assured me that he was unconscious. I possessed myself of the paper, opened it, and perceived that he had left everything to his saintly secretary. For an instant a savage, puerile feeling of hate popped up in my bosom, and I came within a hair's-breadth of obeying my foremost impulse—that of stuffing the document into the fire. Fortunately, my reason overtook my passion, though for a moment it was an even race. I put the paper back into the bureau, closed it, and rang the bell for Robert (the old man's servant). Before he came I stood watching the poor, pale remnant of mortality before me, and wondering whether those feeble life-gasps were numbered. He was as white as a sheet, grimacing with pain—horribly ugly. Suddenly he opened his eyes; they met my own; I fell on my knees and took his hands. They closed on mine with a grasp strangely akin to the rigidity of death. Nevertheless, since then he has revived, and has relapsed again into a comparatively healthy sleep. Robert seems to know how to deal with him.

22d.—Mr. Sloane is seriously ill—out of his mind and unconscious of people's identity. The doctor has been here, off and on, all day, but this evening reports improvement. I have kept out of the old man's room, and confined myself to my own, reflecting largely upon the chance of his immediate death. Does Theodore know of the will? Would

it occur to him to divide the property? Would it occur to me, in his place? We met at dinner, and talked in a grave, desultory, friendly fashion. After all, he's an excellent fellow. I don't hate him. I don't even dislike him. He jars on me, *il m'agace*; but that's no reason why I should do him an evil turn. Nor shall I. The property is a fixed idea, that's all. I shall get it if I can. We are fairly matched. Before heaven, no, we are not fairly matched! Theodore has a conscience.

23d.—I am restless and nervous—and for good reasons. Scribbling here keeps me quiet. This morning Mr. Sloane is better; feeble and uncertain in mind, but unmistakably on the rise. I may confess now that I feel relieved of a horrid burden. Last night I hardly slept a wink. I lay awake listening to the pendulum of my clock. It seemed to say, "He lives—he dies." I fully expected to hear it stop suddenly at *dies*. But it kept going all the morning, and to a decidedly more lively tune. In the afternoon the old man sent for me. I found him in his great muffled bed, with his face the color of damp chalk, and his eyes glowing faintly, like torches half stamped out. I was forcibly struck with the utter loneliness of his lot. For all human attendance, my villainous self grinning at his bedside and old Robert without, listening, doubtless, at the keyhole. The *bonhomme* stared at me stupidly; then seemed to know me, and greeted me with a sickly smile. It was some moments before he was able to speak. At last he

faintly bade me to descend into the library, open the secret drawer of the secretary (which he contrived to direct me how to do), possess myself of his will, and burn it up. He appears to have forgotten his having taken it out night before last. I told him that I had an insurmountable aversion to any personal dealings with the document. He smiled, patted the back of my hand, and requested me, in that case, to get it, at least, and bring it to him. I couldn't deny him that favor? No, I couldn't, indeed. I went down to the library, therefore, and on entering the room found Theodore standing by the fireplace with a bundle of papers. The secretary was open. I stood still, looking from the violated cabinet to the documents in his hand. Among them I recognized, by its shape and size, the paper of which I had intended to possess myself. Without delay I walked straight up to him. He looked surprised, but not confused. "I am afraid I shall have to trouble you to surrender one of those papers," I said.

"Surrender, Maximus? To anything of your own you are perfectly welcome. I didn't know that you made use of Mr. Sloane's secretary. I was looking for some pages of notes which I have made myself and in which I conceive I have a property."

"This is what I want, Theodore," I said ; and I drew the will, unfolded, from between his hands. As I did so his eyes fell upon the superscription, "Last Will and Testament, March. F. S." He

flushed an extraordinary crimson. Our eyes met. Somehow—I don't know how or why, or for that matter why not—I burst into a violent peal of laughter. Theodore stood staring, with two hot, bitter tears in his eyes.

"Of course you think I came to ferret out that thing," he said.

I shrugged my shoulders—those of my body only. I confess, morally, I was on my knees with contrition, but there was a fascination in it—a fatality. I remembered that in the hurry of my movements the other evening I had slipped the will simply into one of the outer drawers of the cabinet, among Theodore's own papers. "Mr. Sloane sent me for it," I remarked.

"Very good ; I am glad to hear he's well enough to think of such things."

"He means to destroy it."

"I hope, then, he has another made."

"Mentally, I suppose he has."

"Unfortunately, his weakness isn't mental—or exclusively so."

"Oh, he will live to make a dozen more," I said.

"Do you know the purport of this one?"

Theodore's color, by this time, had died away into plain white. He shook his head. The doggedness of the movement provoked me, and I wished to arouse his curiosity. "I have his commission to destroy it."

Theodore smiled very grandly. "It's not a task I envy you," he said.

"I should think not—especially if you knew the import of the will." He stood with folded arms, regarding me with his cold, detached eyes. I couldn't stand it. "Come, it's your property! You are sole legatee. I give it up to you." And I thrust the paper into his hand.

He received it mechanically; but after a pause, bethinking himself, he unfolded it and cast his eyes over the contents. Then he slowly smoothed it together and held it a moment with a tremulous hand. "You say that Mr. Sloane directed you to destroy it?" he finally inquired.

"I say so."

"And that you know the contents?"

"Exactly."

"And that you were about to do what he asked you?"

"On the contrary, I declined."

Theodore fixed his eyes for a moment on the superscription and then raised them again to my face. "Thank you, Max," he said. "You have left me a real satisfaction." He tore the sheet across and threw the bits into the fire. We stood watching them burn. "Now he can make another," said Theodore.

"Twenty others," I replied.

"No," said Theodore, "you will take care of that."

"You are very bitter," I said, sharply enough.

"No, I am perfectly indifferent. Farewell." And he put out his hand.

"Are you going away?"

"Of course I am. Good-by."

"Good-by, then. But isn't your departure rather sudden?"

"I ought to have gone three weeks ago—three weeks ago." I had taken his hand, he pulled it away; his voice was trembling—there were tears in it.

"Is *that* indifference?" I asked.

"It's something you will never know!" he cried.

"It's shame! I am not sorry you should see what I feel. It will suggest to you, perhaps, that my heart has never been in this filthy contest. Let me assure you, at any rate, that it hasn't; that it has had nothing but scorn for the base perversion of my pride and my ambition. I could easily shed tears of joy at their return—the return of the prodigals! Tears of sorrow—sorrow—"

He was unable to go on. He sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"For God's sake, stick to the joy!" I exclaimed.

He rose to his feet again. "Well," he said, "it was for your sake that I parted with my self-respect; with your assistance I recover it."

"How for my sake?"

"For whom but you would I have gone as far as I did? For what other purpose than that of keeping our friendship whole would I have borne you company into this narrow pass? A man whom I cared for less I would long since have parted with. You were needed—you and something you have

about you that always takes me so—to bring me to this. You ennobled, exalted, enchanted the struggle. I *did* value my prospect of coming into Mr. Sloane's property. I valued it for my poor sister's sake as well as for my own, so long as it was the natural reward of conscientious service, and not the prize of hypocrisy and cunning. With another man than you I never would have contested such a prize. But you fascinated me, even as my rival. You played with me, deceived me, betrayed me. I held my ground, hoping you would see that what you were doing was not fair. But if you have seen it, it has made no difference with you. For Mr. Sloane, from the moment that, under your magical influence, he revealed his nasty little nature, I had nothing but contempt."

"And for me now?"

"Don't ask me. I don't trust myself."

"Hate, I suppose."

"Is that the best you can imagine? Farewell."

"Is it a serious farewell—farewell forever?"

"How can there be any other?"

"I am sorry this should be your point of view. It's characteristic. All the more reason then that I should say a word in self-defence. You accuse me of having 'played with you, deceived you, betrayed you.' It seems to me that you are quite beside the mark. You say you were such a friend of mine; if so, you ought to be one still. It was not to my fine sentiments you attached yourself, for I never had any or pretended to any. In anything

I have done recently, therefore, there has been no inconsistency. I never pretended to take one's friendships so seriously. I don't understand the word in the sense you attach to it. I don't understand the feeling of affection between men. To me it means quite another thing. You give it a meaning of your own; you enjoy the profit of your invention; it's no more than just that you should pay the penalty. Only it seems to me rather hard that *I* should pay it." Theodore remained silent, but he looked quite sick. "Is it still a 'serious farewell'?" I went on. "It seems a pity. After this clearing up, it appears to me that I shall be on better terms with you. No man can have a deeper appreciation of your excellent parts, a keener enjoyment of your society. I should very much regret the loss of it."

"Have we, then, all this while understood each other so little?" said Theodore.

"Don't say 'we' and 'each other.' I think I have understood you."

"Very likely. It's not for my having kept anything back."

"Well, I do you justice. To me you have always been over-generous. Try now and be just."

Still he stood silent, with his cold, hard frown. It was plain that, if he was to come back to me, it would be from the other world—if there be one! What he was going to answer I know not. The door opened, and Robert appeared, pale, trembling, his eyes starting in his head.

“ I verily believe that poor Mr. Sloane is dead in his bed !” he cried.

There was a moment’s perfect silence. “ Amen,” said I. “ Yes, old boy, try and be just.” Mr. Sloane had quietly died in my absence.

24th.—Theodore went up to town this morning, having shaken hands with me in silence before he started. Doctor Jones, and Brooks the attorney, have been very officious, and, by their advice, I have telegraphed to a certain Miss Meredith, a maiden lady, by their account the nearest of kin ; or, in other words, simply a discarded niece of the defunct. She telegraphs back that she will arrive in person for the funeral. I shall remain till she comes. I have lost a fortune, but have I irretrievably lost a friend ? I am sure I can’t say. Yes, I shall wait for Miss Meredith.

YATIL.

BY F. D. MILLET.

WHILE in Paris, in the spring of 1878, I witnessed an accident in a circus, which for a time made me renounce all athletic exhibitions. Six horses were stationed side by side in the ring before a spring-board, and the whole company of gymnasts ran and turned somersaults from the spring over the horses, alighting on a mattress spread on the ground. The agility of one finely developed young fellow excited great applause every time he made the leap. He would shoot forward in the air like a javelin, and in his flight curl up and turn over directly above the mattress, dropping on his feet as lightly as a bird. This play went on for some minutes, and at each round of applause the favorite seemed to execute his leap with increased skill and grace. Finally, he was seen to gather himself a little farther in the back-

ground than usual, evidently to prepare for a better start. The instant his turn came he shot out of the crowd of attendants and launched himself into the air with tremendous momentum. Almost quicker than the eye could follow him, he had turned and was dropping to the ground, his arms held above his head, which hung slightly forward, and his legs stretched to meet the shock of the elastic mattress.

But this time he had jumped an inch too far. His feet struck just on the edge of the mattress, and he was thrown violently forward, doubling up on the ground with a dull thump, which was heard all over the immense auditorium. He remained a second or two motionless, then sprang to his feet, and as quickly sank to the ground again. The ring attendants and two or three gymnasts rushed to him and took him up. The clown, in evening dress, personating the mock ringmaster, the conventional spotted merryman, and a stalwart gymnast in buff fleshings, bore the drooping form of the favorite in their arms, and, followed by the bystanders, who offered ineffectual assistance, carried the wounded man across the ring and through the draped arch under the music gallery. Under any other circumstances the group would have excited a laugh, for the audience was in that condition of almost hysterical excitement when only the least effort of a clown is necessary to cause a wave of laughter. But the moment the wounded man was lifted from the ground, the whole strong light from

the brilliant chandelier struck full on his right leg dangling from the knee, with the foot hanging limp and turned inward. A deep murmur of sympathy swelled and rolled around the crowded amphitheatre.

I left the circus, and hundreds of others did the same. A dozen of us called at the box-office to ask about the victim of the accident. He was advertised as "The Great Polish Champion Bareback Rider and Aërial Gymnast." We found that he was really a native of the East, whether Pole or Russian the ticket-seller did not know. His real name was Nagy, and he had been engaged only recently, having returned a few months before from a professional tour in North America. He was supposed to have money, for he commanded a good salary, and was sober and faithful. The accident, it was said, would probably disable him for a few weeks only, and then he would resume his engagement.

The next day an account of the accident was in the newspapers, and twenty-four hours later all Paris had forgotten about it. For some reason or other I frequently thought of the injured man, and had an occasional impulse to go and inquire after him; but I never went. It seemed to me that I had seen his face before, when or where I tried in vain to recall. It was not an impressive face, but I could call it up at any moment as distinct to my mind's eye as a photograph to my physical vision. Whenever I thought of him, a dim, very dim

memory would flit through my mind, which I could never seize and fix.

Two months later I was walking up the Rue Richelieu, when some one, close beside me and a little behind, asked me in Hungarian if I was a Magyar. I turned quickly to answer no, surprised at being thus addressed, and beheld the disabled circus-rider. It flashed upon me, the moment I saw his face, that I had seen him in Turin three years before. My surprise at the sudden identification of the gymnast was construed by him into vexation at being spoken to by a stranger. He began to apologize for stopping me, and was moving away, when I asked him about the accident, remarking that I was present on the evening of his misfortune. My next question, put in order to detain him, was :

“ Why did you ask if I was a Hungarian ? ”

“ Because you wear a Hungarian hat,” was the reply.

This was true. I happened to have on a little round, soft felt hat, which I had purchased in Buda Pesth.

“ Well, but what if I were Hungarian ? ”

“ Nothing ; only I was lonely and wanted company, and you looked as if I had seen you somewhere before. You are an artist, are you not ? ”

I said I was, and asked him how he guessed it.

“ I can't explain how it is,” he said, “ but I always know them. Are you doing anything ? ”

"No," I replied.

"Perhaps I may get you something to do," he suggested. "What is your line?"

"Figures," I answered, unable to divine how he thought he could assist me.

This reply seemed to puzzle him a little, and he continued :

"Do you ride or do the trapeze?"

It was my turn now to look dazed, and it might easily have been gathered, from my expression, that I was not flattered at being taken for a sawdust artist. However, as he apparently did not notice any change in my face, I explained without further remark that I was a painter. The explanation did not seem to disturb him any ; he was evidently acquainted with the profession, and looked upon it as kindred to his own.

As we walked along through the great open quadrangle of the Tuileries, I had an opportunity of studying his general appearance. He was neatly dressed, and, though pale, was apparently in good health. Notwithstanding a painful limp his carriage was erect, and his movements denoted great physical strength. On the bridge over the Seine we paused for a moment and leaned on the parapet, and thus, for the first time, stood nearly face to face. He looked earnestly at me a moment without speaking, and then, shouting "*Torino*" so loudly and earnestly as to attract the gaze of all the passers, he seized me by the hand, and continued to shake it and repeat "*Torino*" over and over again.

This word cleared up my befogged memory like magic. There was no longer any mystery about the man before me. The impulse which now drew us together was only the unconscious souvenir of an earlier acquaintance, for we had met before. With the vision of the Italian city, which came distinctly to my eyes at that moment, came also to my mind every detail of an incident which had long since passed entirely from my thoughts.

It was during the Turin carnival, in 1875, that I happened to stop over for a day and a night, on my way down from Paris to Venice. The festival was uncommonly dreary, for the air was chilly, the sky gray and gloomy, and there was a total lack of spontaneity in the popular spirit. The gaudy decorations of the Piazza and the Corso, the numberless shows and booths, and the brilliant costumes, could not make it appear a season of jollity and mirth, for the note of discord in the hearts of the people was much too strong. King Carnival's might was on the wane, and neither the influence of the Church nor the encouragement of the State was able to bolster up the superannuated monarch. There was no communicativeness in even what little fun there was going, and the day was a long and a tedious one. As I was strolling around in rather a melancholy mood, just at the close of the cavalcade, I saw the flaming posters of a circus, and knew my day was saved, for I had a great fondness for the ring. An hour later I was seated

in the cheerfully lighted amphitheatre, and the old performance of the trained stallions was going on as I had seen it a hundred times before. At last the "Celebrated Cypriot Brothers, the Universal Bareback Riders," came tripping gracefully into the ring, sprang lightly upon two black horses, and were off around the narrow circle like the wind, now together, now apart, performing all the while marvellous feats of strength and skill. It required no study to discover that there was no relationship between the two performers. One of them was a heavy, gross, dark-skinned man, with the careless bearing of one who had been nursed in a circus. The other was a small, fair-haired youth of nineteen or twenty years, with limbs as straight and as shapely as the Narcissus, and with joints like the wiry-limbed fauns. His head was round, and his face of a type which would never be called beautiful, although it was strong in feature and attractive in expression. His eyes were small and twinkling, his eyebrows heavy, and his mouth had a peculiar proud curl in it which was never disturbed by the tame smile of the practised performer. He was evidently a foreigner. He went through his acts with wonderful readiness and with slight effort, and, while apparently enjoying keenly the exhilaration of applause, he showed no trace of the *blasé* bearing of the old stager. In nearly every act that followed he took a prominent part. On the trapeze, somersaulting over horses placed side by side, grouping with his so-called brother and a

small lad, he did his full share of the work, and when the programme was ended he came among the audience to sell photographs while the lottery was being drawn.

As usual during the carnival, there was a lottery arranged by the manager of the circus, and every ticket had a number which entitled the holder to a chance in the prizes. When the young gymnast came in turn to me, radiant in his salmon fleshings and blue trunks, with slippers and bows to match, I could not help asking him if he was an Italian.

"No, signor, Magyar!" he replied, and I shortly found that his knowledge of Italian was limited to a dozen words. I occupied him by selecting some photographs, and, much to his surprise, spoke to him in his native tongue. When he learned I had been in Hungary he was greatly pleased, and the impatience of other customers for the photographs was the only thing that prevented him from becoming communicative immediately. As he left me I slipped into his hand my lottery-ticket, with the remark that I never had any luck, and hoped he would.

The numbers were, meanwhile, rapidly drawn, the prizes being arranged in the order of their value, each ticket taken from the hat denoting a prize, until all were distributed. "Number twenty-eight—a pair of elegant vases!" "Number sixteen—three bottles of vermouth!" "Number one hundred and eighty-four—candlesticks and two bottles of vermouth!" "Number four hun-

dred and ten—three bottles of vermouth and a set of jewelry !” “ Number three hundred and nineteen—five bottles of vermouth !” and so on, with more bottles of vermouth than anything else. Indeed, each prize had to be floated on a few litres of the Turin specialty, and I began to think that perhaps it would have been better, after all, not to have given my circus friend the ticket, if he were to draw drink with it.

Many prizes were called out, and at last only two numbers remained. The excitement was now intense, and it did not diminish when the conductor of the lottery announced that the last two numbers would draw the two great prizes of the evening, namely : An order on a Turin tailor for a suit of clothes, and an order on a jeweller for a gold watch and chain. The first of these two last numbers was taken out of the hat.

“ Number twenty-five — order for a suit of clothes !” was the announcement.

Twenty-five had been the number of my ticket. I did not hear the last number drawn, for the Hungarian was in front of my seat trying to press the order on me, and protesting against appropriating my good luck. I wrote my name on the programme for him, with the simple address, U. S. A., persuaded him to accept the windfall, and went home. The next morning I left town.

On the occasion of our mutual recognition in Paris, the circus-boy began to relate, as soon as the first flush of his surprise was over, the story of his

life since the incident in Turin. He had been to New York and Boston, and all the large sea-coast towns ; to Chicago, St. Louis, and even to San Francisco ; always with a circus company. Whenever he had had an opportunity in the United States, he had asked for news of me.

" The United States is so large !" he said, with a sigh. " Every one told me that, when I showed the Turin programme with your name on it."

The reason why he had kept the programme and tried to find me in America was because the lottery ticket had been the direct means of his emigration, and, in fact, the first piece of good fortune that had befallen him since he left his native town. When he joined the circus he was an apprentice, and beside a certain number of hours of gymnastic practice daily and service in the ring both afternoon and evening, he had half a dozen horses to care for, his part of the tent to pack up and load, and the team to drive to the next stopping-place. For sixteen and often eighteen hours of hard work he received only his food and his performing clothes. When he was counted as one of the troupe his duties were lightened, but he got only enough money to pay his way with difficulty. Without a *lira* ahead, and with no clothes but his rough working-suit and his performing costume, he could not hope to escape from this sort of bondage. The luck of number twenty-five had put him on his feet.

" All Hungarians worship America," he said,

“and when I saw that you were an American I knew that my good fortune had begun in earnest. Of course I believed America to be the land of plenty, and there could have been no stronger proof of this than the generosity with which you, the first American I had ever seen, gave me, a perfect stranger, such a valuable prize. When I remembered the number of the ticket and the letter in the alphabet, Y, to which this number corresponds, I was dazed at the significance of the omen, and resolved at once to seek my fortune in the United States. I sold the order on the tailor for money enough to buy a suit of ready-made clothes and pay my fare to Genoa. From this port I worked my passage to Gibraltar, and thence, after performing a few weeks in a small English circus, I went to New York in a fruit-vessel. As long as I was in America everything prospered with me. I made a great deal of money, and spent a great deal. After a couple of years I went to London with a company, and there lost my pay and my position by the failure of the manager. In England my good luck all left me. Circus people are too plenty there ; everybody is an artist. I could scarcely get anything to do in my line, so I drifted over to Paris.”

We prolonged our stroll for an hour, for although I did not anticipate any pleasure or profit from continuing the acquaintance, there was yet a certain attraction in his simplicity of manner and in his naïve faith in the value of my influence on

his fortunes. Before we parted he expressed again his ability to get me something to do, but I did not credit his statement enough to correct the impression that I was in need of employment. At his earnest solicitation I gave him my address, concealing, as well as I could, my reluctance to encourage an acquaintance which could not result in anything but annoyance.

One day passed, and two, and on the third morning the porter showed him to my room.

"I have found you work!" he cried, in the first breath.

Sure enough, he had been to a Polish acquaintance who knew a countryman, a copyist in the Louvre. This copyist had a superabundance of orders, and was glad to get some one to help him finish them in haste. My gymnast was so much elated over his success at finding occupation for me that I hadn't the heart to tell him that I was at leisure only while hunting a studio. I therefore promised to go with him to the Louvre some day, but I always found an excuse for not going.

For two or three weeks we met at intervals. At various times, thinking he was in want, I pressed him to accept the loan of a few francs, but he always stoutly refused. We went together to his lodging-house, where the landlady, an English-woman, who boarded most of the circus people, spoke of her "poor dear Mr. Nodge," as she called him, in quite a maternal way, and assured me that he had wanted for nothing, and should not

so long as his wound disabled him. In the course of a few days I had gathered from him a complete history of his circus-life, which was full of adventure and hardship. He was, as I had thought then, somewhat of a novice in the circus business at the time we met in Turin, having left his home less than two years before. He had indeed been associated as a regular member of the company only a few months, after having served a difficult and wearing apprenticeship. He was born in Koloszar, where his father was a professor in the university, and there he grew up with three brothers and a sister, in a comfortable home. He always had had a great desire to see travel, and from early childhood developed a special fondness for gymnastic feats. The thought of a circus made him fairly wild. On rare occasions a travelling show visited this Transylvanian town, and his parents with difficulty restrained him from following the circus away. At last, in 1873, one show, more complete and more brilliant than any one before seen there, came in on the newly opened railway, and he, now a man, went away with it, unable longer to restrain his passion for the profession. Always accustomed to horses, and already a skilful acrobat, he was immediately accepted by the manager as an apprentice, and after a season in Roumania and a disastrous trip through Southern Austria, they came into Northern Italy, where I met him.

Whenever he spoke of his early life he always

became quiet and depressed, and for a long time I believed that he brooded over his mistake in exchanging a happy home for the vicissitudes of Bohemia. It came out slowly, however, that he was haunted by a superstition, a strange and ingenious one, which was yet not without a certain show of reason for its existence. Little by little I learned the following facts about it: His father was of pure Szeklar or original Hungarian stock, as dark-skinned as a Hindoo, and his mother was from one of the families of Western Hungary, with probably some Saxon blood in her veins. His three brothers were dark like his father, but he and his sister were blondes. He was born with a peculiar red mark on his right shoulder, directly over the scapular. This mark was shaped like a forked stick. His father had received a wound in the insurrection of '48, a few months before the birth of him, the youngest son, and this birth-mark reproduced the shape of the father's scar. Among Hungarians his father passed for a very learned man. He spoke fluently German, French, and Latin (the language used by Hungarians in common communication with other nationalities), and took great pains to give his children an acquaintance with each of these tongues. Their earliest playthings were French alphabet-blocks, and the set which served as toys and tasks for each of the elder brothers came at last to him as his legacy. The letters were formed by the human figure in different attitudes, and each block had a little

couplet below the picture, beginning with the letter on the block. The Y represented a gymnast hanging by his hands to a trapeze, and being a letter which does not occur in the Hungarian language except in combinations, excited most the interest and imagination of the youngsters. Thousands of times did they practise the grouping of the figures on the blocks, and the Y always served as a model for trapeze exercises. My friend, on account of his birth-mark, which resembled a rude Y, was early dubbed by his brothers with the nickname Yatil, this being the first words of the French couplet printed below the picture. Learning the French by heart, they believed the *Y a-t-il* to be one word, and with boyish fondness for nicknames saddled the youngest with this. It is easy to understand how the shape of this letter, borne on his body in an indelible mark, and brought to his mind every moment of the day, came to seem in some way connected with his life. As he grew up in this belief he became more and more superstitious about the letter and about everything in the remotest way connected with it.

The first great event of his life was joining the circus, and to this the letter Y more or less directly led him. He left home on his twenty-fifth birthday, and twenty-five was the number of the letter Y in the block-alphabet.

The second great event of his life was the Turin lottery, and the number of the lucky ticket was twenty-five. "The last sign given me," he said,

“was the accident in the circus here.” As he spoke he rolled up the right leg of his trowsers, and there, on the outside of the calf, about midway between the knee and ankle, was a red scar forked like the letter Y.

From the time he confided his superstition to me he sought me more than ever. I must confess to feeling, at each visit of his, a little constrained and unnatural. He seemed to lean on me as a protector, and to be hungry all the time for an intimate sympathy I could never give him. Although I shared his secret, I could not lighten the burden of his superstition. His wound had entirely healed, but as his leg was still weak and he still continued to limp a little, he could not resume his place in the circus. Between brooding over his superstition and worrying about his accident, he grew very despondent. The climax of his hopelessness was reached when the doctor told him at last that he would never be able to vault again. The fracture had been a severe one, the bone having protruded through the skin. The broken parts had knitted with great difficulty, and the leg would never be as firm and as elastic as before. Besides, the fracture had slightly shortened the lower leg. His circus career was therefore ended, and he attributed his misfortune to the ill-omened letter Y.

Just about the time of his greatest despondency war was declared between Russia and Turkey. The Turkish ambassadors were drumming up recruits all over Western Europe. News came to

the circus boarding-house that good riders were wanted for the Turkish mounted gendarmes. Nagy resolved to enlist, and we went together to the Turkish embassy. He was enrolled after only a superficial examination, and was directed to present himself on the following day to embark for Constantinople. He begged me to go with him to the rendezvous, and there I bade him adieu. As I was shaking his hand he showed me the certificate given him by the Turkish ambassador. It bore the date of May 25, and at the bottom was a signature in Turkish characters, which could be readily distorted by the imagination into a rude and scrawling Y.

A series of events occurring immediately after Nagy left for Constantinople resulted in my own unexpected departure in a civil capacity for the seat of war in the Russian lines. The line of curious coincidences in the experience of the circus-rider had impressed me very much at the time, but in the excitement of the Turkish campaign I entirely forgot the circumstance. I do not, indeed, recall any thought of Nagy during the first five months in the field. The day after the fall of Plevna I rode through the deserted earthworks toward the town. The dead were lying where they had fallen in the dramatic and useless sortie of the day before. The dead on a battle-field always excite fresh interest, no matter if the spectacle be an every-day one, and as I rode slowly along I studied

the attitudes of the fallen bodies, speculating on the relation between the death-poses and the last impulse that had animated the living frame. Behind a rude barricade of wagons and household goods, part of the train of non-combatants which Osman Pasha had ordered to accompany the army in the sortie, a great number of dead lay in confusion. The peculiar position of one of these instantly attracted my eye. He had fallen on his face against the barricade, with both arms stretched above his head, evidently killed instantly. The figure on the alphabet-block, described by the circus-rider, came immediately to my mind. My heart beat as I dismounted and looked at the dead man's face. It was a genuine Turk.

This incident revived my interest in the life of the circus-rider, and gave me an impulse to look among the prisoners to see if by chance he might be with them. I spent a couple of days in distributing tobacco and bread in the hospitals and among the thirty thousand wretches herded shelterless in the snow. There were some of the mounted gendarmes among them, and I even found several Hungarians ; but none of them had ever heard of the circus-rider.

The passage of the Balkans was a campaign full of excitement, and was accompanied by so much hardship that selfishness got entirely the upper hand of me, and life became a battle for physical comfort. After the passage of the mountain range we went ahead so fast that I had little opportunity,

even if I had the enterprise, to look among the few prisoners for the circus-rider.

Time passed, and we were at the end of a three days' fight near Philippopolis, in the middle of January. Suleiman Pasha's army, defeated, disorganized, and at last disbanded, though to that day still unconquered, had finished the tragic act of its last campaign with the heroic stand made in the foothills of the Rhodope Mountains, near Stanimaka, south of Philippopolis. A long month in the terrible cold, on the summits of the Balkan range; the forced retreat through the snow after the battle of Taskosen; the neck-and-neck race with the Russians down the valley of the Maritza; finally, the hot little battle on the river-bank, and the two days of hand-to-hand struggle in the vineyard of Stanimaka—this was a campaign to break the constitution of any soldier. Days without food, nights without shelter from the mountain blasts, always marching and always fighting, supplies and baggage lost, ammunition and artillery gone—human nature could hold out no longer, and the Turkish army dissolved away into the defiles of the Rhodopes. Unfortunately for her, Turkey has no literature to chronicle, no art to perpetuate the heroism of her defenders.

The incidents of that short campaign are too full of horror to be related. Not only did the demon of war devour strong men, but found dainty morsels for its bloody maw in innocent women and children. Whole families, crazed by the belief

that capture was worse than death, fought in the ranks with the soldiers. Women ambushed in coverts shot the Russians as they rummaged the captured trains for much-needed food. Little children, thrown into the snow by the flying parents, died of cold and starvation, or were trampled to death by passing cavalry. Such a useless waste of human life has not been recorded since the indiscriminate massacres of the Middle Ages.

The sight of human suffering soon blunts the sensibilities of any one who lives with it, so that he is at last able to look upon it with no stronger feeling than that of helplessness. Resigned to the inevitable, he is no longer impressed by the woes of the individual. He looks upon the illness, wounds, and death of the soldier as a part of the lot of all combatants, and comes to consider him an insignificant unit of the great mass of men. At last only novelties in horrors will excite his feelings.

I was riding back from the Stanimaka battle-field sufficiently elated at the prospect of a speedy termination of the war—now made certain by the breaking up of Suleiman's army—to forget where I was, and to imagine myself back in my comfortable apartments in Paris. I only awoke from my dream at the station where the highway from Stanimaka crosses the railway line about a mile south of Philippopolis. The great wooden barracks had been used as a hospital for wounded

Turks, and as I drew up my horse at the door the last of the lot of four hundred, who had been starving there nearly a week, were being placed upon carts to be transported to the town. The road to Philippopolis was crowded with wounded and refugees. Peasant families struggled along with all their household goods piled upon a single cart. Ammunition wagons and droves of cattle, rushing along against the tide of human beings, toward the distant bivouacs, made the confusion hopeless. Night was fast coming on, and in company with a Cossack, who was, like myself, seeking the headquarters of General Gourko, I made my way through the tangle of men, beasts, and wagons toward the town. It was one of those chill, wet days of winter when there is little comfort away from a blazing fire, and when good shelter for the night is an absolute necessity. The drizzle had drenched my garments, and the snow-mud had soaked my boots. Sharp gusts of piercing wind drove the cold mist along, and as the temperature fell in the late afternoon the slush of the roads began to stiffen, and the fog froze where it gathered. Every motion of the limbs seemed to expose some unprotected part of the body to the cold and wet. No amount of exercise that was possible with stiffened limbs and in wet garments would warm the blood. Leading my horse, I splashed along, holding my arms away from my body, and only moving my benumbed fingers to wipe the chill drip from my face. It was weather to take the courage

out of the strongest man, and the sight of the soaked and shivering wounded, packed in the jolting carts or limping through the mud, gave me, hardened as I was, a painful contraction of the heart. The best I could do was to lift upon my worn-out horse one brave young fellow who was hobbling along with a bandaged leg. Followed by the Cossack, whose horse bore a similar burden, I hurried along, hoping to get under cover before dark. At the entrance to the town numerous camp-fires burned in the bivouacs of the refugees, who were huddled together in the shelter of their wagons, trying to warm themselves in the smoke of the wet fuel. I could see the wounded, as they were jolted past in the heavy carts, look longingly at the kettles of boiling maize which made the evening meal of the houseless natives.

Inside the town the wounded and the refugees were still more miserable than those we had passed on the way. Loaded carts blocked the streets. Every house was occupied, and the narrow sidewalks were crowded with Russian soldiers, who looked wretched enough in their dripping overcoats, as they stamped their rag-swathed feet. At the corner, in front of the great Khan, motley groups of Greeks, Bulgarians, and Russians were gathered, listlessly watching the line of hobbling wounded as they turned the corner to find their way among the carts, up the hill to the hospital, near the Konak. By the time I reached the Khan the Cossack who accompanied me had fallen be-

hind in the confusion, and without waiting for him I pushed along, wading in the gutter, dragging my horse by the bridle. Half way up the hill I saw a crowd of natives watching with curiosity two Russian guardsmen and a Turkish prisoner. The latter was evidently exhausted, for he was crouching in the freezing mud of the street. Presently the soldiers shook him roughly and raised him forcibly to his feet, and half supporting him between them they moved slowly along, the Turk balancing on his stiffened legs and swinging from side to side.

A most wretched object he was to look at. He had neither boots nor fez. His feet were bare, and his trowsers were torn off near the knee, and hung in tatters around his mud-splashed legs. An end of the red sash fastened to his waist trailed far behind in the mud. A blue cloth jacket hung loosely from his shoulders, and his hands and wrists dangled from the ragged sleeves. His head rolled around at each movement of the body, and at short intervals the muscles of the neck would rigidly contract. All at once he drew himself up with a shudder and sank down in the mud again.

The guardsmen were themselves near the end of their strength, and their patience was wellnigh finished as well. Rough mountain marching had torn the soles from their boots, and great unsightly wraps of rawhide and rags were bound on their feet. The thin worn overcoats, burned in many places, flapped dismally against their ankles ; and

their caps, beaten out of shape by many storms, clung drenched to their heads. They were in no condition to help any one to walk, for they could scarcely get on alone. They stood a moment shivering, looked at each other, shook their heads as if discouraged, and proceeded to rouse the Turk by hauling him upon his feet again. The three moved on a few yards, and the prisoner fell again, and the same operation was repeated. All this time I was crowding nearer and nearer, and as I got within a half dozen paces the Turk fell once more, and this time lay at full length in the mud. The guardsmen tried to rouse him by shaking, but in vain. Finally, one of them, losing all patience, pricked him with his bayonet on the lower part of the ribs exposed by the raising of the jacket as he fell. I was now near enough to act, and with a sudden clutch I pulled the guardsman away, whirled him around, and stood in his place. As I was stooping over the Turk he raised himself slowly, doubtless aroused by the pain of the puncture, and turned on me a most beseeching look, which changed at once into something like joy and surprise. Immediately a deathlike pallor spread over his face, and he sank back again with a groan.

By this time quite a crowd of Bulgarians had gathered around us, and seemed to enjoy the sight of a suffering enemy. It was evident that they did not intend to volunteer any assistance, so I helped the wounded Russian down from my saddle, and

invited the natives rather sternly to put the Turk in his place. With true Bulgarian spirit they refused to assist a Turk, and it required the argument of the rawhide (*nagajka*) to bring them to their senses. Three of them, cornered and flogged, lifted the unconscious man and carried him toward the horse, the soldiers, meanwhile believing me to be an officer, standing in the attitude of attention. As the Bulgarians bore the Turk to the horse, a few drops of blood fell to the ground. I noticed then that he had his shirt tied around his left shoulder, under his jacket. Supported in the saddle by two natives on each side, his head falling forward on his breast, the wounded prisoner was carried with all possible tenderness to the Stafford House hospital, near the Konak. As we moved slowly up the hill I looked back, and saw the two guardsmen sitting on the muddy sidewalk, with their guns leaning against their shoulders—too much exhausted to go either way.

I found room for my charge in one of the upper rooms of the hospital, where he was washed and put into a warm bed. His wound proved to be a severe one. A Berdan bullet had passed through the thick part of the left pectoral, out again, and into the head of the humerus. The surgeon said that the arm would have to be operated on, to remove the upper quarter of the bone.

The next morning I went to the hospital to see what had become of the wounded man, for the incident of the previous evening made a deep impres-

sion on my mind. As I walked through the corridor I saw a group around a temporary bed in the corner. Some one was evidently about to undergo an operation, for an assistant held at intervals a great cone of linen over a haggard face on the pillow, and a strong smell of chloroform filled the air. As I approached the surgeon turned around, and recognizing me, with a nod and a smile said, "We are at work on your friend." While he was speaking he bared the left shoulder of the wounded man, and I saw the holes made by the bullet as it passed from the pectoral into the upper part of the deltoid. Without waiting longer, the surgeon made a straight cut downward from near the acromion through the thick fibre of the deltoid to the bone. He tried to sever the tendons to slip the head of the humerus from the socket, but failed. He wasted no time in further trial, but made a second incision from the bullet-hole diagonally to the middle of the first cut, and turned the pointed flap thus made up over the shoulder. It was now easy to unjoint the bones, and but a moment's work to saw off the shattered piece, tie the severed arteries, and bring the flap again into its place.

There was no time to pause, for the surgeon began to fear the effects of the chloroform on the patient. We hastened to revive him by every possible means at hand, throwing cold water on him and warming his hands and feet. Although under the influence of chloroform to the degree

that he was insensible to pain, he had not been permitted to lose his entire consciousness, and he appeared to be sensible of what we were doing. Nevertheless, he awoke slowly, very slowly, the surgeon meanwhile putting the stitches in the incision. At last he raised his eyelids and made a movement with his lips. With a deliberate movement he surveyed the circle of faces gathered closely around the bed. There was something in his eyes which had an irresistible attraction for me, and I bent forward to await his gaze. As his eyes met mine they changed as if a sudden light had struck them, and the stony stare gave way to a look of intelligence and recognition. Then, through the beard of a season's growth and behind the haggard mask before me, I saw at once the circus-rider of Turin and Paris. I remember being scarcely excited or surprised at the meeting, for a great sense of irresponsibility came over me, and I involuntarily accepted the coincidence as a matter of course. He tried in vain to speak, but held up his right hand, and feebly made with his fingers the sign of the letter which had played such a part in the story of his life. Even at that instant the light left his eyes, and something like a veil seemed drawn over them. With the instinctive energy which possesses every one when there is a chance of saving human life, we redoubled our efforts to restore the patient to consciousness. But while we strove to feed the flame with some of our own vitality, it flickered and went out, leaving the hue

of ashes where the rosy tinge of life had been. His heart was paralyzed.

As I turned away, my eye caught the surgeon's incision, which was now plainly visible on the left shoulder. The cut was in the form of the letter Y.

THE END OF NEW YORK.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE WAR CLOUD.

TOWARDS dusk on the afternoon of Monday, December 5th, 1881, the French steamer "Canada," from Havre, arrived at her pier in New York City. Among the passengers was a tall, dark, rather fine-looking man, of about middle-age. After the usual examination of his baggage by the Custom House officials had been made, this person, accompanied by a lady, took a hack at the entrance of the pier, and was driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The initials on the luggage strapped on the rear of the vehicle were M. B.

In conversing with the driver the gentleman—for his appearance and bearing fully indicated his right to the title—spoke English, though some-

what imperfectly ; with the lady he talked in sonorous Castilian.

Apparently, no one bestowed any particular notice upon the pair. They were two foreigners out of the great throng of foreigners which lands daily in the metropolis ; they were Spaniards and reasonably well-to-do, seeing that they came over in the saloon, and not in the steerage.

The names registered at the hotel were Manuel Blanco and wife.

Late during the following evening the lady personally came to the office seemingly in great distress. An interpreter being procured, it was learned that Señor Blanco, in response to a visiting-card sent to his room, had left the apartment shortly after breakfast that morning, and had not since returned.

The lady explained that he had no business affairs in New York, and that they were merely resting in the city for a few days to recover from the effects of the ocean voyage, before going to Charleston, S. C., their destination.

The clerk in the office simply knew that a stranger had called and sent a card to Señor Blanco, and that the two, after meeting, had left the hotel together.

The anxiety of Señora Blanco was evidently excessive. She rejected such commonplace reasons as that her husband might have lost his way, or that some unlooked-for business matters had claimed his attention.

“No, no !” she repeated, almost hysterically ;
“no beezness. Ah, Dios ! El está muerte.”

A physician was sent for, and the lady, who was fast reaching a stage of nervous prostration, placed in his care. The hotel detective proceeded at once to Police Headquarters, whence telegrams were despatched to the various precincts, giving a description of the missing man, and making inquiries concerning him. The replies were all in the negative : no such person had come under the notice of the police.

From what has thus far been narrated, it might be inferred that Blanco's absence was due to one of those strange disappearances which happen in great cities. The inference, however, would be wrong. Blanco had not disappeared.

True, his agonized wife and the police of New York City had no trace of his whereabouts ; but Mr. Michael Chalmette, an officer detailed by the U. S. Marshal in New Orleans to arrest Leon Sangrado, at the request of the Republic of Chili, on the charge of repeatedly committing murder and highway robbery in that country, was entirely sure that the missing person was sitting beside him, handcuffed to his left wrist, and that both were speeding toward New Orleans as fast as a railway-car could take them.

When the French steamer “Canada” arrived, Mr. Michael Chalmette, wearing the uniform and badge of a Custom House officer, stationed himself by the gang-plank and narrowly scrutinized

each passenger that came ashore. While Blanco's trunks were being examined, he stood near that gentleman, and furtively compared his features with those on a photograph. It was Chalmette who sent the card to Blanco's room, in the hotel, next day, and who induced Blanco to accompany him in a carriage, as he said, to the Custom House, to arrange some irregularity in the passing of Blanco's luggage. The driver of that carriage, however, was told to go to the Pennsylvania Railroad Dépôt, in Jersey City.

Blanco evinced some surprise on being taken across the ferry, but was easily satisfied by his companion's explanation that the branch of the Custom House to be visited was on the Jersey side.

When the station was reached Chalmette led the way to the waiting-room, and quietly observed, before the unsuspecting Blanco could finish a sentence beginning :

"Ees it posseeble zat zees is ze Custom—"

"You are my prisoner. You had better come without making trouble."

Blanco looked at him aghast—not half comprehending the words.

"A prisoner—I—for what?"

Chalmette returned no answer, but produced his warrant.

"But I no understand—I—"

Just then the warning bell rung. Chalmette seized his prisoner by the arm and pushed him through the gateway.

On the platform Blanco made some slight resistance. The policeman, whose attention was attracted thereby, after a few words with Chalmette, assisted the latter in forcing him upon the train, which was already slowly moving out of the dépôt.

* * * * *

It is necessary to break the thread of the story here to note an odd coincidence. While there is a French steamer "Canada" belonging to the Compagnie Générale Trans-Atlantique, and plying between New York and Havre, there is also an English steamer "Canada" belonging to the National Line, which travels between New York and London. It so happened that on the same afternoon that the French vessel came in, as before narrated, the English steamer of like name also arrived.

Among the passengers who landed from the English "Canada" there was also a couple, man and woman, apparently Spaniards, and there was an undeniable resemblance between the man and Blanco. The former, however, had features cast in a much rougher mould, and his general bearing indicated that he was not a gentleman, as plainly as Blanco's did the reverse.

The luggage of the pair consisted of a single valise, which was carried by the woman, the man striding on ahead, leisurely puffing a cigarette. They hired no carriage, but walked from the pier, across and up West Street, and took a street-car going to the east side of the city.

As soon as they left the conveyance the man spread out his arms and expanded his chest with a long breath. The woman half smiled, and said something to him in Spanish. Then they mingled with the crowd around Tompkins Square and disappeared.

* * * * *

Two days after Blanco's arrest the physician, now in constant attendance upon his wife, filed the death certificate of a stillborn child. Puerperal fever set in, and the life of the unhappy woman for more than two weeks trembled in the balance. During the first week a telegram from New Orleans, which Blanco's captor had permitted him to send, came, addressed to her.

The physician opened it ; but as she was almost constantly unconscious, it was impossible to inform her of its contents for some days. Then she was simply told that her husband had been heard from, and was safe. The doctor peremptorily forbade any information being given her of Blanco's true situation ; and as she could not understand the language, and so glean intelligence from the newspapers, which contained reports of the inquiry conducted by the Commissioner, and the complete identification of the prisoner as Leon Sangrado, she, of course, remained in ignorance of what had happened.

Some five weeks elapsed before she was judged sufficiently strong to bear the shock which such news would inevitably produce. Then she was

told as gently as possible, all mention of the nature of the charges against Blanco being avoided.

She listened in silent surprise.

"But he has never been in Chili in his life," she insisted.

The old doctor, himself a Spaniard, looked at her pityingly, but said nothing.

"He has been Consul before nowhere but at Trieste; how could he have been in South America?" she continued.

"Consul? Is your husband, then, in the Consular service of Spain?" queried the doctor, somewhat surprised.

"He is here as Consul to Charleston—in—ah, what is the name?—Carolina."

"Can you prove that?" demanded the physician, somewhat excitedly.

"I can—that is, I think there are official papers in the trunks. Is it necessary?"

"Very necessary."

"Here are the keys, then."

The doctor in her presence opened the luggage, and in a curiously arranged secret compartment in one of the trunks found the documents. After a few moments spent in looking them over, he said:

"Do you feel strong to-day?"

"Not very."

"I think you could travel, however. I will see that your baggage is properly packed, if you will be prepared to accompany me to-morrow morning."

“ But whither ? ”

“ To Washington ; to the Spanish Minister. This is a serious business. ”

Under the supervision of the doctor the journey was safely accomplished. After proper repose Señora Blanco and the physician proceeded to the Spanish Legation, and within a very short time Señor Antonio Mantilla, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of His Catholic Majesty, was in possession of Blanco's papers, and of the facts, so far as known to his visitors, attending that gentleman's arrest.

Señor Mantilla looked grave and said little. He thanked the physician, however, warmly for the part he had taken in the matter, and calling a secretary placed Señora Blanco in his charge, with instructions that she should receive the greatest care and attention.

He then desired the attendance of his Secretary of Legation, and the two officials remained in earnest consultation for more than two hours. During this period several telegrams were sent to the Spanish Consul at New Orleans, and a long cipher-message to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Madrid.

A few days later a lengthy report was received from the Consul at New Orleans, accompanied by three letters from Blanco to his wife, not one of which had been forwarded from the jail in which he was confined.

Another consultation was held at the Spanish

Legation, during which this report and an answering message from Madrid were frequently referred to.

The report set forth the facts of the identification of Blanco as Sangrado by the Chilian representatives, with sufficient certainty to convince the U. S. Commissioner. Until a late period in the inquiry Blanco had had no counsel. He had, however, asseverated from the beginning that he was the Consul of Spain at Charleston—a fact not believed, because there was already a Consul resident at that place. Communication with that official simply showed that he expected to be transferred to another post, but had not been informed of the name of his successor. The Commissioner, seeing that Blanco was doing nothing to obtain testimony in his own favor, quietly arranged that counsel should be provided for him; and the lawyers, as a matter of course, at once sent to New York for Blanco's papers.

Señora Blanco, being then in a dangerous condition, was helpless. Search was made through the trunks, without finding any trace of the documents hidden in the secret compartment.

The Legation of Spain in Washington had information that Manuel Blanco had been sent to assume the Consulship at Charleston, but no one could personally identify the prisoner to be the Manuel Blanco appointed.

The Chilian witnesses had sworn that the prisoner was Leon Sangrado in the most unequivocal

manner—and Chalmette deposed that he saw him land from the “Canada,” in which vessel he had been instructed to look for the fugitive.

The facts, as thus gathered by the Spanish diplomatists from the Consul at New Orleans, from Señora Blanco, and from her physician, were complete. The outcome of their deliberations upon them was twofold.

First.—The departure of Señora Blanco, under care of an attaché of the Spanish Legation, to join her husband at New Orleans.

Second.—The following diplomatic communication from the Minister of Spain to the Secretary of State of the United States of America.

LEGATION OF SPAIN AT WASHINGTON, }
January 16th, 1882. }

The undersigned, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Catholic Majesty, has the honor to address the Honorable Secretary of State, with a view to obtaining from the Federal Government reparation for the arrest of Señor Don Manuel Blanco, His Catholic Majesty's Consul at Charleston, S. C., at the demand of the Republic of Chili, on a charge of crime preferred by the Government of that country. The undersigned is instructed to protest, in the most distinct terms, against this grave breach of international obligations, to insist upon the immediate release of the said Blanco, and to require from the Federal

Government an apology suited to the circumstances.

The undersigned avails himself, etc.,

ANTONIO MANTILLA.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, January 20th, 1882. }

SIR : Referring to your communication of the 16th inst., in which you protest against the arrest of the person alleged to be Señor Don Manuel Blanco, His Catholic Majesty's Consul at Charleston, at the instance of the Republic of Chili, and demand the release of the said person, with a suitable apology from this Government in the premises, I have the honor to inform you that the representatives of the Chilian Government allege the person in question to be one Leon Sangrado, a fugitive from justice, charged with the crimes of murder and robbery ; that, before the United States Commissioner at New Orleans, the Chilian representatives have produced evidence identifying the prisoner as Leon Sangrado, which evidence has warranted the said Commissioner in rendering judgment accordingly ; and that the proceedings and judgment, on review by the President of the United States, have been confirmed, and the warrant of extradition ordered. I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of the record of the evidence in the case for your Excellency's information. I have also to state that, in the circum-

stances, this Government conceives itself to be acting in a spirit of strict international comity with the Republic of Chili, and, upon the representations made by your Excellency, cannot admit that any reparation or apology is due to the Government of His Catholic Majesty.

I have the honor, etc.,

JAS. G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

Some days later the Spanish Minister forwarded a note to the State Department, wherein, after the usual formal recitals, he stated as follows :

The undersigned has the honor to inform the Honorable Secretary of State that, having transmitted his communication by cable to the Government of His Catholic Majesty, he is now instructed to make the following demands :

1st. That the Federal Government shall deliver Señor Don Manuel Blanco, His Catholic Majesty's Consul at Charleston, S. C., alleged to be Leon Sangrado, a fugitive from justice from the Republic of Chili, to the undersigned, at the Legation of Spain at Washington, by or before the first day of February, proximo.

2. That the Federal Government shall address to the Government of His Catholic Majesty a formal and solemn apology for the insult offered by the arrest of said Blanco. And, in further proof thereof, shall, on said first day of February, at noon, cause the Spanish flag to be hoisted over

Fort Columbus, in New York Harbor ; Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor ; the Navy Yard, in Washington ; and at the mast-head of the flag-ship of the North Atlantic squadron—then and there to be saluted with twenty-one guns.

I have the honor, etc.,

ANTONIO MANTILLA.

The reply sent by Secretary Blaine to this peremptory demand was, as might be expected, an equally peremptory refusal.

Thereupon the Spanish Minister demanded his passports, and with his Legation left the country.

The passports of the American Minister at Madrid were at the same time forwarded to him, and he returned to the United States.

Blanco was delivered to the Chilian representatives, and duly extradited, his wife accompanying him.

The anti-administration newspapers commented with great severity upon the case, alleging that undue haste was manifested in forwarding the proceedings ; that proper opportunity was not afforded the accused to establish his true identity ; that the warrant of extradition was illegal, inasmuch as it had been issued by an Assistant Secretary of State during the absence of both the President and Secretary from Washington, and that, consequently, there had been in fact no real review of the proceedings by the Executive.

The administration journals, on the contrary,

found the extradition of the prisoner to be perfectly within the letter of the law ; but were not inclined to say much on this point, preferring rather to applaud Mr. Blaine's new proof of a "vigorous foreign policy," as exemplified in the previously quoted correspondence with the Spanish Minister.

I.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

That the friendly relations of two great nations should be ruptured by a difficulty which, to all appearances, might easily have been adjusted, seems incredible ; but it should be remembered that at this period Spain and the United States were by no means on the best of terms. Spanish war-vessels in the West Indies had been overhauling American merchantmen in a high-handed way, which had already called forth the remonstrances of our Government ; and the complaints from Cuba of the insecurity of property and life of American citizens had become more numerous than ever. Still, the result of the dispute was a surprise to the world ; especially as the overt act of rupture

had come from Spain, and not from the United States, as had so frequently hitherto seemed probable.

The popular excitement throughout the country was intense. There was a universal demand for war. It was pointed out that the country was never so prosperous, or better able to bear the burden of a conflict; that, with our immense resources, an army could be raised and a navy equipped inside of sixty days; that such a war would be of short duration, and that the result could be none other than the humiliation of Spain, and the ceding to us of the Spanish West Indies as a war indemnity.

The House of Representatives fairly rung with bellicose speeches, and the press, with a few exceptions, reflected the popular feeling.

On the other hand, however, there was a powerful party attempting to stem the precipitancy of the nation. The great moneyed corporations viewed the matter with alarm, and advocated peaceful settlement, or, at most, inaction. This, however, was attributed to their fears of unsettlement of values, and consequent depreciation of their property.

The Senate, refusing to be influenced by popular clamor, steadily opposed all hasty legislation originating in the lower House. The President and Cabinet brought down upon themselves the bitter denunciation of the opposition press for "cowardly truckling to Spain," because no immediate steps

were taken to place army and navy on a war footing, and no volunteers were called for.

A month went by. The popular excitement in this period perceptibly decreased ; and, as it did so, the New York *World* and *Tribune*, which, from the first, had given but weak support to the cry for war, became more outspoken against hostilities. The bill agreed to by both Houses of Congress, providing for the immediate construction of ten swift armored cruisers, was strongly attacked in both journals, and the arming of the harbor forts, and the elaborate preparations which began to be visible for protecting the harbor by torpedoes, were sneered at as "useless precautions, dictated by an unworthy fear of a nation which would never venture to attack us."

The stocks of the New York Central, Western Union Telegraph, Lake Shore, and other corporations controlled by Vanderbilt and Jay Gould, which had fallen during the excitement of the previous month, rose slowly, but steadily.

On the afternoon of March 6th, the *Evening Telegram* issued an extra, reporting the sailing from Coruña of four Spanish ironclads. The announcement on the London Stock Exchange was that they were going to Cuba.

On the following day there was a decided fall in American securities in London, and a weak market in Wall Street ; which degenerated into a rapidly declining one when it became rumored that Gould was selling Western Union short in large blocks,

and that Vanderbilt's brokers were similarly disposing of N. Y. Central and other stocks.

At 10 o'clock that night the news came that Spain had formally declared war upon the United States. It was posted in all the hotels, and read from the stages of all the theatres. The people flocked into the streets *en masse*. Speeches were made, breathing defiance and demands for an immediate attack upon Spain, before tremendous crowds, in Madison and Union Squares. No one slept that night.

Next morning there was a panic in Wall Street, which was arrested, however, by the intelligence from London that, although Government four-percents had fallen to 86, they were steady at that figure, and that the Rothschilds and Baring Brothers were buying them in largely. Before night Congress had voted a special appropriation of a hundred million dollars for purposes of defense, authorized the immediate construction of twenty armored ships, and the President issued his proclamation, calling for the raising of four hundred thousand men "to repel an invasion of the Union."

Within twenty-four hours the regiments of the National Guard in New York and vicinity were mustered into the service of the United States and ordered into camp, under command of General Hancock. That officer at once began the construction of sea-coast batteries on Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, and the New Jersey coast. A crack

city regiment was detailed to complete the partially finished fort on Sandy Hook and throw up earthworks along the Peninsula ; but, as the hands of most of the men became quite sore through wielding shovels and picks, they were relieved and sent to garrison Governor's Island, where they gave exhibition drills daily, and, on Friday evenings, invited their female friends to hops of the most enjoyable description. The Hook fort was subsequently completed by a volunteer regiment of Cuban cigar-makers, from the Bowery.

As a matter of course, notice was immediately given to all foreign vessels in port of the proposed blocking of the Narrows and the Main, Swash and East Channels with torpedoes, and forty-eight hours' time was accorded them wherein to take their departure. The European steamers were the first to leave, each one towing from two to five sailing-vessels. Later on, General Hancock impressed all the harbor tugs into service ; and, by their aid, before the specified period had elapsed, not a single ship floating a foreign flag remained in New York Harbor. A battalion of army engineers, under command of General Abbot, and another of sailors, under Captain Selfridge, at once began operations.

In the Narrows, torpedoes were moored at distances of one hundred feet apart, and were connected with the shore by electric wires. At various points along the beach shell-proof huts were constructed, to which these wires led. In each hut

was arranged a camera lucida, so that a picture of the harbor, over a limited area, was thrown upon a whitened table. In this way an observer could recognize the instant an enemy's vessel arrived over a sunken mine, and could explode the latter by simply touching a button which allowed the electric current to pass to the torpedo. In the Harbor channels the torpedoes were so arranged as to be exploded on contact of an enemy's vessel with a partially submerged buoy.

The torpedo-stations on Staten and Coney Islands and the Jersey coast were provided with movable fish-torpedoes of the Ericsson and Lay types, intended to be sent out against a hostile vessel, and manœuvred from the shore. All the steam-tugs in the Harbor were moored in Gowanus bay, and each tug was rigged with a long boom projecting from her bow, on which a torpedo, containing some fifty pounds of dynamite, was carried.

With the tugs, and serving as flag-ship for the squadron, was the U. S. torpedo-boat "Alarm," Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorringer.

The armament of the sea-coast batteries was not calculated to strike terror into the soul of any nation owning a modern iron-clad vessel. It consisted mainly of old-fashioned smooth-bore guns, a system of artillery which has been rejected by every European power as the weakest and most inefficient. The greatest range attainable with the best of these cannon was 8000 yards, or some four

and one half miles. At one quarter this range their shot would be utterly unable to penetrate even moderately thin armor. Besides these guns there were a few ten and twelve-inch rifles of cast-iron, and hence of unreliable and inferior material ; some old smooth-bore cannon, converted into rifles by wrought-iron linings ; and a number of mortars and pieces of small calibre, altogether contemptible in the light of the advances made in the art of war during the last quarter of a century.

Meanwhile the inventors were not idle, and the press fairly teemed with novel suggestions for the defense of the city. It was proposed to run all the oil stored in the Williamsburgh refineries into the lower bay, and set it on fire when the enemy's fleet appeared.

The *Herald* suggested the raising of a regiment of divers to live in a submarine fort, the guns of which should be arranged to fire upwards into a vessel floating above, and immediately offered to contribute \$250,000 to begin the construction of such defenses.

General Newton proposed the building of continuous earthworks on both shores of the bay and Narrows, behind which a broad-gauge railroad should be constructed. On the track he placed heavy platform-cars, each car carrying one heavy gun. Embrasures were made at regular intervals along the embankment. His idea was, that if a hostile vessel made her way into the Harbor, the gun-cars should move along behind the earth-

works, keeping abreast of the ship, and thus pour into her a continuous fire. Measures were promptly taken to follow this plan.

Mr. T. A. Edison announced that he had invented everything which, up to that time, any one else had suggested. He invited all the reporters to Menlo Park, and, after elaborately explaining the merits of a new catarrh remedy, showed some lines on a piece of paper, which, he said, represented huge electro-magnets, which he proposed to set up along the coast, say, near Barnegat. When the enemy's iron ships appeared, he proposed to excite these magnets, and draw the vessels on the rocks. Somebody said that this notion had been anticipated by one Sindbad the Sailor, whereupon Mr. Edison denounced that person as a "patent pirate." He also said that these magnets would be exhibited in working order next Christmas Eve.

Professor Bell proposed the "induction balance," as a way of recognizing the approach of the enemy's iron vessels. He went down the Bay with his instrument, and sent back some telegrams which were alarming, until it was discovered that the professor had made a slight error in the direction from which he asserted the ships were coming, it being manifestly impossible for them to sail overland from the Pacific, as his contrivance predicted.

The condition of affairs in the city reminded one of the early days of the Rebellion. Wall Street

was panicky — chiefly because of the immense depreciation in railway securities. Government four-per-cent bonds, however, had gone up to ninety-eight. Provisions were high, and, through the stoppage of European commerce, the cost of imported articles, such as dress-goods, tea, etc., became excessive. Recruiting was going on everywhere ; the regiments, as fast as organized, being dispatched to different points along the seaboard, or to swell the numbers of an army under command of General Sheridan, which was preparing to sail to Key West, to invade Cuba.

During the month of March New York remained in a state of suspense. Army contractors did a brisk business ; but otherwise there was little doing. News was eagerly sought. It was known that Spain was mobilizing her army and fitting out transports ; but beyond this, and the dispatching of the four ironclads, which had duly reached Havana, she had taken no steps pointing toward an invasion of the United States. All the European nations had issued proclamations of neutrality, except Russia and France. England had ordered the great Spanish ironclad, " *El Cid*," in which Sir William Armstrong had just placed two 100-ton guns, out of her waters inside of twenty-four hours after Spain had declared war ; and this, although the vessel was in many respects unfinished. The Queen's proclamation was most stringent against the fitting out or coaling of the vessels of either belligerent, and a special Act of

Parliament was passed, inflicting penalties of the greatest severity for any violation of it. John Bull evidently proposed to pay for no more "Alabamas."

The first great news of the war came during the first week in June. The Spanish screw corvette "Tornado," six guns, had sailed from Cartagena for Havana. Off Cape Trafalgar she encountered the "Lancaster," flag-ship of the United States European squadron, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Nicholson. The "Lancaster" carried two-eleven-inch and twenty nine-inch old-fashioned smooth-bore Dahlgren guns. The action was short, sharp, and decisive.

It terminated in the surrender of the "Tornado," after the loss of her captain, five officers, and forty of her crew. The "Lancaster" was badly cut up about the rigging, but otherwise uninjured. Her loss was but five men. The first tidings of this was the arrival of the "Tornado" in Hampton Roads, with a prize crew on board, and the royal ensign of Spain floating beneath the stars and stripes.

When the extras announcing the news were shouted in the streets, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. From every building, from every window, the flag was displayed. Throngs of excited men marched through the avenues, cheering and shouting, and the recruiting was renewed so vigorously, that New York's quota of the four hundred thousand men called for by the

President was filled within the next twenty-four hours after the news came.

In the midst of this furore, the bulletins announced that the Spanish ironclads "Zaragoza" and "Numancia" had sailed from Havana, with no destination announced ; that their consorts, the "Arapiles" and "Vittoria," together with three transports, "San Quentin," "Patino," and "Ferrol," the latter well laden with coal and provisions, were preparing to follow ; also, that the huge "El Cid" had been fitted for sea, and was about to sail from Vigo, Spain.

Just before this intelligence arrived, the United States steam frigate "Franklin," forty-three guns, carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, left Hampton Roads on a cruise, northwardly.

Where were the Spanish ironclads going ?

On Sunday morning, April 9th, Trinity Church was crowded with worshipers. The venerable Bishop of New York was present, and was to deliver the sermon. His erect, stately form, clad in the flowing robes of his office, had just appeared in the pulpit, and he had spoken the words of his text, when a commotion in the rear of the church caused him to stop and look up, wondering at the unseemly interruption.

A soldier emerged from the crowd, and, making his way to the Astor pew, handed a letter to Mr. John Jacob Astor. The ruddy face of that gentleman blanched as he read its contents. Then he

rose, walked to the pulpit, and handed the missive to the bishop.

A dead silence prevailed—at last broken by these simple words :

“ Brethren, the war-vessels of the public enemy have appeared off our Harbor. Let us pray.”

A deep, heart-felt Amen responded to the appeal made in eloquent, though faltering, tones ; and then, quiet and orderly, the congregation left the temple. It was fitting that such a prayer should be the last ever offered in a sanctuary of which, but a few days later, only a heap of smoking ruins remained.

The same news had been forwarded to the other churches, and the congregations, dismissed, had gathered in front of the great bulletin-boards which had been erected in the various parts of the city. In huge letters were the words :

“ A large steamer, showing Spanish flag, sighted off Barnegat.”

Shortly afterwards came another dispatch :

“ The United States frigate ‘ Franklin ’ has been signaled off Fire Island.”

Then another dispatch :

“ The Spanish steamer has gone to the eastward.”

And then, three hours later :

“ Heavy firing has been heard from the south and east.”

II.

THE BATTLE OF FIRE ISLAND.

The "Franklin," on leaving Fire Island, where she had communication with the shore, stood to the westward. At 3 P.M. the mast-head look-out reported a large steamer on the port-bow. As is customary on vessels at sea, the "Franklin" showed no colors; the stranger displayed a flag which could not be made out.

On the poop-deck of the "Franklin" were Admiral Rowan, Captain Greer, commanding the ship, and the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Jewell.

"Mast-head, there! can you make out her colors yet?" hailed the latter.

"No, sir."

"Take your glass and go aloft, Mr. Rodgers," said Admiral Rowan to his aid; "perhaps you can see better."

The officer rapidly ascended the rigging to the foretopmast cross-trees.

"It is the English flag, sir!" he shouted.

"Hoist English colors, Captain," said the admiral, quietly; "and bend on our own, ready to go up."

The red cross of St. George, the British man-of-war flag, rose slowly to the peak.

The stranger was seen to alter her course, and head for the "Franklin."

The admiral turned to Captain Greer and nodded. The latter gave an order to a midshipman standing near.

Rat-tat—rat-tat—rat-tat-tat-tat !

The quick drum-beat to quarters for action rang sharply through the ship. The executive officer took his speaking-trumpet and stationed himself on the quarter-deck. The men sprang to their guns.

"Silence ! man the port-guns. Cast loose and provide !"

A momentary confusion, as the thirty-eight nine-inch smooth-bore guns on the main-deck, the four hundred-pound rifles on the spar-deck, and the eleven-inch pivot on the forecastle were cleared of their tackle, and got ready for training. The guns' crews then stood erect and silent in their places beside the guns, on the side of the ship turned toward the enemy.

Meanwhile the magazine had been opened, and the powder-boys flocked to the scuttles, receiving cartridges in the leather boxes slung to their shoulders. Shell were hoisted from below. The surgeon and his assistants, including the chaplain, laid out instruments, and converted the cock-pit into an operating-room. The fires in the galley were put out, and those under the boilers urged to their fiercest heat. The decks were sanded, in grim anticipation of their becoming slippery with

blood. Tackles and slings were prepared to lower the wounded below. The Gatling guns aloft were made ready to fire upon the enemy's decks, in case the two vessels came near enough together.

"Prime!" shouted the officer on the quarter-deck. Primers were placed in the vents of the already loaded guns, and the gun-captains stepped back, tautening the lock-strings, and bending down to glance along the sights.

"Point! Tell the division officers to train on the craft that's coming, and wait orders." This last command to a midshipman aid.

The silence throughout the great ship was profound. The gun-captains eyed the approaching vessels over the sights of their guns. Only the quick throb of the engines and the sough of the waves were audible.

The two vessels were now within some four miles of each other. There was no question but that the stranger was a man-of-war—and an ironclad, at that—provided with a formidable ram.

"I thought so," suddenly ejaculated the admiral: "Now show him who *we* are."

The English flag had been replaced by the red-yellow-and-red bars of Spain. Down came the red cross from the peak of the "Franklin;" and then, not only there, but from every mast-head, floated the stars and stripes.

A puff of smoke from the Spaniard—a whirr, a shriek, and a solid shot struck the water, having passed entirely over the American frigate.

"He fires at long range!" remarked the admiral, calmly.

"It would be useless for us to reply," answered the captain.

"Clearly so."

"Shall we stop and wait for him, sir?"

"Wait for him? No! Go for him! Four bells, sir! Ring four bells and go ahead fast!"

The clang of the engine-bell resounded through the ship; the thump of the machinery grew more rapid; the whole vessel thrilled and shook, as if eager for the attack.

The distance between the two ships was reduced to about two miles.

Again the Spaniard fired. The shot struck the "Franklin" broad on her port-bow, knocked over a gun, killed six men, and passed through the other side of the ship.

Still the "Franklin" pressed on.

Crash! a huge shell from an Armstrong eighteen-ton gun burst between the fore and main-masts; the bow pivot-gun was dismounted; ten men of her crew down; the maintopmast stays cut, and the maintopmast tottering. Crash! Another shell, and the jib-boom hangs dragging under the bows; the fore topgallantmast is carried away. Men hacked at the rigging to clear away the wreck which now impeded the ship's advance.

"Now let him have it," said the admiral, quietly.

The captain speaks to the executive officer, who shouts through his trumpet: "Port guns! Ready! Fire!!"

The concussion of the explosion made the ship stagger for a moment.

When the smoke cleared away, the Spaniard's mizzenmast was seen dragging overboard; but otherwise no damage had been inflicted.

"His armor is too thick for us," gravely remarked the admiral; "get boom torpedoes over the bows!"

"All ready, now, sir," reported the captain.

"Continue firing, and keep right for him."

"Shall we ram him, sir?"

"Yes, sir; as straight amidships as you can."

The "Franklin" now poured in her fire with all possible rapidity; but it was evident that her shot made little or no impression on the massive iron shield of her antagonist, although it played havoc amid his rigging. Another fact now became apparent—that the Spaniard was much the faster vessel of the two; for he was evidently nearing the "Franklin" more quickly than the "Franklin" was approaching him.

"Do you know who that ship is?" asked the admiral.

"The 'Numancia,' sir," replied the captain; "her armament is immensely better than ours. She has twenty-five Armstrong guns."

Crash! crash! Two more shells struck the wooden hull of the "Franklin" between the fore

and mainmasts, tearing a great rent in her side and literally annihilating the crews of four guns.

"There is three feet of water in the hold, sir, and it is gaining!" shouted the carpenter at the pump-well.

Men were sent at once to the pumps.

Crash! This time a double explosion, followed by dense clouds of steam. Men, scalded and horribly burned, climbed up the ladders from below.

"Our boilers are gone," reported the captain.

"Keep her broadside toward the enemy, sir," returned the admiral.

The guns of the "Franklin" were now firing slowly. Their smoke overhung the vessel so that the Spaniard could not be seen, but the reports of his cannon sounded closer and closer.

Suddenly the huge prow of the "Numancia" loomed up close aboard the "Franklin."

"Starboard! Hard a starboard!" shouted the admiral.

It was too late. There was no one at the helm. A shell, bursting close to the wheel, had killed the helmsman, and a fragment had buried itself in the captain's breast.

The admiral himself turned to go toward the wheel, but suddenly staggered and pitched forward, dead.

Then came the frightful explosion of the "Numancia's" bow-torpedo, striking the ill-fated frigate; and then the crushing and splintering of timbers under the fearful stroke of the ram.

Five minutes afterwards the Spanish war-ship was alone. Slowly the "Franklin" sank—her lofty mast-heads going under with the stars and stripes still proudly floating from them. The "Numancia" lowered her boats to pick up survivors. They returned with one officer and two seamen—all that remained of the crew of nearly one thousand souls.

The American flag-ship had been sunk by a fourth-rate European ironclad—the first practical proof of the miserably short-sighted policy of a nation of fifty millions of inhabitants, with an enormous coast line and innumerable ports to be protected, relying for its safety upon a navy the fifty-five available vessels of which are too slow to run away, and too lightly armed and too weakly built to defend themselves.

The "Numancia" hoisted her boats and stood to the westward. Shortly afterward she exchanged signals with the "Zaragoza," "Arapiles" and "Vittoria." The war-vessels drew together, the transports came alongside of them, and fresh supplies of coal and provisions were delivered. Then the transports headed to the south, and the men-of-war laid their course for New York.

III.

THE METROPOLIS BELEAGUERED.

Three ships of the Spanish squadron named were armed with Armstrong guns. Their combined batteries aggregated eight cannon of eighteen tons, four of twelve tons, eleven of nine tons, and twenty-eight of seven tons. The "*Zaragoza*" carried twenty guns of another pattern, ranging in calibre from eleven to seven and three-fourths inches. The total number of cannon which would thus be brought to bear upon New York and its suburbs was seventy-one.

The shot of the Armstrong guns above named vary in weight from four hundred to one hundred and fifteen pounds. If the entire number of guns should each deliver one shot, the total amount of iron projected would exceed six tons in weight.

The arrival of the Spanish vessels was not known until dawn of the morning of April 11th. Then they were descried on the horizon by the watchers at Sandy Hook. At first sight it was supposed that they had encountered heavy weather and lost their light spars; but, as they approached nearer, it was seen that each ship had sent down all her upper rigging, and had housed topmasts.

There was no mistaking what this meant. It was the stripping for battle.

It was also noticed that the ships steamed very slowly in single file ; that from the bows of each projected a fork-like contrivance, and that in advance of the leader were several steam-launches, between which, and crossing the path of the large vessel, extended hawsers which dipped into the water. Evidently the new-comers had a wholesome dread of torpedoes, and hence the use of bow torpedo-catchers and the dragging-ropes.

No flag of any sort was exhibited.

Meanwhile the guns of all the sea-coast batteries along the shores had been manned, ready to fire upon the huge black monsters as soon as they should come within range. The order had been given to commence firing on the hoisting of a flag and on the discharge of a heavy gun from the signal station on Sandy Hook, where General Hancock had posted himself with his staff.

In the city the time for excitement had passed. The business section was deserted, most of the men being either in the fortifications or under arms in the camps, ready to move as directed to repel any attempt on the part of the enemy to effect a landing.

There had been no general exodus from New York, as it was not believed possible that the enemy's missiles could reach the city proper. In Brooklyn, however, but few people remained. All the churches in the city were open, and with singular unanimity the people flocked into them. No public conveyances were running ; few vehicles

moved through the streets. The silence was like that of a summer holiday, when the people are in the suburbs, pleasure-seeking.

"They seem to have stopped, general," said an aid who was attentively watching the advance of the Spanish vessels through his glass.

"They are a long way out of our range," remarked General Hancock. "We have nothing that carries far enough to injure them. They are fully five miles out."

"Now they go ahead again. No, they are turning," said the aid.

The leading ship had ported her helm, and, followed by the others, filed to the eastward, bringing the port broadsides to bear upon the Long Island batteries.

"They certainly are not going into action there," said the general.

A cloud of white smoke arose from the bow of the leading vessel, and then across the water came the deep "boom" of a heavy gun.

"Why, that fellow has fired out to sea," exclaimed one of the general's staff.

"No, it was a blank cartridge. He fired to attract attention. See ! there goes a white flag up to his mast-head !" said the officer at the telescope : "A boat with a flag-of-truce is putting off, general."

"Send a launch out to meet it," said Hancock, shortly : "and see that it does not come nearer than a mile or so from the shore."

A few minutes after, the steam-yacht "Ideal," which had been offered by its owner as a dispatch boat to the general, was swiftly running towards the Spanish messenger.

The aid at the telescope saw an officer step from the Spanish boat into the yacht, and then the latter put back to the Hook, the enemy's launch remaining where she was.

The Spanish officer was conducted to the presence of the general. In excellent English, he announced himself as the Fleet Captain and Chief-of-Staff of the admiral commanding the Spanish squadron present, and with much ceremony presented the communication with which he was charged.

The general received the missive courteously and opened it. The expression of astonishment which came over his face as he read it for a moment gave place to one of anger. His eyes flashed, his face reddened, and his fingers nervously played with the end of his moustache. Then, as he read it over the second time, a rather contemptuous smile seemed to lurk about the corners of his mouth.

The staff stood by in silent but eager anticipation. The general held the letter in his hands behind his back and walked up and down the small apartment, as if in deep thought, raising his eyes occasionally to glance at the Spanish vessels, which lay almost motionless, blowing off steam.

Finally, he turned to the Spanish officer, who stood erect, with his hand resting upon the hilt of

his sword, and said, in a quiet, though determined, voice :

“ You will make my compliments to the admiral commanding, and deliver, in reply to his communication, that which I will now dictate.”

An aid at once seated himself at the table, and, at the general's dictation, wrote as follows :

SENOR DON ALMIRANTE VIZCARRO, *Commanding Squadron off New York.*

SIR : I have the honor to acknowledge your communication of this date, sent per flag-of-truce, in which you demand—

1st.—That immediate surrender to the force under your command be made of the fortifications of this harbor, together with the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and all munitions of war here existing.

2nd.—That the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City do cause to be paid, on board of your flag-ship, within three days after the said surrender, the sum of fifty millions of dollars in gold, or in the paper currency of England or France.

And in which you announce that non-acquiescence in the foregoing will be followed by the bombardment of the said fortifications, the Navy Yard and the arsenals in New York City, by your squadron, after the lapse of twenty-four hours from noon this day.

In reply, I have to state that these demands are peremptorily refused · and I have most solemnly to protest against so gross a violation of the laws of civilized warfare, as is indicated in your intention to attack a city within a period too short to enable the non-combatants to be safely removed.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

Major-General Commanding.

This reply was telegraphed to New York, and Mr. Pierrepont Edwards, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, was one of the first to receive it. He acted with the usual force and promptness with which British interests and the lives of British subjects are protected by British officials abroad. That is to say, he first telegraphed to the British Minister at Washington, Mr. West, requesting, that the three great iron-clads, "Devastation," "Orion" and "Agamemnon," all of which were then in Hampton Roads, be at once sent to New York. Then he prepared a formal protest against the proposed action of the Spanish Admiral, which all the other foreign consuls at once signed, and which was delivered aboard the Spanish flag-ship by a boat bearing the British flag before three o'clock that afternoon.

The Spanish admiral took the protest into consideration to the extent of granting forty-eight hours' time. The consuls protested again at this as not being sufficient, and demanded five clear

days. The admiral refused to grant more than three ; but when, before the three days had expired, the trio of English war-ships made their appearance, and calmly moved between his fleet and the shore, he changed his mind and granted the desired time—which was wise, seeing that the English vessels could blow his squadron out of water with little trouble and not much injury to themselves.

The railroads which go out of New York, while perhaps adequate for all purposes of traffic in time of peace, are scarcely equal to the removal from the city of several hundred thousand women, children, sick and aged persons within a period of even five days. People of this description cannot be moved as easily as armies ; and hence, when the morning of the fifth day dawned, fully one-half of the non-combatant population was still in the city.

This, however, was attributable not only to the inadequacy of the means of transportation, but to the singular apathy—it was not fearlessness—of the people themselves. In the great tenement districts, it became necessary to send soldiers into the houses to drive people out of them.

Among the Irish and Germans there was actual rioting, when force was thus used. The impression was general that the missiles of the enemy could not reach the populated parts of New York.

The crowds, however, at the Grand Central Dépôt, trying to leave the city, were enormous. People were placed in cattle-cars, on wood cars—in

fact, every sort of conveyance adapted to the tracks was pressed into service.

The Thirtieth Street Dépôt, on the west side, also was crowded, and trains were leaving thence every few minutes.

Just before noon, the city was horror-stricken by the news of a frightful accident at Spuyten Duyvil. An overloaded train from the Thirtieth Street Dépôt there, through a broken switch, came into collision with another overloaded train from the Grand Central Dépôt. The slaughter was horrible. Twelve cars were derailed, and more than a hundred and twenty people, mostly women and children, killed.

While people were repeating this news to one another with white faces and trembling lips, the Spanish squadron was taking position and preparing to attack.

The English squadron moved outside the Spanish ships, and stood off and on under easy steam.

At precisely noon the white flag was lowered from the mast-head of the Spanish flag-ship and the Spanish flags were hoisted by all of the vessels. Immediately afterwards the "Numancia" delivered her broadside full upon the Coney Island battery.

Instantly the flag from the general's station was flung out, the signal-gun was discharged, and from all the sea-coast batteries the firing began.

IV.

IRON HAIL.

The position chosen by the attacking vessels was about one and a half miles to the south of Plumb Inlet. This point is distant from Fort Hamilton six miles, from Sandy Hook light seven miles, from Brooklyn Navy Yard nine and a half miles, and from the City Hall, New York City, about eleven miles, in a straight line. An ample depth of water to float ships drawing twenty-four feet here exists. The situation was sufficiently distant from the shore batteries to render the effect of their projectiles on the armor of the vessels quite inconsiderable.

The ships, however, did not remain motionless, but steamed slowly around in a circle of some two miles in diameter, each vessel delivering her fire as she reached the point above specified. In this way, the chances of being struck by projectiles from shore were not only lessened, but the injury which they could do was decreased by the greater distance which they would be compelled to traverse to strike the ships during the progress of the latter around the further side of the circle.

It was evident that the Spanish commander had no idea of attempting to land his forces, but simply proposed to keep up a slow, persistent bom-

bardment. It was further apparent that only his lighter artillery was directed upon the shore batteries, and that he was practising with his heavy metal at high elevations, to find out how much range he could get.

When the second day of the bombardment opened, there were about a hundred thousand people still in New York, including two of the city regiments doing police duty. A strong force for this purpose was necessary, as a large number of roughs and criminals, who had hurried away during the first panic, now returned, and signalized their advent by the attempted pillage of the Vanderbilt residences.

About a hundred and fifty of this mob remained on the pavement of Fifth Avenue, after a well-directed mitrailleuse fire had been kept up for some fifteen minutes by the troops. The rest took to their heels, and lurked about the lower part of the city, waiting for a better opportunity, and thinking hungrily of the contents of the magnificent dwellings in the up-town districts.

The sea-coast batteries nearest to the attacking ships were soon rendered untenable by their fire. The large hotels on Coney Island were all struck by shells and burned, and the villages of Flatlands, Gravesend, and New Utrecht were quickly destroyed.

Shell after shell then fell in Flatbush, and occasionally a terrific explosion in Prospect Park, in Greenwood Cemetery, and in the outlying avenues

of Brooklyn, showed that the enemy was throwing his missiles over distances constantly augmenting.

On the morning of the third day a futile attempt was made to blow up the "Numancia," first by the Lay and then by the Ericsson submarine torpedo-boats. The Lay boat, however, ran up on the east bank and could not be got off, and the Ericsson started finely from the shore, but, apparently, sank before she had gone a mile.

The attack by the "Alarm" and her attendant fleet of torpedo-tugs had the effect of stopping the bombardment and of concentrating the enemy's attention upon his own safety. The tugs advanced gallantly to the onset, six of them rushing almost simultaneously upon the "Vittoria." That vessel met them with a broadside which sank four at once, and the other two were riddled by shell from Hotchkiss revolving cannon from the decks of the Spaniard; their machinery was crippled, and they drifted helplessly out to sea. Of the others, some ran aground on the bank, some were sunk, and not one succeeded in exploding her torpedo near a Spanish vessel. The "Alarm" planted a shell from her bow-rifle, at close range, squarely into the stern of the "Zaragoza," piercing the armor and killing a dozen men, besides disabling two guns. She was rammed, however, by the "Arapiles," and so badly injured as to compel her to make her escape into shoal water to prevent sinking. There she grounded, and the Spaniards leisurely made a target of her, although

they considerably permitted her crew to go ashore in their boats without firing a shot at them.

Meanwhile the remaining citizens of New York had held a mass meeting, and appointed a committee of Public Safety, with General Grant at its head. There had been a great popular movement to have that gentleman put in supreme command of the army, but the authorities at Washington, for some occult reason, known only to themselves, had offered him a major-general's commission, which he promptly declined. Then he deliberately went to the nearest recruiting-station and tried to enlist as a private ; but the recruiting-officer, after recovering his senses, with which he parted in dumb astonishment for some seconds, refused him on the ground that he was over forty-five years of age.

The general contented himself with remarking : " Guess they'll want me yet," and thereupon lighting a huge cigar, calmly marched out of the office and went over to Flatbush, to " see where the shells are hitting ;" serenely oblivious of the possibility of personal danger involved in that proceeding.

As chief of the Safety Committee, however, Grant became the real ruler of New York. Martial law existed, and the senior colonel of the regiments quartered in the city was in nominal charge ; but, as this individual was not blessed with especial force of character, he never asserted his authority, and, in fact, seemed rather pleased to

gravitate to the position of Grant's immediate subordinate.

On the evening of April 18th the watchers on Sandy Hook saw a fifth vessel join the Spanish fleet ; a long, low craft, having, apparently, two turrets and very light spars. They also saw the admiral's flag on the " Numancia " lowered, only to be hoisted again on the foremast of the new-comer.

At daybreak on the following morning a shell crashed through the roof of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, descended to the cellar, burst there and wrecked a quarter of the building. What new fury had thus been let loose ?

It has already been stated that the great ironclad " El Cid " had sailed from Vigo—she had arrived.

She carried four guns. Two one-hundred-ton Armstrongs, each having an effectual range of 12 miles, and two Krupp 15.7-inch guns, which throw shot weighing nearly 2000 pounds over ten miles. Krupp claims a range of 15 miles ; but this is doubtful. She also was encased in 21½ inches of compound steel and iron armor, capable of resisting the projectiles of any cannon known—except, perhaps, those of her own Armstrongs.

The most powerfully armed and most impregnable ironclad in the world now lay before New York.

It was an Armstrong shell which struck the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was a Krupp shell which shortly after knocked down the steeple of Trinity Church as if it were a turret of cards.

In view of this new attack General Grant was requested to call a meeting of the Committee of Safety, to consider the question of capitulation, as it was evident that the continuation of such a bombardment would speedily destroy property in value far beyond the immense sum asked by the besiegers.

He notified the members to meet in the City Hall. When he arrived, he found nobody but a messenger-boy, who tremblingly emerged from the cellar.

The General quietly removed his cigar and asked :

“ Where’s the Committee ? ”

“ They—they—is—up ter Inwood, sir. ”

The boy’s teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak.

“ What the deuce are they doing there ? ”

“ Dunno, sir. They told me as to tell you, sir, that they wuz a Committee of Safety, and that’s wot they wanted, sir. ”

“ Wanted what ? ”

“ S-s-afety, sir ! ”

“ And they deputized you to tell me that, eh ? ”

“ Ye-yes, sir. ”

“ And you looked for me down in the cellar ? ”

“ N-no, sir. I wanted safety, too, sir. Oh, Lordy ! ”

This last interjection was elicited by seeing the upper part of the *Tribune* tall tower suddenly fly off, and land on the roof of the *Sun* building.

A sort of a sphinx-like smile overspread the general's features.

He looked around for the messenger-boy, but that youth was making extraordinary speed up Broadway.

The general leisurely proceeded up that thoroughfare—occasionally stopping, as a shot went crashing into some near building, to note the effect.

On arriving at Union Square, he met a cavalry squad looking for him, and mounting the horse of one of the men, he proceeded with this escort to the upper end of the island, which was now densely packed with people.

The projectiles from the heavy guns of the great iron-clad were now falling in the lower part of the city with terrible effect. The Western Union building was shattered from cellar to roof; the City Hall was on fire; so also was St. Paul's Church and the *Herald* building. The last-mentioned conflagration was put out by the editors and composers of that journal—the entire *Herald* staff being then in the underground press-rooms, busily preparing and working off *extras* giving the latest details of the bombardment.

The Morse Building was completely demolished by two Krupp shells, and not an edifice in Wall Street, except the sub-Treasury, had escaped total ruin.

The result of the conference of the Safety Committee was the dispatching of a messenger to Sandy Hook, informing General Hancock of the condi-

tion of affairs, and asking him to request an armistice for parley.

The "Ideal," bearing a white flag, was at once dispatched to the Spanish flag-ship, and shortly after the firing ceased.

The Spanish admiral refused to alter the terms already proposed, except that, in view of the injury already inflicted on the city and the probable increased difficulty of collecting the sum demanded, he would agree to allow five days' time in which to pay the latter, on board his flag-ship.

General Hancock declined to consider this proposal.

"El Cid" now began a new manœuvre. All the steam-launches of the fleet, provided with long, forked spars extending from their bows, formed in front of her, and, thus preceded, she deliberately steamed up to the Main channel.

The fort on the Hook at once opened upon her, but the shot glanced like dry peas from her armor. She, in return, shelled the fort, the masonry of which literally crumbled before the enormous projectiles hurled against it. Meanwhile, the launches had entered the channel and were picking up such torpedoes as could be detected. Other launches, having no crews on board, but being governed entirely by electric wires, were sent into the channel and caused to drop counter mines, which, on being fired, caused the explosion of such torpedoes as remained : thus making a broad and safe channel for the ironclad to enter.

Finally the remaining launches returned to the "Cid" and evidently reported the channel clear, for she boldly steamed into it, stopping only for an instant, when off the end of the peninsula, to send a double charge of grape and canister from her huge guns into the ranks of the fugitives, who were precipitately rushing from the fort.

It was then that General Hancock was killed, although the fact has since often been disputed. His body, wounded in a dozen places, was found on the sand near the highest wall of the fort, from the top of which, it is conjectured, he was swept by the fearful hail of the Spanish ironclad.

"El Cid" continued on into the bay, occasionally stopping as signaled by the launches preceding her, when a torpedo was encountered, and finally took up her position within about a mile of Fort Hamilton, and hence about seven miles from the Battery.

As the projectiles from the fort glanced harmlessly from her armor, she paid no attention to that attack, but resumed her fire upon the city.

Shells now began to fall as far up-town as Forty-second Street.

V.

AT THE MERCY OF THE FOE.

Meanwhile, the other four vessels had ceased their bombardment of the batteries, as the latter no longer answered them.

They appeared to have new work in hand.

During the following afternoon a fresh sea-breeze set in. Then a large, swaying globe made its appearance on the deck of each of the vessels. Examination with the telescope showed to the signal men, who had established a new station on the Jersey highlands, that these mysterious spheres were balloons ; and that the ships were about to dispatch them, was evident from the fact that small pilot-balloons were soon sent up. These last were wafted directly toward the city.

What possible object could the Spanish war-vessels have in this, was a question asked by every one, as soon as the intelligence became known.

The balloon which rose from the " Numancia " had a car attached, but there was clearly no one in it. Therefore the balloons were not to be used for purposes of observation.

The people in New York saw the balloons as they successively rose from the four vessels, and wonderingly watched their progress.

They saw the first of them gently sail toward the

city until about over the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. Then a dark object seemed to fall from the car, the lightened balloon shot upward, the object struck the roof of the cathedral, there was a fearful explosion, a trembling of the earth as if an angry volcano were beneath, and the crash of falling buildings followed.

Through the great clouds of dust and smoke it could be seen that not only was the cathedral shattered, but that the walls of every building adjacent to the square on which it stood were down.

The Spaniards were dropping nitro-glycerine bombs into the city from the balloons. They knew how long it would take the breeze to waft the air-ships over the built-up portion, and it was an easy matter to adjust clock-work in the car to cause the dropping of the torpedo at about the proper time.

Accuracy was not needed. A shell, filled with fifty or a hundred pounds of dynamite or nitro-glycerine, would be sure to do terrible damage anywhere within a radius of three miles around Madison Square.

A second balloon dropped its charge into the receiving reservoir in Central Park, luckily doing no damage, but throwing up a tremendous jet of water. The third and fourth balloons let fall their dejectiles, the one among the tenements near Tompkins Square destroying an entire block of houses simultaneously ; the other on High Bridge, completely shattering that structure, and so break-

ing the aqueduct through which the city obtains its water supply.

The Spanish admiral now ceased firing voluntarily, and sent a message by flag-of-truce announcing his intention to continue the throwing of balloon torpedoes into the city until it capitulated, and, in order to avoid further destruction of property, he renewed the proposal already made.

General Grant, on receiving this message—for the citizens had literally forced him to take active command of the troops—simply remarked :

“ Let him fire away ! ”

But the Safety Committee vehemently protested ; and finally, after much discussion, induced Grant to send back word that the terms were accepted.

The situation was, in truth, one of sadness—of bitter humiliation. The Empire City had fallen, and lay at the mercy of a foreign foe. The immense ransom demanded must be raised and paid, or the work of destruction would be resumed until the defenders of the bay removed their torpedoes from the Narrows and permitted the Spanish forces to enter and occupy the metropolis.

VI.

THE FLAG WITH THE LONE STAR.

As it was manifestly impossible to obtain fifty millions of dollars in specie and foreign notes within New York—for all the money in the vaults of the banks and the treasury had long since been sent to other cities—the general government assumed payment of the amount demanded by the Spaniards, which, however, it was decided not to make until just before the expiration of the last of the five days of grace.

As will now be seen, this was a fortunate decision. The unremitting bombardment which had been maintained by the four vessels off the Long Island shore had so greatly reduced their supply of ammunition that it became necessary to send for more : and for this purpose the “ *Vittoria* ” was dispatched to meet a transport which had been ordered to sail from Cuba at about this time.

On the evening of the third day the weather assumed a threatening appearance, and the “ *El Cid* ” left her position near Fort Hamilton for a more secure anchorage near Sandy Hook. The other ships stood out to sea.

It stormed heavily during that night, and before evening on the morrow one of the strongest gales ever known in this vicinity had set in.

The situation in which the Spanish flag-ship now found herself was critical. She had put down her two bower anchors, but they were clearly insufficient to hold her. To veer out cable was dangerous, for it was not known how near the ship was to sunken torpedoes ; to allow her to drag was to run the double chance of striking a torpedo or going ashore.

During the night she parted both cables, and the morning found her firmly imbedded in the beach off the Hook. Of the other vessels, the "Numancia" only was in sight.

The signal men, however, could see black smoke on the horizon ; and this they anxiously watched, expecting momentarily to make out the "Arapiles" and "Zaragoza." Shortly after daybreak, a thick fog settled down, completely cutting off the seaward view.

In the signal station were General Grant and several members of the Safety Commission. The ransom money was in readiness, and the intention was to pay it over during the morning.

At about eight o'clock, heavy firing was heard from the sea.

It was too far distant to be accounted for by a supposed renewal of the bombardment by the Spanish ships, even under the assumption that they had thus broken the truce.

The watchers at the signal station looked at each other in astonishment, and eagerly waited for the fog to lift.

An hour later, the mist began to clear away. The sight that met the eyes of the spectators was one never to be forgotten.

The "Numancia" was evidently ashore on the East bank. Her fore and mainmasts were gone, and clouds of dark smoke were lazily ascending from her forecastle. Suddenly, the whole ship seemed to burst into a sheet of flame, there was a deep explosion, the air was filled with flying fragments, and a blackened hull was all that was left of the proud man-of-war.

The "Arapiles," about two miles further out to sea, was making a gallant defense against three strange vessels. Two, lying at short range on her quarters, were pouring in a fearful fire; the third, which had evidently been engaged with the "Numancia," was rapidly bearing down upon her, apparently intending to ram.

Who could the strangers be?

The flags which floated from their mast-heads bore a strong resemblance to our own, yet they were not the stars and stripes; for the stripes were replaced by but two broad bands of red and white, and in the blue field there was but a single star.

"Chili, by Jove!" ejaculated some one in the signal station.

He was right.

The new-comers were the "Huascar," the "Almirante Cochrane" and the "Blanco Encelada," the three armored vessels of the South American Republic.

It was the "Huascar" which was now bearing down upon the "Arapiles."

Suddenly, the Chilean monitor was seen to slacken her speed and change her course.

She no longer meant to ram ; the necessity had ceased. At the same time, the other Chilean vessels ceased firing.

The Spanish ensign on the "Arapiles" had been lowered. In a few minutes after it rose again, but this time surmounted by the Chilean flag.

Then the four vessels stood in toward the Hook.

The watchers on the signal station now waited in breathless suspense.

The "Arapiles," with a prize crew from the other vessels to work her guns, was to be made to attack her former consort, the stranded "El Cid ;" and that vessel, aware of her danger, was now firing rapidly at her approaching enemies.

It was not reserved, however, for the Chileans to complete their victory by the capture of the great ironclad.

The giant was to be killed by a pigmy scarce larger than one of his own huge weapons. A smaller steam-launch slowly crept out from the Staten Island shore. But two men could be seen on board of her—one in the bow, the other at the helm.

"They don't see us yet, Ned," said the man in the bow.

"No ; they have all they can do to take care of the other fellows. Look out ! Are you hurt ?"

A shell from the Chilians just then came over the Hook, and, bursting under the water near the launch, deluged the boat with spray.

"Not a bit," said the other.

"Is your boom clear?"

"All clear."

Bang! A shot, this time from the Spaniard, came skipping along the water in the direction of the launch, and flew over the heads of the daring pair.

"Hang them! They've seen us."

"Rig out your boom. We're in for it now!"

The man in the stern pushed shut the door of the boiler furnace, and turned on full steam.

The little craft fairly leaped ahead.

The two men set their teeth. He of the stern lashed the tiller amidships, and crept forward, aiding the other to push out the long boom which projected from the bow.

Ten seconds passed. Then the torpedo on the end of the boom struck the "El Cid" under the stern. There was a crash—a vast upheaval of water and fragments.

The great ironclad rolled over on her side and lay half submerged.

Of the two men who had done this, one swam ashore bearing the other, wounded to the death.

A mighty cheer arose from the Chilian fleet, repeated from the shore with redoubled volume.

"El Cid" lay sullen and silent; two of her guns were pointing under water, two up to the clouds.

The "Arapiles" fired the last shell at her own admiral—now a corpse, torn to pieces by the torpedo.

Then some one scrambled along the deck of the wrecked monster and lowered the Spanish flag.

"I think we'll keep that money," remarked Grant, as he lit another cigar.

* * * * *

The Chilian fleet had relieved New York. Elated by her victory over Peru, and thirsting for revenge against Spain for the latter's merciless bombardment of Valparaiso in 1866, the Chilians, as soon as they had learned of the declaration of war against the United States, tore up the treaty of truce and armistice made with Spain in 1871, and announced themselves an ally of this country. Realizing the weakness of our navy, and the unprotected position of our seaports, Chili instantly dispatched her three ironclads to New York. They made the voyage with remarkable celerity, stopping only for coal and provisions, and reached the beleaguered city just in the nick of time, as has already been detailed.

It was fortunate that the "Zaragoza" had been obliged to put so far out to sea that she could not return in season to take part in the conflict, otherwise the result might have been different.

As it was, when she came back a day later, and discovered the position of affairs, she took to her heels without delay.

It is not necessary here to speak of the greeting

which the Chilians received, or the thanks which were lavished upon them by the people of the United States. Neither need we picture the dismay of the citizens of New York when they came to realize the fearful damage which had been inflicted upon their city. Fully one-half of the town lay in ruins. The metropolis was the metropolis no longer. The proudest city of the Great Republic had been at the mercy of a conqueror, and, as if this humiliation were not deep enough, she owed her preservation from utter destruction to the guns of an insignificant Republic of South America.

* * * * *

Six months after the relief of the city, a Chilian sailor belonging to the "Huascar," which was lying off the Battery, stopped to watch a crowd of workmen who were busily engaged in clearing away the ruins of some tenement buildings near Tompkins Square.

The face of one of the workmen had evidently attracted the foreigner's attention, as he gazed at him intently and curiously.

Suddenly there was a sharp detonation. The crowd scattered in all directions. An unexploded shell which had lodged in the building had been struck by a pick in the hands of one of the laborers, and had been fired.

The sailor helped carry out the dead.

Among the victims was the man at whom he had been so intently looking a moment before. This

one he took in his arms and bore him apart from the rest.

Nervously he tore open the dead man's shirt. On the bared breast was a curiously shaped mole.

The sailor sank on his knees in prayer beside the body for a moment. Then he turned, and addressing an officer who, with a file of soldiers, had come upon the scene, and was directing the removal of the dead, he asked in broken English, pointing to the corpse :

“ Will you give me this ? ”

“ Why ? ”

“ He was my brother—*Leon Sangrado*. ”

The war had found a victim in him who had caused it.

WHY THOMAS WAS DISCHARGED.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

BRANT BEACH is a long promontory of rock and sand, jutting out at an acute angle from a barren portion of the coast. Its farthest extremity is marked by a pile of many-colored, wave-washed boulders ; its junction with the mainland is the site of the Brant House, a watering-place of excellent repute.

The attractions of this spot are not numerous. There is surf-bathing all along the outer side of the beach, and good swimming on the inner. The fishing is fair ; and in still weather yachting is rather a favorite amusement. Further than this there is little to be said, save that the hotel is conducted upon liberal principles, and the society generally select.

But to the lover of nature—and who has the courage to avow himself aught else ?—the sea-shore

can never be monotonous. The swirl and sweep of ever-shifting waters, the flying mist of foam breaking away into a gray and ghostly distance down the beach, the eternal drone of ocean, mingling itself with one's talk by day and with the light dance-music in the parlors by night—all these are active sources of a passive pleasure. And to lie at length upon the tawny sand, watching, through half-closed eyes, the heaving waves, that mount against a dark blue sky wherein great silvery masses of cloud float idly on, whiter than the sunlit sails that fade and grow and fade along the horizon, while some fair damsel sits close by, reading ancient ballads of a simple metre, or older legends of love and romance—tell me, my eater of the fashionable lotos, is not this a diversion well worth your having?

There is an air of easy sociality among the guests at the Brant House, a disposition on the part of all to contribute to the general amusement, that makes a summer sojourn on the beach far more agreeable than in certain larger, more frequented watering-places, where one is always in danger of discovering that the gentlemanly person with whom he has been fraternizing is a faro-dealer, or that the lady who has half-fascinated him is Anonyma herself. Still, some consider the Brant rather slow, and many good folk were a trifle surprised when Mr. Edwin Salsbury and Mr. Charles Burnham arrived by the late stage from Wikhasset Station, with trunks enough for two first-class

belles, and a most unexceptionable man-servant in gray livery, in charge of two beautiful setter-dogs.

These gentlemen seemed to have imagined that they were about visiting some backwoods wilderness, some savage tract of country, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," for they brought almost everything with them that men of elegant leisure could require, as if the hotel were but four walls and a roof, which they must furnish with their own chattels. I am sure it took Thomas, the man-servant, a whole day to unpack the awnings, the bootjacks, the game-bags, the cigar-boxes, the guns, the camp-stools, the liquor-cases, the bathing-suits, and other paraphernalia that these pleasure-seekers brought. It must be owned, however, that their room, a large one in the Bachelors' Quarter, facing the sea, wore a very comfortable, sportsmanlike look when all was arranged.

Thus surrounded, the young men betook themselves to the deliberate pursuit of idle pleasures. They arose at nine and went down the shore, invariably returning at ten with one unfortunate snipe, which was preserved on ice, with much ceremony, till wanted. At this rate it took them a week to shoot a breakfast ; but to see them sally forth, splendid in velveteen and corduroy, with top-boots and a complete harness of green cord and patent-leather straps, you would have imagined that all game-birds were about to become extinct in that region. Their dogs, even, recognized this great-cry-little-wool condition of things, and

bounded off joyously at the start, but came home crestfallen, with an air of canine humiliation that would have aroused Mr. Mayhew's tenderest sympathies.

After breakfasting, usually in their room, the friends enjoyed a long and contemplative smoke upon the wide piazza in front of their windows, listlessly regarding the ever-varied marine view that lay before them in flashing breadth and beauty. Their next labor was to array themselves in wonderful morning-costumes of very shaggy English cloth, shiny flasks and field-glasses about their shoulders, and loiter down the beach, to the point and back, making much unnecessary effort over the walk—a brief mile—which they spoke of, with importance, as their “constitutional.” This killed time till bathing-hour, and then another toilet for dinner. After dinner a siesta: in the room, when the weather was fresh; when otherwise, in hammocks hung from the rafters of the piazza. When they had been domiciled a few days, they found it expedient to send home for what they were pleased to term their “crabs” and “traps,” and excited the envy of less fortunate guests by driving up and down the beach at a racing gait to dissipate the languor of the after-dinner sleep.

This was their regular routine for the day—varied, occasionally, when the tide served, by a fishing trip down the narrow bay inside the point. For such emergencies they provided themselves

with a sail-boat and skipper, hired for the whole season, and arrayed themselves in a highly nautical rig. The results were, large quantities of sardines and pale sherry consumed by the young men, and a reasonable number of sea-bass and blackfish caught by the skipper.

There were no regular "hops" at the Brant House, but dancing in a quiet way every evening, to a flute, violin, and violoncello, played by some of the waiters. For a time Burnham and Salsbury did not mingle much in these festivities, but loitered about the halls and piazzas, very elegantly dressed and barbered (Thomas was an unrivalled *coiffeur*), and apparently somewhat *ennuyé*.

That two well-made, full-grown, intelligent, and healthy young men should lead such a life as this for an entire summer might surprise one of a more active temperament. The aimlessness and vacancy of an existence devoted to no earthly purpose save one's own comfort must soon weary any man who knows what is the meaning of real, earnest life—life with a battle to be fought and a victory to be won. But these elegant young gentlemen comprehended nothing of all that: they had been born with golden spoons in their mouths, and educated only to swallow the delicately insipid lotos-honey that flows inexhaustibly from such shining spoons. Clothes, complexions, polish of manner, and the avoidance of any sort of shock were the simple objects of their solicitude.

I do not know that I have any serious quarrel

with such fellows, after all. They have strong virtues. They are always clean ; and your rough diamond, though manly and courageous as Cœur de Lion, is not apt to be scrupulously nice in his habits. Affability is another virtue. The Salsbury and Burnham kind of man bears malice toward no one, and is disagreeable only when assailed by some hammer-and-tongs utilitarian. All he asks is to be permitted to idle away his pleasant life unmolested. Lastly, he is extremely ornamental. We all like to see pretty things ; and I am sure that Charley Burnham, in his fresh white duck suit, with his fine, thoroughbred face—gentle as a girl's—shaded by a snowy Panama, his blonde moustache carefully pointed, his golden hair clustering in the most picturesque possible waves, his little red neck-ribbon—the only bit of color in his dress—tied in a studiously careless knot, and his pure, untainted gloves of pearl gray or lavender, was, if I may be allowed the expression, just as pretty as a picture. And Ned Salsbury was not less “a joy forever,” according to the dictum of the late Mr. Keats. He was darker than Burnham, with very black hair, and a moustache worn in the manner the French call *triste*, which became him, and increased the air of pensive melancholy that distinguished his dark eyes, thoughtful attitudes, and slender figure. Not that he was in the least degree pensive or melancholy, or that he had cause to be ; quite the contrary ; but it was his style, and he did it well.

These two butterflies sat, one afternoon, upon the piazza, smoking very large cigars, lost, apparently, in profoundest meditation. Burnham, with his graceful head resting upon one delicate hand, his clear blue eyes full of a pleasant light, and his face warmed by a calm, unconscious smile, might have been revolving some splendid scheme of universal philanthropy. The only utterance, however, forced from him by the sublime thoughts that permeated his soul, was the emission of a white rolling volume of fragrant smoke, accompanied by two words : " Doocéd hot ! "

Salsbury did not reply. He sat, leaning back, with his fingers interlaced behind his head, and his shadowy eyes downcast, as in sad remembrance of some long-lost love. So might a poet have looked, while steeped in mournfully rapturous day-dreams of remembered passion and severance. So might Tennyson's hero have mused, while he sang :

" Oh, that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again ! "

But the poetic lips opened not to such numbers. Salsbury gazed long and earnestly, and finally gave vent to his emotion, indicating, with the amber tip of his cigar-tube, the setter that slept in the sunshine at his feet.

" Shocking place, this, for dogs ! "—I regret to say he pronounced it " dawgs "—" Why, Carlo is as fat—as fat as—as a—"

His mind was unequal to a simile even, and he terminated the sentence in a murmur.

More silence ; more smoke ; more profound meditation. Directly Charley Burnham looked around with some show of vitality.

" There comes the stage," said he.

The driver's bugle rang merrily among the drifted sand-hills that lay warm and glowing in the orange light of the setting sun. The young men leaned forward over the piazza-rail and scrutinized the occupants of the vehicle as it appeared.

" Old gentleman and lady, aw, and two children," said Ned Salisbury ; " I hoped there would be some nice girls."

This, in a voice of ineffable tenderness and poetry, but with that odd, tired little drawl, so epidemic in some of our universities.

" Look there, by Jove !" cried Charley, with a real interest at last ; " now that's what I call a regular thing !"

The " regular thing" was a low, four-wheeled pony-chaise of basket-work, drawn by two jolly little fat ponies, black and shiny as vulcanite, which jogged rapidly in, just far enough behind the stage to avoid its dust.

This vehicle was driven by a young lady of decided beauty, with a spice of Amazonian spirit. She was rather slender and very straight, with a jaunty little hat and feather perched coquettishly above her dark brown hair, which was arranged in one heavy mass and confined in a silken net. Her

complexion was clear, without brilliancy ; her eyes blue as the ocean horizon, and spanned by sharp, characteristic brows ; her mouth small and decisive ; and her whole cast of features indicative of quick talent and independence.

Upon the seat beside her sat another damsel, leaning indolently back in the corner of the carriage. This one was a little fairer than the first, having one of those beautiful English complexions of mingled rose and snow, and a dash of gold-dust in her hair where the sun touched it. Her eyes, however, were dark hazel and full of fire, shaded and intensified by their long, sweeping lashes. Her mouth was a rosebud, and her chin and throat faultless in the delicious curve of their lines. In a word, she was somewhat of the Venus-di-Milo type ; her companion was more of a Diana. Both were neatly habited in plain travelling-dresses and cloaks of black and white plaid, and both seemed utterly unconscious of the battery of eyes and eye-glasses that enfiladed them from the whole length of the piazza as they passed.

"Who are they?" asked Salisbury ; "I don't know them."

"Nor I," said Burnham ; "but they look like people to know. They must be somebody."

Half an hour later the hotel-office was besieged by a score of young men, all anxious for a peep at the last names upon the register. It is needless to say that our friends were not in the crowd. Ned Salisbury was no more the man to exhibit curiosity

than Charley Burnham was the man to join in a scramble for anything under the sun. They had educated their emotions clear down, out of sight, and piled upon them a mountain of well-bred inertia.

But, somehow or other, these fellows who take no trouble are always the first to gain the end. A special Providence seems to aid the poor, helpless creatures. So, while the crowd still pressed at the office-desk, Jerry Swayne, the head clerk, happened to pass directly by the piazza where the inert ones sat, and, raising a comical eye, saluted them.

"Heavy arrivals to-night. See the turnout?"

"Y-e-s," murmured Ned.

"Old Chapman and family. His daughter drove the pony-phaeton, with her friend, a Miss Thurston. Regular nobby ones. Chapman's the steamship man, you know. Worth thousands of millions! I'd like to be connected with his family—by marriage, say!"—and Jerry went off, rubbing his cropped head and smiling all over, as was his wont.

"I know who they are now," said Charley. "Met a cousin of theirs, Joe Faulkner, abroad two years ago. Doocéd fine fellow. Army."

The manly art of wagoning is not pursued vigorously at Brant Beach. The roads are too heavy back from the water, and the drive is confined to a narrow strip of wet sand along the shore; so carriages are few, and the pony-chaise became a distinguished element at once. Salisbury and Burnham whirled past it in their light trotting-wagons

at a furious pace, and looked hard at the two young ladies in passing, but without eliciting even the smallest glance from them in return.

"Confounded *distingué*-looking girls, and all that," owned Ned, "but, aw, fearfully unconscious of a fellow!"

This condition of matters continued until the young men were actually driven to acknowledge to each other that they should not mind knowing the occupants of the pony carriage. It was a great concession, and was rewarded duly. A bright, handsome boy of seventeen, Miss Thurston's brother, came to pass a few days at the seaside, and fraternized with everybody, but was especially delighted with Ned Salsbury, who took him out sailing and shooting, and, I am afraid, gave him cigars stealthily, when out of range of Miss Thurston's fine eyes. The result was that the first time the lad walked on the beach with the two girls and met the young man, introductions of an enthusiastic nature were instantly sprung upon them. An attempt at conversation followed.

"How do you like Brant Beach?" asked Ned.

"Oh, it is a very pretty place," said Miss Chapman, "but not lively enough."

"Well, Burnham and I find it pleasant; aw, we have lots of fun."

"Indeed! Why, what do you do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Everything."

"Is the shooting good? I saw you with your guns yesterday."

"Well, there isn't a great deal of game. There is some fishing, but we haven't caught much."

"How do you kill time, then?"

Salsbury looked puzzled.

"Aw—it is a first-rate air, you know. The table is good, and you can sleep like a top. And then, you see, I like to smoke around, and do nothing, on the sea-shore. It is real jolly to lie on the sand, aw, with all sorts of little bugs running over you, and listen to the water swashing about!"

"Let's try it!" cried vivacious Miss Chapman; and down she sat on the sand. The others followed her example, and in five minutes they were picking up pretty pebbles and chatting away as sociably as could be. The rumbling of the warning gong surprised them.

At dinner Burnham and Salsbury took seats opposite the ladies, and were honored with an introduction to papa and mamma, a very dignified, heavy, rosy, old-school couple, who ate a good deal and said very little. That evening, when flute and viol wooed the lotos-eaters to agitate the light fantastic toe, these young gentlemen found themselves in dancing humor, and revolved themselves into a grievous condition of glow and wilt in various mystic and intoxicating measures with their new-made friends.

On retiring, somewhat after midnight, Miss Thurston paused while "doing her hair," and addressed Miss Chapman.

"Did you observe, Hattie, how very handsome

those gentlemen are? Mr. Burnham looks like a prince of the *sang azur*, and Mr. Salsbury like his poet-laureate."

"Yes, dear," responded Hattie; "I have been considering those flowers of the field and lilies of the valley."

"Ned," said Charlie, at about the same time, "we won't find anything nicer here this season, I think."

"They're pretty worth while," replied Ned, "and I'm rather pleased with them."

"Which do you like best?"

"Oh, bother! I haven't thought of *that* yet."

The next day the young men delayed their "constitutional" until the ladies were ready to walk, and the four strolled off together, mamma and the children following in the pony-chaise. At the rocks on the end of the point Ned got his feet very wet fishing up specimens of seaweed for the damsels; and Charley exerted himself super-humanly in assisting them to a ledge which they considered favorable for sketching purposes.

In the afternoon a sail was arranged, and they took dinner on board the boat, with any amount of hilarity and a good deal of discomfort. In the evening more dancing and vigorous attentions to both the young ladies, but without a shadow of partiality being shown by either of the four.

This was very nearly the history of many days. It does not take long to get acquainted with people who are willing, especially at watering-places; and

in the course of a few weeks these young folks were, to all intents and purposes, old friends—calling each other by their given names, and conducting themselves with an easy familiarity quite charming to behold. Their amusements were mostly in common now. The light wagons were made to hold two each instead of one, and the matinal snipe escaped death, and was happy over his early worm.

One day, however, Laura Thurston had a headache, and Hattie Chapman stayed at home to take care of her; so Burnham and Salisbury had to amuse themselves alone. They took their boat and idled about the waters inside the point, dozing under an awning, smoking, gaping, and wishing that headaches were out of fashion, while the taciturn and tarry skipper instructed the dignified and urbane Thomas in the science of trolling for bluefish.

At length Ned tossed his cigar-end overboard and braced himself for an effort.

"I say, Charlie," said he, "this sort of thing can't go on forever, you know. I've been thinking lately."

"Phenomenon!" replied Charlie; "and what have you been thinking about?"

"Those girls. We've got to choose."

"Why? Isn't it well enough as it is?"

"Yes—so far. But I think, aw, that we don't quite do them justice. They're *grands partis*, you see. I hate to see clever girls wasting themselves

on society, waiting and waiting, and we fellows swimming about just like fish around a hook that isn't baited properly."

Charley raised himself upon his elbow.

"You don't mean to tell me, Ned, that you have matrimonial intentions?"

"Oh, no! Still, why not? We've all got to come to it some day, I suppose."

"Not yet, though. It is a sacrifice we can escape for some years yet."

"Yes—of course—some years; but we may begin to look about us a bit. I'm, aw, I'm six and twenty, you know."

"And I'm very near that. I suppose a fellow can't put off the yoke too long. After thirty chances aren't so good. I don't know, by Jove! but what we ought to begin thinking of it."

"But it *is* a sacrifice. Society must lose a fellow, though, one time or another. And I don't believe we will ever do better than we can now."

"Hardly, I suspect."

"And we're keeping other fellows away, maybe. It is a shame!"

Thomas ran his line in rapidly, with nothing on the hook.

"Cap'n Hull," he said, gravely, "I had the biggest kind of a fish then I'm sure; but d'rectly I went to pull him in, sir, he took and let go."

"Yaas," muttered the taciturn skipper, "the biggest fish allers falls back inter the warter."

"I've been thinking a little about this matter,

too," said Charlie, after a pause, "and I had about concluded we ought to pair off. But I'll be confounded if I know which is the best ! They're both nice girls."

"There isn't much choice," Ned replied. "If they were as different, now, as you and me, I'd take the blonde, of course, aw, and you'd take the brunette. But Hattie Chapman's eyes are blue, and her hair isn't black, you know, so you can't call her dark, exactly."

"No more than Laura is exactly light. Her hair is brown more than golden, and her eyes are hazel. Hasn't she a lovely complexion, though ? By Jove !"

"Better than Hattie's. Yet I don't know but Hattie's features are a little the best."

"They are. Now, honest, Ned, which do you prefer ? Say either ; I'll take the one you don't want. I haven't any choice."

"Neither have I."

"How shall we settle ?"

"Aw, throw for it ?"

"Yes. Isn't there a backgammon board forward, in that locker, Thomas ?"

The board was found and the dice produced.

"The highest takes which ?"

"Say Laura Thurston."

"Very good ; throw."

"You first."

"No. Go on."

Charlie threw with about the same amount of

excitement he might have exhibited in a turkey raffle.

"Five-three," said he ; "now for your luck."

"Six-four ! Laura's mine. Satisfied ?"

"Perfectly—if you are. If not, I don't mind exchanging."

"Oh, no. I'm satisfied."

Both reclined upon the deck once more with a sigh of relief, and a long silence followed.

"I say," began Charlie, after a time, "it is a comfort to have these little matters arranged without any trouble, eh ?"

"Y-e-s."

"Do you know, I think I'll marry mine ?"

"I will, if you will."

"Done ! It is a bargain."

This "little matter" being arranged, a change gradually took place in the relations of the four. Ned Salsbury began to invite Laura Thurston out driving and bathing somewhat oftener than before, and Hattie Chapman somewhat less often ; while Charlie Burnham followed suit with the last-named young lady. As the line of demarcation became fixed, the damsels recognized it, and accepted with gracious readiness the cavaliers that Fate, through the agency of a chance-falling pair of dice, had allotted to them.

The other guests of the house remarked the new position of affairs, and passed whispers about it to the effect that the girls had at last succeeded in getting their fish on hooks instead of in a net. No

suitors could have been more devoted than our friends. It seemed as if each knight bestowed upon the chosen one all the attentions he had hitherto given to both ; and whether they went boating, sketching, or strolling upon the sands, they were the very picture of a *partie carrée* of lovers.

Naturally enough, as the young men became more in earnest, with the reticence common to my sex they spoke less frequently and freely on the subject. Once, however, after an unusually pleasant afternoon, Salsbury ventured a few words.

"I say, we're a couple of lucky dogs ! Who'd have thought now, aw, that our summer was going to turn out so well ? I'm sure I didn't. How do you get along, Charley, boy ?"

"Deliciously. Smooth sailing enough. Wasn't it a good idea, though, to pair off ? I'm just as happy as a bee in clover. You seem to prosper, too, heh ?"

"Couldn't ask anything different. Nothing but devotion, and all that. I'm delighted. I say, when are you going to pop ?"

"Oh, I don't know. It is only a matter of form. Sooner the better, I suppose, and have it over."

"I was thinking of next week. What do you say to a quiet picnic down on the rocks, and a walk afterwards ? We can separate, you know, and do the thing up systematically."

"All right. I will, if you will."

“That’s another bargain. I notice there isn’t much doubt about the results.”

“Hardly !”

A close observer might have seen that the gentlemen increased their attentions a little from time to time. The objects of their devotion perceived it, and smiled more and more graciously upon them.

The day set for the picnic arrived duly, and was radiant. It pains me to confess that my heroes were a trifle nervous. Their apparel was more gorgeous and wonderful than ever, and Thomas, who was anxious to be off courting Miss Chapman’s lady’s-maid, found his masters dreadfully exacting in the matter of hair-dressing. At length, however, the toilet was over, and “Solomon in all his glory” would have been vastly astonished at finding himself “arrayed as one of these.”

The boat lay at the pier, receiving large quantities of supplies for the trip, stowed by Thomas, under the supervision of the grim and tarry skipper. When all was ready the young men gingerly escorted their fair companions aboard, the lines were cast off, and the boat glided gently down the bay, leaving Thomas free to fly to the smart presence of Susan Jane and to draw glowing pictures for her of a neat little porter-house in the city, wherein they should hold supreme sway, be happy with each other, and let rooms up-stairs for single gentlemen.

The brisk land breeze swelling the sail, the flut-

tering of the gay little flag at the gaff, the musical rippling of water under the counter, and the spirited motion of the boat combined, with the bland air and pleasant sunshine, to inspire the party with much vivacity. They had not been many minutes afloat before the guitar-case was opened, and the girls' voices—Laura's soprano and Hattie's contralto—rang melodiously over the waves, mingled with feeble attempt at bass accompaniment from their gorgeous guardians.

Before these vocal exercises wearied, the skipper hauled down his jib, let go his anchor, and brought the craft to just off the rocks ; and bringing the yawl alongside, unceremoniously plucked the girls down into it, without giving their cavaliers a chance for the least display of agile courtliness. Rowing ashore, this same tarry person left them huddled upon the beach, with their hopes, their hampers, their emotions, and their baskets, and returned to the vessel to do a little private fishing on his own account till wanted.

The maidens gave vent to their high spirits by chasing each other among the rocks, gathering shells and seaweed for the construction of those ephemeral little ornaments—fair, but frail—in which the sex delights, singing, laughing, quoting poetry, attitudinizing upon the peaks and ledges of the fine old boulders—mossy and weedy and green with the wash of a thousand storms, worn into strange shapes, and stained with the multitudinous dyes of mineral oxidization—and, in brief,

behaved themselves with all the charming *abandon* that so well becomes young girls set free, by the *entourage* of a holiday ramble, from the buckram and clear-starch of social etiquette.

Meanwhile Ned and Charley smoked the pensive cigar of preparation in a sheltered corner, and gazed out seaward, dreaming and seeing nothing.

Erelong the breeze and the romp gave the young ladies not only a splendid color and sparkling eyes, but excellent appetites also. The baskets and hampers were speedily unpacked, the tablecloth laid on a broad, flat stone, so used by generations of Brant House picnickers, and the party fell to. Laura's beautiful hair, a little disordered, swept her blooming cheek, and cast a pearly shadow upon her neck. Her bright eyes glanced archly out from under her half-raised veil, and there was something inexpressibly *naïve* in the freedom with which she ate, taking a bird's wing in her fingers, and boldly attacking it with teeth as white and even as can be imagined. Notwithstanding all the mawkish nonsense that has been put forth by sentimentalists concerning feminine eating, I hold that it is one of the nicest things in the world to see a pretty woman enjoying the creature comforts; and Byron himself, had he been one of this picnic party, would have been unable to resist the admiration that filled the souls of Burnham and Salisbury. Hattie Chapman stormed the fortress of boned turkey with a gusto equal to that of Laura, and made highly successful raids upon cer-

tain outlying salads and jellies. The young men were not in a very ravenous condition ; they were, as I have said, a little nervous, and bent their energies principally to admiring the ladies and coquetting with pickled oysters.

When the repast was over, with much accompanying chat and laughter, Ned glanced significantly at Charley, and proposed to Laura that they should walk up the beach to a place where, he said, there were "some pretty rocks and things, you know." She consented, and they marched off. Hattie also arose, and took her parasol, as if to follow, but Charley remained seated, tracing mysterious diagrams upon the table-cloth with his fork, and looked sublimely unconscious.

"Sha'n't we walk, too?" Hattie asked.

"Oh, why, the fact is," said he, hesitatingly, "I—I sprained my ankle getting out of that confounded boat, so I don't feel much like exercising just now."

The young girl's face expressed concern.

"That is too bad ! Why didn't you tell us of it before ? Is it painful ? I'm so sorry !"

"N-no—it doesn't hurt much. I dare say it will be all right in a minute. And then—I'd just as soon stay here—with you—as to walk anywhere."

This very tenderly, with a little sigh.

Hattie sat down again, and began to talk to this factitious cripple in the pleasant, purring way some damsels have, about the joys of the sea-shore, the happy summer that was, alas ! drawing to a close,

her own enjoyment of life, and kindred topics, till Charley saw an excellent opportunity to interrupt with some aspirations of his own, which, he averred, must be realized before his life would be considered a satisfactory success.

If you had ever been placed in analogous circumstances, you know, of course, just about the sort of thing that was being said by the two gentlemen at nearly the same moment : Ned, loitering slowly along the sands with Laura on his arm, and Charley, stretched in indolent picturesqueness upon the rocks, with Hattie sitting beside him. If you do not know from experience, ask any candid friend who has been through the form and ceremony of an orthodox proposal.

When the pedestrians returned the two couples looked very hard at each other. All were smiling and complacent, but devoid of any strange or unusual expression. Indeed, the countenance is subject to such severe education, in good society, that one almost always looks smiling and complacent. Demonstration is not fashionable, and a man must preserve the same demeanor over the loss of a wife or a glove-button, over the gift of a heart's whole devotion or a bundle of cigars. Under all these visitations the complacent smile is in favor as the neatest, most serviceable, and convenient form of non-committalism.

The sun was approaching the blue range of misty hills that bounded the mainland swamps by this time ; so the skipper was signalled, the dinner

paraphernalia gathered up, and the party were soon *en route* for home once more. When the young ladies were safely in, Ned and Charley met in their room, and each caught the other looking at him stealthily. Both smiled.

"Did I give you time, Charley?" asked Ned ;
"we came back rather soon."

"Oh, yes ; plenty of time."

"Did you—aw, did you pop?"

"Y-yes. Did you?"

"Well—yes."

"And you were—"

"Rejected, by Jove !"

"So was I !"

The day following this disastrous picnic the baggage of Mr. Edwin Salisbury and Mr. Charles Burnham was sent to the depot at Wikhasset Station, and they presented themselves at the hotel-office with a request for their bill. As Jerry Swayne deposited their key upon its hook, he drew forth a small tri-cornered billet from the pigeon-hole beneath, and presented it.

"Left for you this morning, gentlemen."

It was directed to both, and Charley read it over Ned's shoulder. It ran thus :

"DEAR BOYS : The next time you divert yourselves by throwing dice for two young ladies, we pray you not to do so in the presence of a valet who is upon terms of intimacy with the maid of one of them.

“ With many sincere thanks for the amusement you have given us—often when you least suspected it—we bid you a lasting adieu, and remain, with the best wishes,

“ HATTIE CHAPMAN,

“ LAURA THURSTON.

“ *Brant House,*

“ *Wednesday.*”

“ It is all the fault of that, aw—that confounded Thomas !” said Ned.

So Thomas was discharged.

THE TACHYPOMP.

A MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.

BY E. P. MITCHELL.

THERE was nothing mysterious about Professor Surd's dislike for me. I was the only poor mathematician in an exceptionally mathematical class. The old gentleman sought the lecture-room every morning with eagerness, and left it reluctantly. For was it not a thing of joy to find seventy young men who, individually and collectively, preferred x to XX ; who had rather differentiate than dissipate ; and for whom the limbs of the heavenly bodies had more attractions than those of earthly stars upon the spectacular stage ?

So affairs went on swimmingly between the Professor of Mathematics and the Junior Class at Polyp University. In every man of the seventy the sage saw the logarithm of a possible La Place,

of a Sturm, or of a Newton. It was a delightful task for him to lead them through the pleasant valleys of conic sections, and beside the still waters of the integral calculus. Figuratively speaking, his problem was not a hard one. He had only to manipulate, and eliminate, and to raise to a higher power, and the triumphant result of examination day was assured.

But I was a disturbing element, a perplexing unknown quantity, which had somehow crept into the work, and which seriously threatened to impair the accuracy of his calculations. It was a touching sight to behold the venerable mathematician as he pleaded with me not so utterly to disregard precedent in the use of cotangents ; or as he urged, with eyes almost tearful, that ordinates were dangerous things to trifle with. All in vain. More theorems went on to my cuff than into my head. Never did chalk do so much work to so little purpose. And, therefore, it came that Furnace Second was reduced to zero in Professor Surd's estimation. He looked upon me with all the horror which an unalgebraic nature could inspire. I have seen the Professor walk around an entire square rather than meet the man who had no mathematics in his soul.

For Furnace Second were no invitations to Professor Surd's house. Seventy of the class supped in delegations around the periphery of the Professor's tea-table. The seventy-first knew nothing of the charms of that perfect ellipse, with its twin

bunches of fuchsias and geraniums in gorgeous precision at the two foci.

This, unfortunately enough, was no trifling deprivation. Not that I longed especially for segments of Mrs. Surd's justly celebrated lemon pies ; not that the spheroidal damsons of her excellent preserving had any marked allurements ; not even that I yearned to hear the Professor's jocose table-talk about binomials, and chatty illustrations of abstruse paradoxes. The explanation is far different. Professor Surd had a daughter. Twenty years before, he made a proposition of marriage to the present Mrs. S. He added a little Corollary to his proposition not long after. The Corollary was a girl.

Abscissa Surd was as perfectly symmetrical as Giotto's circle, and as pure, withal, as the mathematics her father taught. It was just when spring was coming to extract the roots of frozen-up vegetation that I fell in love with the Corollary. That she herself was not indifferent I soon had reason to regard as a self-evident truth.

The sagacious reader will already recognize nearly all the elements necessary to a well-ordered plot. We have introduced a heroine, inferred a hero, and constructed a hostile parent after the most approved model. A movement for the story, a *Deus ex machina*, is alone lacking. With considerable satisfaction I can promise a perfect novelty in this line, a *Deus ex machina* never before offered to the public.

It would be discounting ordinary intelligence to say that I sought with unwearying assiduity to figure my way into the stern father's good-will ; that never did dullard apply himself to mathematics more patiently than I ; that never did faithfulness achieve such meagre reward. Then I engaged a private tutor. His instructions met with no better success.

My tutor's name was Jean Marie Rivarol. He was a unique Alsatian—though Gallic in name, thoroughly Teuton in nature ; by birth a Frenchman, by education a German. His age was thirty ; his profession, omniscience ; the wolf at his door, poverty ; the skeleton in his closet, a consuming but unrequited passion. The most recondite principles of practical science were his toys ; the deepest intricacies of abstract science his diversions. Problems which were foreordained mysteries to me were to him as clear as Tahoe water. Perhaps this very fact will explain our lack of success in the relation of tutor and pupil ; perhaps the failure is alone due to my own unmitigated stupidity. Rivarol had hung about the skirts of the University for several years ; supplying his few wants by writing for scientific journals, or by giving assistance to students who, like myself, were characterized by a plethora of purse and a paucity of ideas ; cooking, studying and sleeping in his attic lodgings ; and prosecuting queer experiments all by himself.

We were not long discovering that even this eccentric genius could not transplant brains into my

deficient skull. I gave over the struggle in despair. An unhappy year dragged its slow length around. A gloomy year it was, brightened only by occasional interviews with Abscissa, the Abbie of my thoughts and dreams.

Commencement day was coming on apace. I was soon to go forth, with the rest of my class, to astonish and delight a waiting world. The Professor seemed to avoid me more than ever. Nothing but the conventionalities, I think kept him from shaping his treatment of me on the basis of unconcealed disgust.

At last, in the very recklessness of despair, I resolved to see him, plead with him, threaten him if need be, and risk all my fortunes on one desperate chance. I wrote him a somewhat defiant letter, stating my aspirations, and, as I flattered myself, shrewdly giving him a week to get over the first shock of horrified surprise. Then I was to call and learn my fate.

During the week of suspense I nearly worried myself into a fever. It was first crazy hope, and then saner despair. On Friday evening, when I presented myself at the Professor's door, I was such a haggard, sleepy, dragged-out spectre, that even Miss Jocasta, the harsh-favored maiden sister of the Surd's, admitted me with commiserate regard, and suggested pennyroyal tea.

Professor Surd was at a faculty meeting. Would I wait?

Yes, till all was blue, if need be. Miss Abbie?

Abcissa had gone to Wheelborough to visit a school-friend. The aged maiden hoped I would make myself comfortable, and departed to the unknown haunts which knew Jocasta's daily walk.

Comfortable ! But I settled myself in a great uneasy chair and waited, with the contradictory spirit common to such junctures, dreading every step lest it should herald the man whom, of all men, I wished to see.

I had been there at least an hour, and was growing right drowsy.

At length Professor Surd came in. He sat down in the dusk opposite me, and I thought his eyes glinted with malignant pleasure as he said, abruptly :

“ So, young man, you think you are a fit husband for my girl ? ”

I stammered some inanity about making up in affection what I lacked in merit ; about my expectations, family and the like. He quickly interrupted me.

“ You misapprehend me, sir. Your nature is destitute of those mathematical perceptions and acquirements which are the only sure foundations of character. You have no mathematics in you. You are fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.—Shakespeare. Your narrow intellect cannot understand and appreciate a generous mind. There is all the difference between you and a Surd, if I may say it, which intervenes between an infinitesimal and an infinite. Why, I will even venture to say that

you do not comprehend the Problem of the Couriers !”

I admitted that the Problem of the Couriers should be classed rather without my list of accomplishments than within it. I regretted this fault very deeply, and suggested amendment. I faintly hoped that my fortune would be such—

“Money !” he impatiently exclaimed. “Do you seek to bribe a Roman Senator with a penny whistle? Why, boy, do you parade your paltry wealth, which, expressed in mills, will not cover ten decimal places, before the eyes of a man who measures the planets in their orbits, and close crowds infinity itself?”

I hastily disclaimed any intention of obtruding my foolish dollars, and he went on :

“Your letter surprised me not a little. I thought *you* would be the last person in the world to presume to an alliance here. But having a regard for you personally”—and again I saw malice twinkle in his small eyes—“and still more regard for Abscissa’s happiness, I have decided that you shall have her—upon conditions. Upon conditions,” he repeated, with a half-smothered sneer.

“What are they?” cried I, eagerly enough. “Only name them.”

“Well, sir,” he continued, and the deliberation of his speech seemed the very refinement of cruelty, “you have only to prove yourself worthy an alliance with a mathematical family. You have only to accomplish a task which I shall presently

give you. Your eyes ask me what it is. I will tell you. Distinguish yourself in that noble branch of abstract science in which, you cannot but acknowledge, you are at present sadly deficient. I will place *Abscissa's* hand in yours whenever you shall come before me and square the circle to my satisfaction. No! That is too easy a condition. I should cheat myself. Say perpetual motion. How do you like that? Do you think it lies within the range of your mental capabilities? You don't smile. Perhaps your talents don't run in the way of perpetual motion. Several people have found that theirs didn't. I'll give you another chance. We were speaking of the Problem of the Couriers, and I think you expressed a desire to know more of that ingenious question. You shall have the opportunity. Sit down some day, when you have nothing else to do, and discover the principle of infinite speed. I mean the law of motion which shall accomplish an infinitely great distance in an infinitely short time. You may mix in a little practical mechanics, if you choose. Invent some method of taking the tardy Courier over his road at the rate of sixty miles a minute. Demonstrate me this discovery (when you have made it!) mathematically, and approximate it practically, and *Abscissa* is yours. Until you can, I will thank you to trouble neither myself nor her."

I could stand his mocking no longer. I stumbled mechanically out of the room, and out of the house. I even forgot my hat and gloves. For an

hour I walked in the moonlight. Gradually I succeeded to a more hopeful frame of mind. This was due to my ignorance of mathematics. Had I understood the real meaning of what he asked, I should have been utterly despondent.

Perhaps this problem of sixty miles a minute was not so impossible after all. At any rate I could attempt, though I might not succeed. And Rivarol came to my mind. I would ask him. I would enlist his knowledge to accompany my own devoted perseverance. I sought his lodgings at once.

The man of science lived in the fourth story, back. I had never been in his room before. When I entered, he was in the act of filling a beer mug from a carboy labelled *Aqua fortis*.

"Seat you," he said. "No, not in that chair. That is my Petty Cash Adjuster." But he was a second too late. I had carelessly thrown myself into a chair of seductive appearance. To my utter amazement it reached out two skeleton arms and clutched me with a grasp against which I struggled in vain. Then a skull stretched itself over my shoulder and grinned with ghastly familiarity close to my face.

Rivarol came to my aid with many apologies. He touched a spring somewhere and the Petty Cash Adjuster relaxed its horrid hold. I placed myself gingerly in a plain cane-bottomed rocking-chair, which Rivarol assured me was a safe location.

"That seat," he said, "is an arrangement upon which I much felicitate myself. I made it at

Heidelberg. It has saved me a vast deal of small annoyance. I consign to its embraces the friends who bore, and the visitors who exasperate, me. But it is never so useful as when terrifying some tradesman with an insignificant account. Hence the pet name which I have facetiously given it. They are invariably too glad to purchase release at the price of a bill receipted. Do you well apprehend the idea ?’

While the Alsatian diluted his glass of *Aqua fortis*, shook into it an infusion of bitters, and tossed off the bumper with apparent relish, I had time to look around the strange apartment.

The four corners of the room were occupied respectively by a turning-lathe, a Rhumkorff Coil, a small steam-engine and an orrery in stately motion. Tables, shelves, chairs and floor supported an odd aggregation of tools, retorts, chemicals, gas-receivers, philosophical instruments, boots, flasks, paper-collar boxes, books diminutive and books of preposterous size. There were plaster busts of Aristotle, Archimedes, and Comte, while a great drowsy owl was blinking away, perched on the benign brow of Martin Farquhar Tupper. “He always roosts there when he proposes to slumber,” explained my tutor. “You are a bird of no ordinary mind. *Schlafen Sie wohl.*”

Through a closet door, half open, I could see a human-like form covered with a sheet. Rivarol caught my glance.

“That,” said he, “will be my masterpiece. It

is a Microcosm, an Android, as yet only partially complete. And why not? Albertus Magnus constructed an image perfect to talk metaphysics and confute the schools. So did Sylvester II.; so did Robertus Greathead. Roger Bacon made a brazen head that held discourses. But the first named of these came to destruction. Thomas Aquinas got wrathful at some of its syllogisms and smashed its head. The idea is reasonable enough. Mental action will yet be reduced to laws as definite as those which govern the physical. Why should not I accomplish a manikin which shall preach as original discourses as the Rev. Dr. Allchin, or talk poetry as mechanically as Paul Anapest? My Android can already work problems in vulgar fractions and compose sonnets. I hope to teach it the Positive Philosophy."

Out of the bewildering confusion of his effects Rivarol produced two pipes and filled them. He handed one to me.

"And here," he said, "I live and am tolerably comfortable. When my coat wears out at the elbows I seek the tailor and am measured for another. When I am hungry I promenade myself to the butcher's and bring home a pound or so of steak, which I cook very nicely in three seconds by this oxy-hydrogen flame. Thirsty, perhaps, I send for a carboy of *Aqua fortis*. But I have it charged, all charged. My spirit is above any small pecuniary transaction. I loathe your dirty greenbacks, and never handle what they call scrip."

"But are you never pestered with bills?" I asked. "Don't the creditors worry your life out?"

"Creditors!" gasped Rivarol. "I have learned no such word in your very admirable language. He who will allow his soul to be vexed by creditors is a relic of an imperfect civilization. Of what use is science if it cannot avail a man who has accounts current? Listen. The moment you or any one else enters the outside door this little electric bell sounds me warning. Every successive step on Mrs. Grimler's staircase is a spy and informer vigilant for my benefit. The first step is trod upon. That trusty first step immediately telegraphs your weight. Nothing could be simpler. It is exactly like any platform scale. The weight is registered up here upon this dial. The second step records the size of my visitor's feet. The third his height, the fourth his complexion, and so on. By the time he reaches the top of the first flight I have a pretty accurate description of him right here at my elbow, and quite a margin of time for deliberation and action. Do you follow me? It is plain enough. Only the A B C of my science."

"I see all that," I said, "but I don't see how it helps you any. The knowledge that a creditor is coming won't pay his bill. You can't escape unless you jump out of the window."

Rivarol laughed softly. "I will tell you. You shall see what becomes of any poor devil who goes to demand money of me—of a man of science. Ha! ha! It pleases me. I was seven weeks perfecting

my Dun Suppressor. Did you know"—he whispered exultingly—"did you know that there is a hole through the earth's centre? Physicists have long suspected it; I was the first to find it. You have read how Rhuyghens, the Dutch navigator, discovered in Kerguelen's Land an abysmal pit which fourteen hundred fathoms of plumb-line failed to sound. Herr Tom, that hole has no bottom! It runs from one surface of the earth to the antipodal surface. It is diametric. But where is the antipodal spot? You stand upon it. I learned this by the merest chance. I was deep-digging in Mrs. Grimler's cellar, to bury a poor cat I had sacrificed in a galvanic experiment, when the earth under my spade crumbled, caved in, and wonder-stricken I stood upon the brink of a yawning shaft. I dropped a coal-hod in. It went down, down down, bounding and rebounding. In two hours and a quarter that coal-hod came up again. I caught it and restored it to the angry Grimler. Just think a minute. The coal-hod went down, faster and faster, till it reached the centre of the earth. There it would stop, were it not for acquired momentum. Beyond the centre its journey was relatively upward, toward the opposite surface of the globe. So, losing velocity, it went slower and slower till it reached that surface. Here it came to rest for a second and then fell back again, eight thousand odd miles, into my hands. Had I not interfered with it, it would have repeated its journey, time after time, each trip of shorter extent,

like the diminishing oscillations of a pendulum, till it finally came to eternal rest at the centre of the sphere. I am not slow to give a practical application to any such grand discovery. My Dun Suppressor was born of it. A trap, just outside my chamber door : a spring in here : a creditor on the trap :—need I say more ?”

“But isn’t it a trifle inhuman ?” I mildly suggested. “Plunging an unhappy being into a perpetual journey to and from Kerguelen’s Land, without a moment’s warning.”

“I give them a chance. When they come up the first time I wait at the mouth of the shaft with a rope in hand. If they are reasonable and will come to terms, I fling them the line. If they perish, ’tis their own fault. Only,” he added, with a melancholy smile, “the centre is getting so plugged up with creditors that I am afraid there soon will be no choice whatever for ’em.”

By this time I had conceived a high opinion of my tutor’s ability. If anybody could send me waltzing through space at an infinite speed, Rivarol could do it. I filled my pipe and told him the story. He heard with grave and patient attention. Then, for full half an hour, he whiffed away in silence. Finally he spoke.

“The ancient cipher has overreached himself. He has given you a choice of two problems, both of which he deems insoluble. Neither of them is insoluble. The only gleam of intelligence Old Cotangent showed was when he said that squaring

the circle was too easy. He was right. It would have given you your *Liebchen* in five minutes. I squared the circle before I discarded pantalets. I will show you the work—but it would be a digression, and you are in no mood for digressions. Our first chance, therefore, lies in perpetual motion. Now, my good friend, I will frankly tell you that, although I have compassed this interesting problem, I do not choose to use it in your behalf. I too, Herr Tom, have a heart. The loveliest of her sex frowns upon me. Her somewhat mature charms are not for Jean Marie Rivarol. She has cruelly said that her years demand of me filial rather than connubial regard. Is love a matter of years or of eternity? This question did I put to the cold, yet lovely Jocasta."

"Jocasta Surd!" I remarked in surprise, "Ab-scissa's aunt!"

"The same," he said, sadly. "I will not attempt to conceal that upon the maiden Jocasta my maiden heart has been bestowed. Give me your hand, my nephew in affliction as in affection!"

Rivarol dashed away a not discreditable tear, and resumed:

"My only hope lies in this discovery of perpetual motion. It will give me the fame, the wealth. Can Jocasta refuse these? If she can, there is only the trap-door and—Kerguellen's Land!"

I bashfully asked to see the perpetual-motion machine. My uncle in affliction shook his head.

"At another time," he said. "Suffice it at

present to say, that it is something upon the principle of a woman's tongue. But you see now why we must turn in your case to the alternative condition—infinite speed. There are several ways in which this may be accomplished, theoretically. By the lever, for instance. Imagine a lever with a very long and a very short arm. Apply power to the shorter arm which will move it with great velocity. The end of the long arm will move much faster. Now keep shortening the short arm and lengthening the long one, and as you approach infinity in their difference of length, you approach infinity in the speed of the long arm. It would be difficult to demonstrate this practically to the Professor. We must seek another solution. Jean Marie will meditate. Come to me in a fortnight. Good-night. But stop! Have you the money—*das Geld?*''

“Much more than I need.”

“Good! Let us strike hands. Gold and Knowledge; Science and Love. What may not such a partnership achieve? We go to conquer thee, Abscissa. *Vorwärts!*”

When, at the end of a fortnight, I sought Rivarol's chamber, I passed with some little trepidation over the terminus of the Air Line to Kerguelen's Land, and evaded the extended arms of the Petty Cash Adjuster. Rivarol drew a mug of ale for me, and filled himself a retort of his own peculiar beverage.

“Come,” he said at length. “Let us drink success to the TACHYPOMP.”

"The TACHYPOMP?"

"Yes. Why not? *Tachu*, quickly, and *pempo*, *pepempa*, to send. May it send you quickly to your wedding-day. Abscissa is yours. It is done. When shall we start for the prairies?"

"Where is it?" I asked, looking in vain around the room for any contrivance which might seem calculated to advance matrimonial prospects.

"It is here," and he gave his forehead a significant tap. Then he held forth didactically.

"There is force enough in existence to yield us a speed of sixty miles a minute, or even more. All we need is the knowledge how to combine and apply it. The wise man will not attempt to make some great force yield some great speed. He will keep adding the little force to the little force, making each little force yield its little speed, until an aggregate of little forces shall be a great force, yielding an aggregate of little speeds, a great speed. The difficulty is not in aggregating the forces; it lies in the corresponding aggregation of the speeds. One musket-ball will go, say a mile. It is not hard to increase the force of muskets to a thousand, yet the thousand musket-balls will go no farther, and no faster, than the one. You see, then, where our trouble lies. We cannot readily add speed to speed, as we add force to force. My discovery is simply the utilization of a principle which extorts an increment of speed from each increment of power. But this is the metaphysics of physics. Let us be practical or nothing.

“When you have walked forward, on a moving train, from the rear car, toward the engine, did you ever think what you were really doing?”

“Why, yes, I have generally been going to the smoking-car to have a cigar.”

“Tut, tut—not that! I mean, did it ever occur to you on such an occasion, that absolutely you were moving faster than the train? The train passes the telegraph poles at the rate of thirty miles an hour, say. You walk toward the smoking-car at the rate of four miles an hour. Then *you* pass the telegraph poles at the rate of thirty-four miles. Your absolute speed is the speed of the engine, plus the speed of your own locomotion. Do you follow me?”

I began to get an inkling of his meaning, and told him so.

“Very well. Let us advance a step. Your addition to the speed of the engine is trivial, and the space in which you can exercise it, limited. Now suppose two stations, A and B, two miles distant by the track. Imagine a train of platform cars, the last car resting at station A. The train is a mile long, say. The engine is therefore within a mile of station B. Say the train can move a mile in ten minutes. The last car, having two miles to go, would reach B in twenty minutes, but the engine, a mile ahead, would get there in ten. You jump on the last car, at A, in a prodigious hurry to reach Abscissa, who is at B. If you stay on the last car it will be twenty long minutes before you

see her. But the engine reaches B and the fair lady in ten. You will be a stupid reasoner, and an indifferent lover, if you don't put for the engine over those platform cars, as fast as your legs will carry you. You can run a mile, the length of the train, in ten minutes. Therefore, you reach Abscissa when the engine does, or in ten minutes—ten minutes sooner than if you had lazily sat down upon the rear car and talked politics with the brakeman. You have diminished the time by one half. You have added your speed to that of the locomotive to some purpose. *Nicht wahr?*''

I saw it perfectly ; much plainer, perhaps, for his putting in the clause about Abscissa.

He continued :

“ This illustration, though a slow one, leads up to a principle which may be carried to any extent. Our first anxiety will be to spare your legs and wind. Let us suppose that the two miles of track are perfectly straight, and make our train one platform car, a mile long, with parallel rails laid upon its top. Put a little dummy engine on these rails, and let it run to and fro along the platform car, while the platform car is pulled along the ground track. Catch the idea? The dummy takes your place. But it can run its mile much faster. Fancy that our locomotive is strong enough to pull the platform car over the two miles in two minutes. The dummy can attain the same speed. When the engine reaches B in one minute, the dummy, having gone a mile a-top the platform car, reaches

B also. We have so combined the speeds of those two engines as to accomplish two miles in one minute. Is this all we can do? Prepare to exercise your imagination."

I lit my pipe.

"Still two miles of straight track, between A and B. On the track a long platform car, reaching from A to within a quarter of a mile of B. We will now discard ordinary locomotives and adopt as our motive power a series of compact magnetic engines, distributed underneath the platform car, all along its length."

"I don't understand those magnetic engines."

"Well, each of them consists of a great iron horseshoe, rendered alternately a magnet and not a magnet by an intermittent current of electricity from a battery, this current in its turn regulated by clock-work. When the horseshoe is in the circuit, it is a magnet, and it pulls its clapper toward it with enormous power. When it is out of the circuit, the next second, it is not a magnet, and it lets the clapper go. The clapper, oscillating to and fro, imparts a rotatory motion to a fly-wheel, which transmits it to the drivers on the rails. Such are our motors. They are no novelty, for trial has proved them practicable.

"With a magnetic engine for every truck of wheels, we can reasonably expect to move our immense car, and to drive it along at a speed, say, of a mile a minute.

"The forward end, having but a quarter of a

mile to go, will reach B in fifteen seconds. We will call this platform car number 1. On top of number 1 are laid rails on which another platform car, number 2, a quarter of a mile shorter than number 1, is moved in precisely the same way. Number 2, in its turn, is surmounted by number 3, moving independently of the tiers beneath, and a quarter of a mile shorter than number 2. Number 2 is a mile and a half long ; number 3 a mile and a quarter. Above, on successive levels, are number 4, a mile long ; number 5, three quarters of a mile ; number 6, half a mile ; number 7, a quarter of a mile, and number 8, a short passenger car, on top of all.

“ Each car moves upon the car beneath it, independently of all the others, at the rate of a mile a minute. Each car has its own magnetic engines. Well, the train being drawn up with the latter end of each car resting against a lofty bumping-post at A, Tom Furnace, the gentlemanly conductor, and Jean Marie Rivarol, engineer, mount by a long ladder to the exalted number 8. The complicated mechanism is set in motion. What happens ?

“ Number 8 runs a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds and reaches the end of number 7. Meanwhile number 7 has run a quarter of a mile in the same time and reached the end of number 6 ; number 6, a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds, and reached the end of number 5 ; number 5, the end of number 4 ; number 4, of number 3 ; number 3, of number 2 ; number 2, of number 1. And num-

ber 1, in fifteen seconds, has gone its quarter of a mile along the ground track, and has reached station B. All this has been done in fifteen seconds. Wherefore, numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 come to rest against the bumping-post at B, at precisely the same second. We, in number 8, reach B just when number 1 reaches it. In other words, we accomplish two miles in fifteen seconds. Each of the eight cars, moving at the rate of a mile a minute, has contributed a quarter of a mile to our journey, and has done its work in fifteen seconds. All the eight did their work at once, during the same fifteen seconds. Consequently we have been whizzed through the air at the somewhat startling speed of seven and a half seconds to the mile. This is the Tachypomp. Does it justify the name?"

Although a little bewildered by the complexity of cars, I apprehended the general principle of the machine. I made a diagram, and understood it much better. "You have merely improved on the idea of my moving faster than the train when I was going to the smoking car?"

"Precisely. So far we have kept within the bounds of the practicable. To satisfy the Professor, you can theorize in something after this fashion: If we double the number of cars, thus decreasing by one half the distance which each has to go, we shall attain twice the speed. Each of the sixteen cars will have but one eighth of a mile to go. At the uniform rate we have adopted, the two miles can be done in seven and a half instead of

fifteen seconds. With thirty-two cars, and a sixteenth of a mile, or twenty rods difference in their length, we arrive at the speed of a mile in less than two seconds ; with sixty-four cars, each travelling but ten rods, a mile under the second. More than sixty miles a minute ! If this isn't rapid enough for the Professor, tell him to go on, increasing the number of his cars and diminishing the distance each one has to run. If sixty-four cars yield a speed of a mile inside the second, let him fancy a Tachypomp of six hundred and forty cars, and amuse himself calculating the rate of car number 640. Just whisper to him that when he has an infinite number of cars with an infinitesimal difference in their lengths, he will have obtained that infinite speed for which he seems to yearn. Then demand Abscissa."

I wrung my friend's hand in silent and grateful admiration. I could say nothing.

"You have listened to the man of theory," he said proudly. "You shall now behold the practical engineer. We will go to the west of the Mississippi and find some suitably level locality. We will erect thereon a model Tachypomp. We will summon thereunto the professor, his daughter, and why not his fair sister Jocasta, as well ? We will take them a journey which shall much astonish the venerable Surd. He shall place Abscissa's digits in yours and bless you both with an algebraic formula. Jocasta shall contemplate with wonder the genius of Rivarol. But we have much to do. We

must ship to St. Joseph the vast amount of material to be employed in the construction of the Tachypomp. We must engage a small army of workmen to effect that construction, for we are to annihilate time and space. Perhaps you had better see your bankers."

I rushed impetuously to the door. There should be no delay.

"Stop! stop! *Um Gottes Willen*, stop!" shrieked Rivarol. "I launched my butcher this morning and I haven't bolted the—"

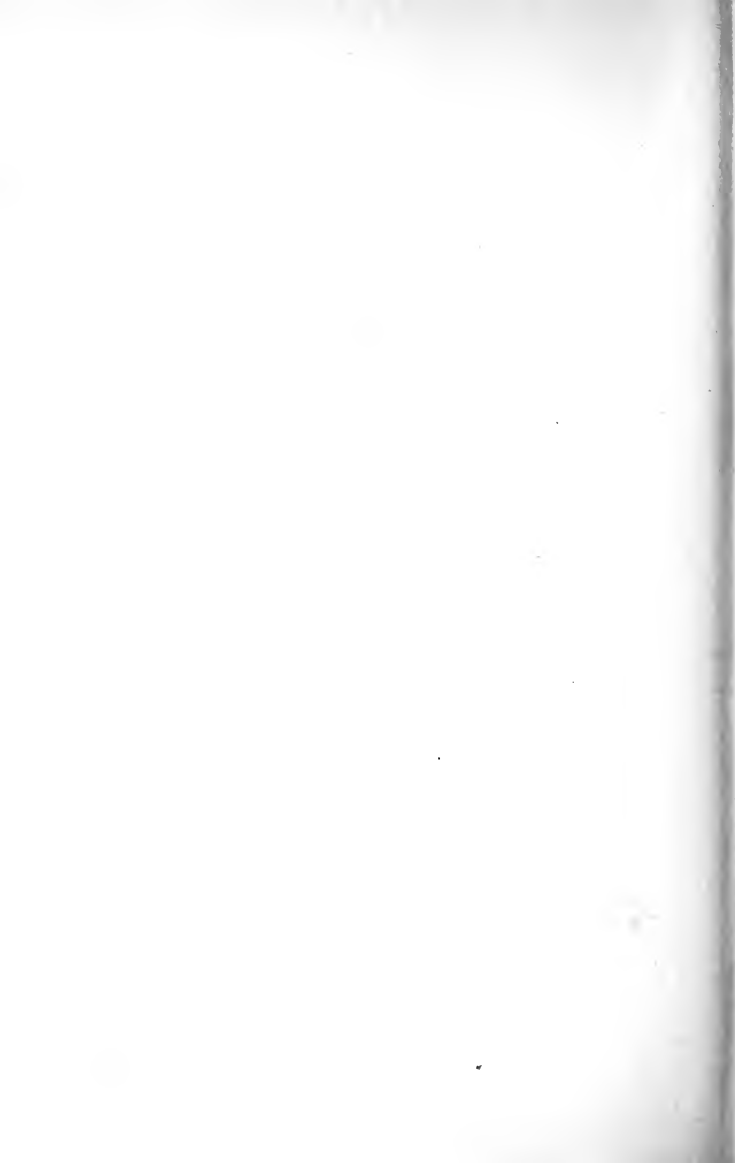
But it was too late. I was upon the trap. It swung open with a crash, and I was plunged down, down, down! I felt as if I were falling through illimitable space. I remember wondering, as I rushed through the darkness, whether I should reach Kerguelen's Land or stop at the centre. It seemed an eternity. Then my course was suddenly and painfully arrested.

I opened my eyes. Around me were the walls of Professor Surd's study. Under me was a hard, unyielding plane which I knew too well was Professor Surd's study floor. Behind me was the black, slippery, hair-cloth chair which had belched me forth, much as the whale served Jonah. In front of me stood Professor Surd himself, looking down with a not unpleasant smile.

"Good-evening, Mr. Furnace. Let me help you up. You look tired, sir. No wonder you fell asleep when I kept you so long waiting. Shall I get you a glass of wine? No? By the way, since

receiving your letter I find that you are a son of my old friend, Judge Furnace. I have made inquiries, and see no reason why you should not make Ab-scissa a good husband."

Still I can see no reason why the Tachypomp should not have succeeded. Can you?



Stories by American Authors.

VI.

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Stories by American Authors

VI.

THE VILLAGE CONVICT.

By C. H. WHITE.

THE DENVER EXPRESS.

By A. A. HAYES.

**THE MISFORTUNES OF BRO' THOMAS
WHEATLEY.**

By LINA REDWOOD FAIRFAX.

THE HEARTBREAK CAMEO.

By L. W. CHAMPNEY.

MISS EUNICE'S GLOVE.

By ALBERT WEBSTER.

BROTHER SEBASTIAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

By HAROLD FREDERIC.

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1891

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THE VILLAGE CONVICT.

BY C. H. WHITE.

“**W**ONDER 'f Eph's got back ; they say his sentence run out yisterday.”

The speaker, John Doane, was a sunburnt fisherman, one of a circle of well-salted individuals who sat, some on chairs, some on boxes and barrels, around the stove in a country store.

“Yes,” said Captain Seth, a middle-aged little man with earrings ; “he come on the stage to-noon. Wouldn't hardly speak a word, Jim says. Looked kind o' sot and sober.”

“Wall,” said the first speaker, “I only hope he won't go to burnin' us out of house and home, same as he burnt up Eliphalet's barn. I was ruther in hopes he'd 'a' made off West. Seems to me I should, in his place, hevin' ben in State's-prison.”

“Now, I allers hed quite a parcel o' sympathy for Eph,” said a short, thickset coasting captain,

who sat tilted back in a three-legged chair, smoking lazily. "You see, he wa'n't but about twenty-one or two then, and he was allus a mighty high-strung boy; and then Eliphalet did act putty ha'sh, foreclosin' on Eph's mother, and turnin' her out o' the farm, in winter, when everybody knew she could ha' pulled through by waitin'. Eph sot great store by the old lady, and I expect he was putty mad with Eliphalet that night."

"I allers," said Doane, "approved o' his plan o' leadin' out all the critters, 'fore he touched off the barn. 'Taint everybody 't would hev taken pains to do that. But all the same, I tell Sarai 't I feel kind o' skittish, nights, to hev to turn in, feelin' 't there's a convict in the place."

"I hain't got no barn to burn," said Captain Seth; "but if he allots my henhouse to the flames, I hope he'll lead out the hens, and hitch 'em to the apple trees, same's he did Eliphalet's critters. Think he ought to deal ekally by all."

A mild general chuckle greeted this sally, cheered by which the speaker added:

"Thought some o' takin' out a policy o' insurance on my cockerel."

"Trade's lookin' up, William," said Captain Seth to the storekeeper, as some one was heard to kick the snow off his boots on the door-step. "Somebody's found he's got to hev a shoestring 'fore mornin'."

The door opened, and closed behind a strongly made fellow of twenty-six or seven, of homely

features, with black hair, in clothes which he had outgrown. It was a bitter night, but he had no coat over his flannel jacket. He walked straight down the store, between the dry-goods counters, to the snug corner at the rear, where the knot of talkers sat ; nodded, without a smile, to each of them, and then asked the storekeeper for some simple articles of food, which he wished to buy. It was Eph.

While the purchases were being put up, an awkward silence prevailed, which the oil-suits hanging on the walls, broadly displaying their arms and legs, seemed to mock, in dumb show.

Nothing was changed, to Eph's eyes, as he looked about. Even the handbill of familiar pattern :

"STANDING WOOD FOR SALE.
APPLY TO J. CARTER, ADMIN'R,"

seemed to have always been there.

The village parliament remained spellbound. Mr. Adams tied up the purchases and mildly inquired :

"Shall I charge this?"

Not that he was anxious to open an account, but that he would probably have gone to the length of selling Eph a barrel of molasses "on tick" rather than run any risk of offending so formidable a character.

"No," said Eph ; "I will pay for the things."

And having put the packages into a canvas bag,

and selected some fish-hooks and lines from the show-case, where they lay environed by jack-knives, jewsharps, and gum-drops—dear to the eyes of his childhood—he paid what was due, said “Good-night, William,” to the storekeeper, and walked steadily out into the night.

“Wall,” said the skipper, “I am surprised ! I strove to think o’ suthin’ to say, all the time he was here, but I swow I couldn’t think o’ nothin’. I couldn’t ask him if it seemed good to git home, nor how the thermometer had varied in different parts o’ the town where he’d been. Everything seemed to fetch right up standin’ to the State’s-prison.”

“I was just goin’ to say, ‘How’d ye leave everybody?’” said Doane ; “but that kind o’ seemed to bring up them he’d left. I felt real bad, though, to hev the feller go off ’thout none on us speakin’ to him. He’s got a hard furrer to plough ; and yet I don’t s’pose there’s much harm in him, ’f Eliphalet only keeps quiet.”

“Eliphalet !” said a young sailor, contemptuously. “No fear o’ him ! They say he’s so sca’t of Eph he hain’t hardly swallowed nothin’ for a week.”

“But where will he live ?” asked a short, curly-haired young man, whom Eph had seemed not to recognize. It was the new doctor, who, after having made his way through college and “the great medical school in Boston,” had, two years before, settled in this village.

“I believe,” said Mr. Adams, rubbing his

hands, "that he wrote to Joshua Carr last winter, when his mother died, not to let the little place she left, on the Salt Hay Road, and I understand that he is going to make his home there. It is an old house, you know, and not worth much, but it is weather-tight, I should say."

"Speakin' of his writin' to Joshua," said Doane, "I have heard such a sound as that he used to shine up to Joshua's Susan, years back. But that's all ended now. You won't catch Susan marryin' no jailbirds."

"But how will he live?" said the doctor. "Will anybody give him work?"

"Let him alone for livin'," said Doane. "He can ketch more fish than any other two men in the place—allers seemed to kind o' hev a knack o' whistlin' 'em right into the boat. And then Nelson Briggs, that settled up his mother's estate, allows he's got over a hundred and ten dollars for him, after payin' debts and all probate expenses, and that and the place is all he needs to start on."

"I will go to see him," said the doctor to himself, as he went out upon the requisition of a grave man in a red tippet, who had just come for him. "He doesn't look so very dangerous, and I think he can be tamed. I remember that his mother told me about him."

Late that night, returning from his seven miles' drive, as he left the causeway, built across a wide stretch of salt-marsh, crossed the rattling plank bridge and ascended the hill, he saw a light in the

cottage window, where he had often been to attend Aunt Lois. "I will stop now," said he. And, tying his horse to the front fence, he went toward the kitchen door. As he passed the window, he glanced in. A lamp was burning on the table. On a settle, lying upon his face, was stretched the convict, his arms beneath his head. The canvas bag lay on the floor beside him. "I will not disturb him now," said the doctor.

A few days later Dr. Burt was driving in his sleigh with his wife along the Salt Hay Road. It was a clear, crisp winter forenoon. As they neared Eph's house, he said :

"Mary, suppose I lay siege to the fort this morning. I see a curl of smoke rising from the little shop in the barn. He must be making himself a jimmy or a dark-lantern to break into our vegetable cellar with."

"Well," said she, "I think it would be a good plan ; only, you know, you must be very, very careful not to hint, even in the faintest way, at his imprisonment. You mustn't so much as *suspect* that he has ever been away from the place. People hardly dare to speak to him, for fear he will see some reference to his having been in prison, and get angry."

"You shall see my sly tact," said her husband, laughing. "I will be as innocent as a lamb. I will ask him why I have not seen him at the Sabbath-school this winter."

"You may make fun," said she, "but you will end by taking my advice, all the same. Now, do be careful what you say."

"I will," he replied. "I will compose my remarks carefully upon the back of an envelope and read them to him, so as to be absolutely sure. I will leave on his mind an impression that I have been in prison, and that he was the judge that tried me."

He drove in at the open gate, hitched his horse in a warm corner by the kitchen door, and then stopped for a moment to enjoy the view. The situation of the little house, half a mile from any other, was beautiful in summer, but it was bleak enough in winter. In the small front dooryard stood three lofty, wind-blown poplars, all heading away from the sea, and between them you could look down the bay or across the salt-marshes, while in the opposite direction were to be seen the roofs and the glittering spires of the village.

"It is social for him here, to say the least," said the doctor, as he turned and walked alone to the shop. He opened the door and went in. It was a long, low lean-to, such as farmers often furnish for domestic work, with a carpenter's bench, a grindstone, and a few simple tools. It was lighted by three square windows above the bench. An air-tight stove, projecting its funnel through a hole in one of the panes, gave out a cheerful crackling.

Eph, in his shirt-sleeves, his hands in his pockets, was standing, his back against the bench, survey-

ing, with something of a mechanic's eye, the frame of a boat which was set up on the floor.

He looked up and colored slightly. The doctor took out a cigarette, lit it, sat down on the bench, and smoked, clasping one knee in his hands and eying the boat.

"Centre-board?" he asked, at length.

"Yes," said Eph.

"Cat-rig?"

"Yes."

"Going fishing?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"I was brought up to sail a boat," said the doctor, "and I often go fishing in summer, when I get a chance. I shall want to try your boat some time."

No reply.

"The timbers are not seasoned, are they? They look like pitch-pine, just out of the woods. Won't they warp?"

"No. Pitch-pine goes right in, green. I s'pose the pitch keeps it, if it's out of the sun."

"Where did you cut it?"

Eph colored a little.

"In my back lot."

The doctor smoked on calmly, and studied the boat.

"I don't know you," said Eph, relaxing a little.

"Good reason," said the doctor. "I've only

been here two years ;” and after a moment’s pause, he added : “ I am the doctor here, now. You’ve heard of my father, Dr. Burt, of Broad River ? ”

Eph nodded assent ; everybody knew him, all through the country ;—a fatherly old man, who rode on long journeys at everybody’s call, and never sent in his bills.

The visitor had a standing with Eph at once.

“ Doctors never pick at folks,” he said to himself—“ at any rate, not old Dr. Burt’s son.”

“ I used to come here to see your mother,” said the doctor, “ when she was sick. She used to talk a great deal about you, and said she wanted me to get acquainted with you, when your time was out.”

Eph started, but said nothing.

“ She was a good woman, Aunt Lois,” added the doctor ; “ one of the best women I ever saw.”

“ I don’t want anybody to bother himself on my account,” said Eph. “ I ask no favors.”

“ You will have to take favors, though,” said the doctor, “ before the winter is over. You will be careless and get sick ; you have been living for a long time entirely in-doors, with regular hours and work and food. Now you are going to live out-of-doors, and get your own meals, irregularly. You didn’t have on a thick coat the other night, when I saw you at the store.”

“ I haven’t got any that’s large enough for me,” said Eph, a little less harshly, “ and I’ve got to keep my money for other things.”

“ Then look out and wear flannel shirts enough,”

said the doctor, "if you want to be independent. But before I go, I want to go into the house. I want my wife to see Aunt Lois's room, and the view from the west window ;" and he led the way to the sleigh.

Eph hesitated a moment, and then followed him.

"Mary, this is Ephraim Morse. We are going in to see the Dutch tiles I have told you of."

She smiled as she held out her mittened hand to Eph, who took it awkwardly.

The square front room, which had been originally intended for a keeping-room, but had been Aunt Lois's bedroom, looked out from two windows upon the road, and from two upon the rolling, tumbling bay, and the shining sea beyond. A tall clock, with a rocking ship above the face, ticked in the corner. The painted floor with bright rag-mats, the little table with a lacquer work-box, the stiff chairs, and the old-fashioned bedstead, the china ornaments upon the mantel-piece, the picture of "The Emeline G. in the Harbor of Canton," were just as they had been when the patient invalid had lain there, looking from her pillow out to sea. In twelve rude tiles set around the open fireplace, the Hebrews were seen in twelve stages of their escape from Egypt. It would appear from this representation that they had not restricted their borrowings to the jewels of their oppressors, but had taken for the journey certain Dutch clothing of the fashion of the seventeenth century. The scenery, too, was much like that about Leyden.

"I think," said the doctor's wife, "that the painter was just a little absent-minded when he put in that beer-barrel. And a wharf, by the Red Sea!"

* * * * *

"I wish you would conclude to rig your boat with a new sail," said the doctor, as he took up the reins, at parting. "There isn't a boat here that's kept clean, and I should like to hire yours once or twice a week in summer, if you keep her as neat as you do your house. Come in and see me some evening, and we'll talk it over."

Eph built his boat, and, in spite of his evident dislike of visitors, the inside finish and the arrangements of the little cabin were so ingenious and so novel that everybody had to pay him a visit.

True to his plan of being independent, he built in the side of the hill, near his barn, by a little gravelly pond, an ice-house, and, with the hardest labor, filled it, all by himself. With this supply, he would not have to go to the general wharf at Sandy Point to sell his fish, with the other men, but could pack and ship them himself. And he could do better, in this way, he thought, even after paying for teaming them to the cars.

The knowing ones laughed to see that, from asking no advice, he had miscalculated and laid in three times as much as he could use.

"Guess Eph cal'lates ter fish with two lines in each hand and 'nother in his teeth," said Mr. Wing. "He's plannin' out for a great lay o' fish."

The spring came slowly on, and the first boat that went out that season was Eph's. That day was one of unmixed delight to him. What a sense of absolute freedom, when he was fairly out beyond the lightship, with the fresh swiftness of the wind in his face! What an exquisite consciousness of power and control, as his boat went beating through the long waves! Two or three men from another village sailed across his wake. His boat lay over, almost showing her keel, now high out of water, now settling between the waves, while Eph stood easily in the stern in his shirt-sleeves, steering with his knee, smoking a pipe, heaving and hauling his line astern for bluefish.

"Takes it nat'ral ag'in, don't he? Stands as easy as ef he was loafin' on a wharf," said one of the observers. "Expect it's quite a treat to be out. But they do say he's gittin' everybody's good opinion. They looked for a regular ruffian when he come home—cuttin' nets, killin' cats, chasin' hens, gittin' drunk. They say Eliphalet Wood didn't hardly dare to go ou' doors for a month, 'thout havin' his hired man along. But he's turned out as peaceful as a little gal."

One June day, as Eph was slitting bluefish at the little pier which he had built on the bay-shore, near his rude ice-house, two men came up.

"Hallo, Eph!"

"Hallo."

"We've got about sick, tradin' down to the

wharf ; we can't git no fair show. About one time in three, they tell us they don't want our fish, and won't take 'em unless we'll heave 'em in for next to nothin', and we know there ain't no sense in it. So we just thought we'd slip down and see ef you wouldn't take 'em, seein's you've got ice, and send 'em up with yourn."

Eph was taken all aback with this mark of confidence. He would decline the offer, sure that it sprang from some mere passing vexation.

"I can't buy fish," said he. "I have no scales to weigh 'em."

"Then send ourn in separate barrels," said one of them.

"But I haven't any money to pay you," he said. "I only get my pay once a month."

"We'll git tick at William's, and you can settle 'th us when you git your pay."

"Well," said he, unable to refuse, "I'll take 'em, if you say so."

Before the season was over, he had still another customer, and could have had three or four more, if he had had ice enough. He was strongly inclined that fall to build a larger ice-house, and although he was a little afraid of bringing ridicule upon himself in case no fish should be brought to him the next summer, he decided to do so, on the assurance of three or four men that they would deal with him. Nobody else had such a chance, he thought—a pond right by the shore.

One evening there was a knock at the door of

Eliphalet Wood, the owner of the burned barn. Eliphalet went to the door, but turned pale at seeing Eph there.

“ Oh, come in, come in ! ” he panted. “ Glad to see you. Walk in. Have a chair. Take a seat. Sit down.”

But he thought his hour had come : he was alone in the house, and there was no neighbor within call.

Eph took out a roll of bills, counted out eighty dollars, laid the money on the table, and said, quietly :

“ Give me a receipt on account.”

When it was written he walked out, leaving Eliphalet stupefied.

Joshua Carr was at work, one June afternoon, by the road-side, in front of his low cottage, by an enormous pile of poles, which he was shaving down for barrel-hoops, when Eph appeared.

“ Hard at it, Joshua ! ” he said.

“ Yes, yes ! ” said Joshua, looking up through his steel-bowed spectacles. “ Hev to work hard to make a livin’—though I don’t know’s I ought to call it hard, neither ; and yet it is rather hard, too ; but then, on t’other hand, ’taint so hard as a good many other things—though there is a good many jobs that’s easier. That’s so ! That’s so !

“ ‘ Must we be kerried to the skies
On feathery beds of ease ? ’

Though I don' know's I oughter quote a hymn on such a matter ; but then—I don' know's there's any partic'lar harm in't, neither."

Eph sat down on a pile of shavings and chewed a sliver ; and the old man kept on at his work.

"Hoop-poles goin' up and hoops goin' down," he continued. "Cur'us, ain't it? But then, I don' know as 'tis ; woods all bein' cut off—poles gittin' scurcer ; hoops bein' shoved in from Down East. That don' seem just right, now, does it—but then, other folks must make a livin', too. Still, I should think they might take up suthin' else ; and yet, they might say that about me. Understand, I don' mean to say that they actually do say so ; I don' want to run down any man unless I know—"

"I can't stand this," said Eph to himself ; "I don't wonder that they always used to put Joshua off at the first port, when he tried to go coasting. They said he talked them crazy with nothing.

"I'll go into the house and see Aunt Lyddy," he said, aloud. "I'm loafing this afternoon."

"All right ! all right !" said Joshua. "Lyddy'll be glad to see ye—that is, as glad as she would be to see anybody," he added, reaching out for a pole. "Now, I don' s'pose that sounds very well ; but still, you know how she is—she allus likes to hev folks to talk, and then she's allus sayin' talkin' wears on her ; but I ought not to say that to you, because she allus likes to see you—that

is, as much as she likes to see anybody—in fact, I think, on the whole—”

“Well, I’ll take my chances,” said Eph, laughing, and he opened the gate and went in.

Joshua’s wife, whom everybody called Aunt Lyddy, was oscillating in a rocking-chair in the kitchen, and knitting. It was currently reported that Joshua’s habit of endlessly retracting and qualifying every idea and modification of an idea which he advanced, so as to commit himself to nothing, was the effect of Aunt Lyddy’s careful revision.

“I s’pose she thought ’twas fun to be talked deaf when they was courtin’,” Captain Seth had once sagely remarked. “Prob’ly it sounded then like a putty piece on a seraphine; but I allers cal’lated she’d git her fill of it, sooner or later. You most gin’lly git your fill o’ one tune.”

“How are you this afternoon, Aunt Lyddy?” asked Eph, walking in without knocking, and sitting down near her.

“So as to be able to keep about,” she replied. “It is a great mercy I ain’t afflicted with falling out of my chair, like Hepsy Jones, ain’t it?”

“I’ve brought you some oysters,” he said. “I set the basket down on the door-step. I just took them out of the water myself from the bed I planted to the west of the water-fence.”

“I always heard you was a great fisherman,” said Aunt Lyddy, “but I had no idea you would ever come here and boast of being able to catch

oysters. Poor things ! How could they have got away ? But why don't you bring them in ? They won't be afraid of me, will they ?"

He stepped to the door and brought in a peck basket full of large, black, twisted shells, and with a heavy clasp-knife proceeded to open one, and took out a great oyster, which he held up on the point of the blade.

"Try it," he said ; and then Aunt Lyddy, after she had swallowed it, laughed to think what a tableau they had made—a man who had been in the State-prison standing over her with a great knife ! And then she laughed again.

"What are you laughing at ?" he said.

"It popped into my head, supposing Susan should have looked in at the south window and Joshua into the door, when you was feeding out that oyster to me, what they would have thought !"

Eph laughed, too, and, surely enough, just then a stout, light-haired, rather plain-looking young woman came up to the south window and leaned in. She had on a sun-bonnet, which had not prevented her from securing a few choice freckles. She had been working with a trowel in her flower-garden.

"What's the matter ?" she said, nodding easily to Eph. "What do you two always find to laugh about ?"

"Ephraim was feeding me with spoon-meat," said Aunt Lyddy, pointing to the basket, which looked like a basket of anthracite coal.

"It looks like spoon-meat," said Susan, and then she laughed too. "I'll roast some of them for supper," she added, "a new way that I know."

Eph was not invited to stay to supper, but he stayed, none the less : that was always understood.

"Well ! Well ! Well !" said Joshua, coming to the door-step, and washing his hands and arms just outside, in a tin basin. "I thought I see you set down a parcel of oysters—but there was seaweed over 'em, and I don' know's I could hev said they was oysters ; but then, if the square question hed been put to me, ' Mr. Carr, be them oysters or not ? ' I s'pose I should hev said they was ; still, if they'd asked me how I knew—"

"Come, come, father !" said Aunt Lyddy, "do give poor Ephraim a little peace. Why don't you just say you thought they were oysters, and done with it ?"

"Say I *thought* they was ?" he replied, innocently. "I knew well enough they was—that is—knew ? No, I didn't know, but—"

Aunt Lyddy, with an air of mock resignation, gave up, while Joshua endeavored to fix, to a hair, the exact extent of his knowledge.

Eph smiled ; but he remembered what would have made him pardon, a thousand times over, the old man's garrulousness. He remembered who alone had never failed, once a year, to visit a certain prisoner, at the cost of a long and tiresome journey, and who had written to that homesick

prisoner kind and cheering letters, and had sent him baskets of simple dainties for holidays.

Susan bustled about, and made a fire of crackling sticks, and began to roast the oysters in a way that made a most savory smell. She set the table, and then sat down at the melodeon, while she was waiting, and sang a hymn—for she was of a musical turn, and was one of the choir. Then she jumped up, and took out the steaming oysters, and they all sat down.

“ Well, well, well ! ” said her father ; “ these be good ! I didn’t s’pose you had any very good oysters in your bed, Ephraim. But there, now—I don’t s’pose I ought to have said that ; that wasn’t very polite ; but what I meant was—I didn’t s’pose you had any that was *real* good—though I don’ know but that I’ve said about the same thing, now. Well, anyway, these be splendid ; they’re full as good as those cohogs we had t’other night.”

“ Quahaugs ! ” said Susan. “ The idea of comparing these oysters with quahaugs ! ”

“ Well, well ! that’s so ! ” said the father. “ I didn’t say right, did I, when I said that ? Of course, they ain’t no comparison—that is—*no* comparison—why, of course, they *is* a comparison between everything, but then, cohogs don’ really compare with oysters ! That’s true ! ”

And then he paused to eat a few.

He was silent so long at this occupation that they all laughed.

“ Well, well ! ” said he, laying down his fork, and

smiling innocently ; “ what be you all laughin’ at ? Not but what I allers like to hev folks laugh—but then—I didn’t see nothin’ to laugh at. Still, perhaps, they was suthin’ to laugh at that I didn’t see ; sometimes one man’ll be lookin’ down into his plate, all taken up with his vittles, and others, that’s lookin’ around the room, may see the kittens frolickin’, or some such thing. ’Tain’t the fust time I’ve known all hands to laugh all to onct, when I didn’t see nothin’.”

Susan helped him again, and secured another brief respite.

“ Ephraim,” said he, after a while, “ you ain’t skilled to cook oysters like this, I don’ believe. You ought to get married ! I was sayin’ to Susan t’other day—well, now, mother, have I said an’thing out o’ the way ?—well, I don’ s’pose ’twas just my place to hev said an’thing about gittin’ married, to Ephraim, seein’s—”

“ Come, come, father,” said Aunt Lyddy, “ that’ll do, now. You must let Ephraim alone, and not joke him about such things.”

Meanwhile Susan had hastily gone into the pantry to look for a pie, which she seemed unable at once to find.

“ Pie got adrift ?” called out Joshua. “ Seems to me you don’ hook on to it very quick. Now that looks good,” he added, when she came out. “ That looks like cookin’ ! All I meant was, ’t Ephraim ought not to be doin’ his own cookin’—that is—if you can call it cookin’—but then, of

course, 'tis cookin'—there's all kinds o' cookin'. I went cook myself, when I was a boy."

After supper, Aunt Lyddy sat down to knit, and Joshua drew his chair up to an open window, to smoke his pipe. In this vice Aunt Lyddy encouraged him. The odor of Virginia tobacco was a sweet savor in her nostrils. No breezes from Araby ever awoke more grateful feelings than did the fragrance of Uncle Joshua's pipe. To Aunt Lyddy it meant quiet and peace.

Susan and Eph sat down on the broad flag door-stone, and talked quietly of the simple news of the neighborhood, and of the days when they used to go to school, and come home, always together.

"I didn't much think, then," said Eph, "that I should ever bring up where I have, and get ashore before I was fairly out to sea!"

"Jehiel's schooner got ashore on the bar, years ago," said Susan, "and yet they towed her off, and I saw her this morning, from my chamber window, before sunrise, all sail set, going by to the eastward."

"I know what you mean," said Eph. "But here—I got mad once, and I almost had a right to, and I can't get started again; I never shall. I can get a livin', of course; but I shall always be pointed out as a jail-bird, and could no more get any footin' in the world than Portuguese Jim."

Portuguese Jim was the sole professional criminal of the town, a weak, good-natured, knock-kneed vagabond, who stole hens, and spent every winter

in the House of Correction as an "idle and disorderly person."

Susan laughed outright at the picture. Eph smiled, too, but a little bitterly.

"I suppose it was more ugliness than anything else," he said, "that made me come back here to live, where everybody knows I've been in jail and is down on me."

"They are not down on you," said Susan. "Nobody is down on you. It's all your own imagination. And if you had gone anywhere that you was a stranger, you know that the first thing that you would have done would have been to call a meetin' and tell all the people that you had burned down a man's barn, and been in the State's-prison, and that you wanted them all to know it at the start; and you wouldn't have told them why you did it, and how young you was then, and how Eliphalet treated your mother, and how you was going to pay him for all he lost. Here, everybody knows that side of it. In fact," she added, with a little twinkle in her eye, "I have sometimes had an idea that the main thing they don't like is to see you savin' every cent to pay to Eliphalet."

"And yet it was on your say that I took up that plan," said Eph. "I never thought of it till you asked me when I was goin' to begin to pay him up."

"And you ought to," said Susan. "He has a right to the money—and then you don't want to be under obligations to that man all your life. Now, what you want to do is to cheer up and go around

among folks. Why, now, you're the only fish-buyer there is that the men don't watch when he's weighin' their fish. You'll own up to that, for one thing, won't you?"

"Well, they are good fellows that bring fish to me," he said.

"They weren't good fellows when they traded at the great wharf," said Susan. "They had a quarrel down there once a week, reg'larly."

"Well, suppose they do trust me in that," said Eph. "I can never rub out that I've been in State's-prison."

"You don't want to rub it out. You can't rub anything out that's ever been; but you can do better than rub it out."

"What do you mean?"

"Take things just the way they are," said Susan, "and show what can be done. Perhaps you'll stake a new channel out, for others to follow in that haven't half so much chance as you have. And that's what you will do, too," she added.

"Susan!" he said, "if there's anything I can ever do, in this world or the next, for you or your folks, that's all I ask for, the chance to do it. Your folks and you shall never want for anything while I'm alive.

"There's one thing sure," he added, rising. "I'll live by myself and be independent of everybody, and make my way all alone in the world; and if I can make 'em all finally own up and admit that I'm honest with 'em, I'm satisfied. That's all

I'll ever ask of anybody. But there's one thing that worries me sometimes—that is, whether I ought to come here so often. I'm afraid, sometimes, that it'll hinder your father from gettin' work, or—something—for you folks to be friends with me."

"I think such things take care of themselves," said Susan, quietly. "If a chip won't float, let it sink."

"Good-night," said Eph, and he walked off, and went home to his echoing house.

After that, his visits to Joshua's became less frequent.

It was a bright day in March—one of those which almost redeem the reputation of that desperado of a month. Eph was leaning on his fence, looking now down the bay and now to where the sun was sinking in the marshes. He knew that all the other men had gone to the town-meeting, where he had had no heart to intrude himself—that free democratic parliament where he had often gone with his father in childhood; where the boys, rejoicing in a general assembly of their own, had played ball outside, while the men debated gravely within. He recalled the time when he himself had so proudly given his first vote for President, and how his father had introduced him then to friends from distant parts of the town. He remembered how he had heard his father speak there, and how respectfully everybody had listened to him. That

was in the long ago, when they had lived at the great farm. And then came the thought of the mortgage, and of Eliphalet's foreclosure, and—

“Hallo, Eph!”

It was one of the men from whom he took fish—a plain-spoken, sincere little man.

“Why wa’n’t you down to town-meet’n’?”

“I was busy,” said Eph.

“How’d ye like the news?”

“What news?”

There was never any good news for him now.

“Hain’t heard who’s selected town-clerk?”

“No.”

Had they elected Eliphalet, and so expressed their settled distrust of him, and sympathy for the man whom he had injured?

“Who’s elected?” he asked, harshly.

“You be!” said the man; “went in flyin’, all hands clappin’ and stompin’ their feet!”

An hour later the doctor drove up, stopped, and walked toward the kitchen door. As he passed the window, he looked in.

Eph was lying on his face, upon the settle, as he had first seen him there, his arms beneath his head.

“I will not disturb him now,” said the doctor.

One breezy afternoon, in the following summer, Captain Seth laid aside his easy every-day clothes, and transformed himself into a stiff broadcloth image, with a small silk hat and creaking boots. So attired, he set out in a high open buggy, with

his wife, also in black, but with gold spectacles, to the funeral of an aunt. As they pursued their jog-trot journey along the Salt Hay Road, and came to Ephraim Morse's cottage, they saw Susan sitting in a shady little porch, at the front door, shelling peas, and looking down the bay.

"How is everything, Susan?" called out Captain Seth; "'bout time for Eph to be gitt'n' in?"

"Yes," she answered, nodding and smiling, and pointing with a pea-pod; "that's our boat, just coming up to ~~the~~ wharf, with her peak down."

THE DENVER EXPRESS.

By A. A. HAYES.

I.

ANY one who has seen an outward-bound clipper ship getting under way and heard the "shanty-songs" sung by the sailors as they toiled at capstan and halliards, will probably remember that rhymeless but melodious refrain—

"I'm bound to see its muddy waters
Yeo ho ! that rolling river ;
Bound to see its muddy waters
Yeo ho ! the wild Missouri."

Only a happy inspiration could have impelled Jack to apply the adjective "wild" to that ill-behaved and disreputable river, which, tipsily bearing its enormous burden of mud from the far North-west, totters, reels, runs its tortuous course for hundreds on hundreds of miles ; and which,

encountering the lordly and thus far well-behaved Mississippi at Alton, and forcing its company upon this splendid river (as if some drunken fellow should lock arms with a dignified pedestrian), contaminates it all the way to the Gulf of Mexico.

At a certain point on the banks of this river, or rather—as it has the habit of abandoning and destroying said banks—at a safe distance therefrom, there is a town from which a railroad takes its departure for its long climb up the natural incline of the Great Plains, to the base of the mountains; hence the importance to this town of the large but somewhat shabby building serving as terminal station. In its smoky interior, late in the evening and not very long ago, a train was nearly ready to start. It was a train possessing a certain consideration. For the benefit of a public easily gulled and enamored of grandiloquent terms, it was advertised as the “Denver Fast Express;” sometimes, with strange unfitness, as the “Lightning Express”; “elegant” and “palatial” cars were declared to be included therein; and its departure was one of the great events of the twenty-four hours, in the country round about. A local poet described it in the “live” paper of the town, cribbing from an old Eastern magazine and passing off as original, the lines—

“Again we stepped into the street,
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far rolled the smoky cloud,
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forests bowed."

The trainmen, on the other hand, used no fine phrases. They called it simply "Number Seventeen"; and, when it started, said it had "pulled out."

On the evening in question, there it stood, nearly ready. Just behind the great hissing locomotive, with its parabolic headlight and its coal-laden tender, came the baggage, mail, and express cars; then the passenger coaches, in which the social condition of the occupants seemed to be in inverse ratio to their distance from the engine. First came emigrants, "honest miners," "cow-boys," and laborers; Irishmen, Germans, Welshmen, Menonites from Russia, quaint of garb and speech, and Chinamen. Then came long cars full of people of better station, and last the great Pullman "sleepers," in which the busy black porters were making up the berths for well-to-do travellers of diverse nationalities and occupations.

It was a curious study for a thoughtful observer, this motley crowd of human beings sinking all differences of race, creed, and habits in the common purpose to move Westward—to the mountain fastnesses, the sage-brush deserts, the Golden Gate.

The warning bell had sounded, and the fireman leaned far out for the signal. The gong struck

sharply, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," and raised his hand ; the tired ticket-seller shut his window, and the train moved out of the station, gathered way as it cleared the outskirts of the town, rounded a curve, entered on an absolutely straight line, and, with one long whistle from the engine, settled down to its work. Through the night hours it sped on, past lonely ranches and infrequent stations, by and across shallow streams fringed with cottonwood trees, over the greenish-yellow buffalo grass ; near the old trail where many a poor emigrant, many a bold frontiersman, many a brave soldier, had laid his bones but a short time before.

Familiar as they may be, there is something strangely impressive about all night journeys by rail ; and those forming part of an American transcontinental trip are almost weird. From the windows of a night-express in Europe, or the older portions of the United States, one looks on houses and lights, cultivated fields, fences, and hedges ; and, hurled as he may be through the darkness, he has a sense of companionship and semi-security. Far different is it when the long train is running over those two rails which, seen before night set in, seemed to meet on the horizon. Within, all is as if between two great seaboard cities ; the neatly dressed people, the uniformed officials, the handsome fittings, the various appliances for comfort. Without are now long, dreary levels, now deep and wild cañons, now an environment of strange and

grotesque rock-formations, castles, battlements, churches, statues. The antelope fleetly runs, and the coyote skulks away from the track, and the gray wolf howls afar off. It is for all the world, to one's fancy, as if a bit of civilization, a family or community, its belongings and surroundings complete, were flying through regions barbarous and inhospitable.

From the cab of Engine No. 32, the driver of the Denver Express saw, showing faintly in the early morning, the buildings grouped about the little station ten miles ahead, where breakfast awaited his passengers. He looked at his watch ; he had just twenty minutes in which to run the distance, as he had run it often before. Something, however, travelled faster than he. From the smoky station out of which the train passed the night before, along the slender wire stretched on rough poles at the side of the track, a spark of that mysterious something which we call electricity flashed at the moment he returned the watch to his pocket ; and in five minutes' time, the station-master came out on the platform, a little more thoughtful than his wont, and looked eastward for the smoke of the train. With but three of the passengers in that train has this tale specially to do, and they were all in the new and comfortable Pullman "City of Cheyenne." One was a tall, well-made man of about thirty — blond, blue-eyed, bearded, straight, sinewy, alert. Of all in the train he seemed the most thoroughly at home, and the respectful greeting of the

conductor, as he passed through the car, marked him as an officer of the road. Such was he—Henry Sinclair, assistant engineer, quite famed on the line, high in favor with the directors, and a rising man in all ways. It was known on the road that he was expected in Denver, and there were rumors that he was to organize the parties for the survey of an important “extension.” Beside him sat his pretty young wife. She was a New Yorker—one could tell at first glance—from the feather of her little bonnet, matching the gray travelling dress, to the tips of her dainty boots; and one, too, at whom old Fifth Avenue promenaders would have turned to look. She had a charming figure, brown hair, hazel eyes, and an expression at once kind, intelligent, and spirited. She had cheerfully left a luxurious home to follow the young engineer’s fortunes; and it was well known that those fortunes had been materially advanced by her tact and cleverness.

The third passenger in question had just been in conversation with Sinclair, and the latter was telling his wife of their curious meeting. Entering the toilet-room at the rear of the car, he said, he had begun his ablutions by the side of another man, and it was as they were sluicing their faces with water that he heard the cry:

“Why, Major, is that you? Just to think of meeting you here!”

A man of about twenty-eight years of age, slight, muscular, wiry, had seized his wet hand and was

wringing it. He had black eyes, keen and bright, swarthy complexion, black hair and mustache. A keen observer might have seen about him some signs of a *jeunesse orageuse*, but his manner was frank and pleasing. Sinclair looked him in the face, puzzled for a moment.

"Don't you remember Foster?" asked the man.

"Of course I do," replied Sinclair. "For a moment I could not place you. Where have you been and what have you been doing?"

"Oh," replied Foster, laughing, "I've braced up and turned over a new leaf. I'm a respectable member of society, have a place in the express company, and am going to Denver to take charge."

"I am very glad to hear it, and you must tell me your story when we have had our breakfast."

The pretty young woman was just about to ask who Foster was, when the speed of the train slackened, and the brakeman opened the door of the car and cried out in stentorian tones :

"Pawnee Junction ; twenty minutes for refreshments !"

II.

When the celebrated Rocky Mountain gold excitement broke out, more than twenty years ago, and people painted "PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST" on the

canvas covers of their wagons and started for the diggings, they established a "trail" or "trace" leading in a south-westerly direction from the old one to California.

At a certain point on this trail a frontiersman named Barker built a forlorn ranch-house and *corral*, and offered what is conventionally called "entertainment for man and beast."

For years he lived there, dividing his time between fighting the Indians and feeding the passing emigrants and their stock. Then the first railroad to Denver was built, taking another route from the Missouri, and Barker's occupation was gone. He retired with his gains to St. Louis and lived in comfort.

Years passed on, and the "extension" over which our train is to pass was planned. The old pioneers were excellent natural engineers, and their successors could find no better route than they had chosen. Thus it was that "Barker's" became, during the construction period, an important point, and the frontiersman's name came to figure on time-tables. Meanwhile the place passed through a process of evolution which would have delighted Darwin. In the party of engineers which first camped there was Sinclair, and it was by his advice that the contractors selected it for division headquarters. Then came drinking "saloons," and gambling-houses—alike the inevitable concomitant and the bane of Western settlements; then scattered houses and shops, and a shabby so-called hotel, in which

the letting of miserable rooms (divided from each other by canvas partitions) was wholly subordinated to the business of the bar. Before long, Barker's had acquired a worse reputation than even other towns of its type, the abnormal and uncanny aggregations of squalor and vice which dotted the plains in those days ; and it was at its worst when Sinclair returned thither and took up his quarters in the engineers' building. The passion for gambling was raging, and to pander thereto were collected as choice a lot of desperadoes as ever "stocked" cards or loaded dice. It came to be noticed that they were on excellent terms with a man called "Jeff" Johnson, who was lessee of the hotel ; and to be suspected that said Johnson, in local parlance, "stood in with" them. With this man had come to Barker's his daughter Sarah, commonly known as "Sally," a handsome girl with a straight, lithe figure, fine features, reddish auburn hair, and dark blue eyes. It is but fair to say that even the "toughs" of a place like Barker's show some respect for the other sex, and Miss Sally's case was no exception to the rule. The male population admired her ; they said she "put on heaps of style"; but none of them had seemed to make any progress in her good graces.

On a pleasant afternoon, just after the track had been laid some miles west of Barker's, and construction trains were running with some regularity to and from the end thereof, Sinclair sat on the rude veranda of the engineers' quarters, smoking

his well-colored meerschaum and looking at the sunset. The atmosphere had been so clear during the day that glimpses were had of Long's and Pike's peaks, and as the young engineer gazed at the gorgeous cloud-display he was thinking of the miners' quaint and pathetic idea that the dead "go over the Range."

"Nice-looking, ain't it, Major?" asked a voice at his elbow, and he turned to see one of the contractors' officials taking a seat near him.

"More than nice-looking, to my mind, Sam," he replied. "What is the news to-day?"

"Nothin' much. There's a sight of talk about the doin's of them faro an' keno sharps. The boys is gittin' kind o' riled, fur they allow the game ain't on the square wuth a cent. Some of 'em down to the tie-camp wuz a-talkin' about a vigilance committee, an' I wouldn't be surprised ef they meant business. Hev yer heard about the young feller that come in a week ago from Laramie an' set up a new faro-bank?"

"No. What about him?"

"Wa'al, yer see he's a feller thet's got a lot of sand an' ain't afeared of nobody, an' he's allowed to hev the deal to his place on the square every time. Accordin' to my idee, gamblin's about the wust racket a feller kin work, but it takes all sorts of men to make a world, an' ef the boys is bound to hev a game, I calkilate they'd like to patronize his bank. Thet's made the old crowd mighty mad, an' they're a-talkin' about puttin' up a job of

cheatin' on him an' then stringin' him up. Besides, I kind o' think there's some cussed jealousy on another lay as comes in. Yer see the young feller—Cyrus Foster's his name—is sweet on the gal of Jeff Johnson's. Jeff wuz to Laramie before he come here, an' Foster knowed Sally up thar. I allow he moved here to see her. Hello! Ef thar they ain't a comin' now."

Down a path leading from the town, past the railroad buildings, and well on the prairie, Sinclair saw the girl walking with the "young feller." He was talking earnestly to her, and her eyes were cast down. She looked pretty and, in a way, graceful; and there was in her attire a noticeable attempt at neatness, and a faint reminiscence of by-gone fashions. A smile came to Sinclair's lips as he thought of a couple walking up Fifth Avenue during his leave of absence not many months before, and of a letter, many times read, lying at that moment in his breast-pocket.

"Papa's bark is worse than his bite," ran one of its sentences. "Of course he does not like the idea of my leaving him and going away to such dreadful and remote places as Denver and Omaha, and I don't know what else; but he will not oppose me in the end, and when you come on again——"

"By thunder!" exclaimed Sam; "ef thar ain't one of them cussed sharps a-watchin' 'em."

Sure enough, a rough-looking fellow, his hat pulled over his eyes, half concealed behind a pile

of lumber, was casting a sinister glance toward the pair.

"The gal's well enough," continued Sam ; "but I don't take a cent's wuth of stock in thet thar father of her'n. He's in with them sharps, sure pop, an' it don't suit his book to hev Foster hangin' round. It's ten to one he sent that cuss to watch 'em. Wa'al, they're a queer lot, an' I'm afeared thar's plenty of trouble ahead among 'em. Good luck to you, Major," and he pushed back his chair and walked away.

After breakfast next morning, when Sinclair was sitting at the table in his office, busy with maps and plans, the door was thrown open, and Foster, panting for breath, ran in.

"Major Sinclair," he said, speaking with difficulty, "I've no claim on you, but I ask you to protect me. The other gamblers are going to hang me. They are more than ten to one. They will track me here, and unless you harbor me, I'm a dead man.

Sinclair rose from his chair in a second and walked to the window. A party of men were approaching the building. He turned to Foster :

"I do not like your trade," said he ; "but I will not see you murdered if I can help it. You are welcome here." Foster said "Thank you," stood still a moment, and then began to pace the room, rapidly clinching his hands, his whole frame quivering, his eyes flashing fire—"for all the

world," Sinclair said, in telling the story afterward, "like a fierce caged tiger."

"My God!" he muttered, with concentrated intensity, "to be *trapped*, TRAPPED like this!"

Sinclair stepped quickly to the door of his bedroom, and motioned Foster to enter. Then there came a knock at the outer door, and he opened it and stood on the threshold, erect and firm. Half a dozen "toughs" faced him.

"Major," said their spokesman, "we want that man."

"You cannot have him, boys."

"Major, we're a-goin' to take him."

"You had better not try," said Sinclair, with perfect ease and self-possession, and in a pleasant voice. "I have given him shelter, and you can only get him over my dead body. Of course you can kill me, but you won't do even that without one or two of you going down; and then you know perfectly well, boys, what will happen. You *know* that if you lay your finger on a railroad man it's all up with you. There are five hundred men in the tie-camp, not five miles away, and you don't need to be told that in less than one hour after they get word there won't be a piece of one of you big enough to bury."

The men made no reply. They looked him straight in the eyes for a moment. Had they seen a sign of flinching they might have risked the issue, but there was none. With muttered curses, they slunk away. Sinclair shut and bolted the

door, then opened the one leading to the bedroom.

"Foster," he said, "the train will pass here in half an hour. Have you money enough?"

"Plenty, Major."

"Very well; keep perfectly quiet, and I will try to get you safely off." He went to an adjoining room and called Sam, the contractor's man. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Wa'al, Foster," said he, "kind o' 'close call' for yer, warn't it? Guess yer'd better be gittin' up an' gittin' pretty lively. The train boys will take yer through, an' yer kin come back when this racket's worked out."

Sinclair glanced at his watch, then he walked to the window and looked out. On a small *mesa*, or elevated-plateau, commanding the path to the railroad, he saw a number of men with rifles.

"Just as I expected," said he. "Sam, ask one of the boys to go down to the track and, when the train arrives, tell the conductor to come here."

In a few minutes the whistle was heard, and the conductor entered the building. Receiving his instructions, he returned, and immediately on engine, tender, and platform appeared the trainmen, with *their* rifles covering the group on the bluff. Sinclair put on his hat.

"Now, Foster," said he, "we have no time to lose. Take Sam's arm and mine, and walk between us."

The trio left the building and walked deliberately

to the railroad. Not a word was spoken. Besides the men in sight on the train, two behind the window-blinds of the one passenger coach, and unseen, kept their fingers on the triggers of their repeating carbines. It seemed a long time, counted by anxious seconds, until Foster was safe in the coach.

"All ready, conductor," said Sinclair. "Now, Foster, good-by. I am not good at lecturing, but if I were you, I would make this the turning-point in my life."

Foster was much moved.

"I will do it, Major," said he; "and I shall never forget what you have done for me to-day. I am sure we shall meet again."

With another shriek from the whistle the train started. Sinclair and Sam saw the men quietly returning the firearms to their places as it gathered way. Then they walked back to their quarters. The men on the *mesa*, balked of their purpose, had withdrawn.

Sam accompanied Sinclair to his door, and then sententiously remarked: "Major, I think I'll light out and find some of the boys. You ain't got no call to know anything about it, but I allow it's about time them cusses was bounced."

Three nights after this, a powerful party of *Vigilantes*, stern and inexorable, made a raid on all the gambling dens, broke the tables and apparatus, and conducted the men to a distance from the town, where they left them with an emphatic and

concise warning as to the consequences of any attempt to return. An exception was made in Jeff Johnson's case—but only for the sake of his daughter—for it was found that many a "little game" had been carried on in his house.

Erelong he found it convenient to sell his business and retire to a town some miles to the eastward, where the railroad influence was not as strong as at Barker's. At about this time, Sinclair made his arrangements to go to New York, with the pleasant prospect of marrying the young lady in Fifth Avenue. In due time he arrived at Barker's with his young and charming wife and remained for some days. The changes were astounding. Common-place respectability had replaced abnormal lawlessness. A neat station stood where had been the rough contractor's buildings. At a new "Windsor" (or was it "Brunswick"?) the performance of the kitchen contrasted sadly (alas! how common is such contrast in these regions) with the promise of the *menu*. There was a tawdry theatre yclept "Academy of Music," and there was not much to choose in the way of ugliness between two "meeting-houses."

"Upon my word, my dear," said Sinclair to his wife, "I ought to be ashamed to say it, but I prefer Barker's *au naturel*."

One evening, just before the young people left the town, and as Mrs. Sinclair sat alone in her room, the frowsy waitress announced "a lady," and was requested to bid her enter. A woman

came with timid mien into the room, sat down, as invited, and removed her veil. Of course the young bride had never known Sally Johnson, the whilom belle of Barker's, but her husband would have noticed at a glance how greatly she was changed from the girl who walked with Foster past the engineers' quarters. It would be hard to find a more striking contrast than was presented by the two women as they sat facing each other : the one in the flush of health and beauty, calm, sweet, self-possessed ; the other still retaining some of the shabby finery of old days, but pale and haggard, with black rings under her eyes, and a pathetic air of humiliation.

" Mrs. Sinclair," she hurriedly began, " you do not know me, nor the like of me. I've got no right to speak to you, but I couldn't help it. Oh ! please believe me, I am not real downright bad. I'm Sally Johnson, daughter of a man whom they drove out of the town. My mother died when I was little, and I *never* had a show ; and folks think because I live with my father, and he makes me know the crowd he travels with, that I must be in with them, and be of their sort. I never had a woman speak a kind word to me, and I've had so much trouble that I'm just drove wild, and like to kill myself ; and then I was at the station when you came in, and I saw your sweet face and the kind look in your eyes, and it came in my heart that I'd speak to you if I died for it." She leaned eagerly forward, her hands nervously closing on the back

of a chair. "I suppose your husband never told you of me; like enough he never knew me; but I'll never forget him as long as I live. When he was here before, there was a young man"—here a faint color came in the wan cheeks—"who was fond of me, and I thought the world of him, and my father was down on him, and the men that father was in with wanted to kill him; and Mr. Sinclair saved his life. He's gone away, and I've waited and waited for him to come back—and perhaps I'll never see him again. But oh! dear lady, I'll never forget what your husband did. He's a good man, and he deserves the love of a dear good woman like you, and if I dared, I'd pray for you both, night and day."

She stopped suddenly and sank back in her seat, pale as before, and as if frightened by her own emotion. Mrs. Sinclair had listened with sympathy and increasing interest.

"My poor girl," she said, speaking tenderly (she had a lovely, soft voice) and with slightly heightened color, "I am delighted that you came to see me, and that my husband was able to help you. Tell me, can we not do more for you? I do not for one moment believe you can be happy with your present surroundings. Can we not assist you to leave them?"

The girl rose, sadly shaking her head. "I thank you for your words," she said. "I don't suppose I'll ever see you again, but I'll say, God bless you!"

She caught Mrs. Sinclair's hand, pressed it to her lips, and was gone.

Sinclair found his wife very thoughtful when he came home, and he listened with much interest to her story

"Poor girl!" said he; "Foster is the man to help her. I wonder where he is? I must inquire about him."

The next day they proceeded on their way to San Francisco, and matters drifted on at Barker's much as before. Johnson had, after an absence of some months, come back and lived without molestation, amid the shifting population. Now and then, too, some of the older residents fancied they recognized, under slouched sombreros, the faces of some of his former "crowd" about the "Ranchman's Home," as his gaudy saloon was called.

Late on the very evening on which this story opens, and they had been "making up" the Denver Express in the train-house on the Missouri, "Jim" Watkins, agent and telegrapher at Barker's, was sitting in his little office, communicating with the station rooms by the ticket window. Jim was a cool, silent, efficient man, and not much given to talk about such episodes in his past life as the "wiping out" by Indians of the construction party to which he belonged, and his own rescue by the scouts. He was smoking an old and favorite pipe, and talking with one of "the boys" whose head appeared at the wicket. On a seat in the station

sat a woman in a black dress and veil, apparently waiting for a train.

"Got a heap of letters and telegrams there, ain't year, Jim?" remarked the man at the window.

"Yes," replied Jim; "they're for Engineer Sinclair, to be delivered to him when he passes through here. He left on No. 17, to-night." The inquirer did not notice the sharp start of the woman near him.

"Is that good-lookin' wife of his'n a comin' with him?" asked he.

"Yes, there's letters for her, too."

"Well, good-night, Jim. See yer later," and he went out. The woman suddenly rose and ran to the window.

"Mr Watkins," cried she, "can I see you for a few moments, where no one can interrupt us? It's a matter of life and death." She clutched the sill with her thin hands, and her voice trembled. Watkins recognized Sally Johnson in a moment. He unbolted a door, motioned her to enter, closed and again bolted it, and also closed the ticket window. Then he pointed to a chair, and the girl sat down and leaned eagerly forward.

"If they knew I was here," she said in a hoarse whisper, "my life wouldn't be safe five minutes. I was waiting to tell you a terrible story, and then I heard who was on the train due here to-morrow night. Mr. Watkins, don't, for God's sake, ask me how I found out, but I hope to die if I ain't telling you the living truth! They're going to

wreck that train—No. 17—at Dead Man's Crossing, fifteen miles east, and rob the passengers and the express car. It's the worst gang in the country, *Perry's*. They're going to throw the train off the track, the passengers will be maimed and killed,—and Mr. Sinclair and his wife on the cars! Oh! My God! Mr Watkins, send them warning!"

She stood upright, her face deadly pale, her hands clasped. Watkins walked deliberately to the railroad map which hung on the wall and scanned it. Then he resumed his seat, laid his pipe down, fixed his eyes on the girl's face, and began to question her. At the same time his right hand, with which he had held the pipe, found its way to the telegraph key. None but an expert could have distinguished any change in the *clicking* of the instrument, which had been almost incessant; but Watkins had "called" the head office on the Missouri. In two minutes the "sounder" rattled out "*All right! What is it?*"

Watkins went on with his questions, his eyes still fixed on the poor girl's face, and all the time his fingers, as it were, playing with the key. If he were imperturbable, so was *not* a man sitting at a receiving instrument nearly five hundred miles away. He had "taken" but a few words when he jumped from his chair and cried:

"Shut that door, and call the superintendent and be quick! Charley, brace up—lively—and come and write this out!" With his wonderful electric pen, the handle several hundred of miles long,

Watkins, unknown to his interlocutor, was printing in the Morse alphabet this startling message :

"Inform'n rec'd. Perry gang going to throw No. 17 off track near—xth mile-post, this division, about nine to-morrow (Thursday) night, kill passengers, and rob express and mail. Am alone here. No chance to verify story, but believe it to be on square. Better make arrangements from your end to block game. No Sheriff here now. Answer."

The superintendent, responding to the hasty summons, heard the message before the clerk had time to write it out. His lips were closely compressed as he put his own hand on the key and sent these laconic sentences : "*O. K. Keep perfectly dark. Will manage from this end.*"

Watkins, at Barker's, rose from his seat, opened the door a little way, saw that the station was empty, and then said to the girl, brusquely, but kindly :

"Sally, you've done the square thing, and saved that train. I'll take care that you don't suffer and that you get well paid. Now come home with me, and my wife will look out for you."

"Oh ! no," cried the girl, shrinking back, "I must run away. You're mighty kind, but I daren't go with you." Detecting a shade of doubt in his eye, she added : "Don't be afeared ; I'll die before they'll know I've given them away to you !" and she disappeared in the darkness.

At the other end of the wire, the superintendent had quietly impressed secrecy on his operator and

clerk, ordered his fast mare harnessed, and gone to his private office.

"Read that!" said he to his secretary. "It was about time for some trouble of this kind, and now I'm going to let Uncle Sam take care of his mails. If I don't get to the reservation before the General's turned in, I shall have to wake him up. Wait for me, please."

They gray mare made the six miles to the military reservation in just half an hour. The General was smoking his last cigar, and was alert in an instant; and before the superintendent had finished the jorum of "hot Scotch" hospitably tendered, the orders had gone by wire to the commanding officer at Fort——, some distance east of Barker's, and been duly acknowledged.

Returning to the station, the superintendent remarked to the waiting secretary:

"The General's all right. Of course we can't tell that this is not a sell; but if those Perry hounds mean business they'll get all the fight they want; and if they've got any souls—which I doubt—may the Lord have mercy on them!"

He prepared several despatches, two of which were as follows:

"MR. HENRY SINCLAIR:

"On No. 17, Pawnee Junction:

This telegram your authority to take charge of train on which you are, and demand obedience of all officials and trainmen on road. Please do so, and act in accordance with information wired station agent at Pawnee Junction."

To the Station Agent .

“ Reported Perry gang will try wreck and rob No. 17 near—
xth mile-post. Denver Division, about nine Thursday night.
Troops will await train at Fort——. Car ordered ready for
them. Keep everything secret, and act in accordance with
orders of Mr. Sinclair.”

“ It’s worth about ten thousand dollars,” sententiously remarked he, “ that Sinclair’s on that train. He’s got both sand and brains. Good-night,” and he went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

III.

The sun never shone more brightly and the air was never more clear and bracing than when Sinclair helped his wife off the train at Pawnee Junction. The station-master’s face fell as he saw the lady, but he saluted the engineer with as easy an air as he could assume, and watched for an opportunity to speak to him alone. Sinclair read the despatches with an unmoved countenance, and after a few minutes’ reflection simply said : “ All right. Be sure to keep the matter perfectly quiet.” At breakfast he was *distract*—so much so that his wife asked him what was the matter. Taking her aside, he at once showed her the telegrams.

"You see my duty," he said. "My only thought is about you, my dear child. Will you stay here?"

She simply replied, looking into his face without a tremor:

"My place is with you." Then the conductor called "All aboard," and the train once more started.

Sinclair asked Foster to join him in the smoking-compartment and tell him the promised story, which the latter did. His rescue at Barker's, he frankly and gratefully said, *had* been the turning point in his life. In brief, he had "sworn-off" from gambling and drinking, had found honest employment, and was doing well.

"I've two things to do now, Major," he added; "first, I must show my gratitude, to you; and next—" he hesitated a little—"I want to find that poor girl that I left behind at Barker's. She was engaged to marry me, and when I came to think of it, and what a life I'd have made her lead, I hadn't the heart till now to look for her; but, seeing I'm on the right track, I'm going to find her, and get her to come with me. Her father's a—old scoundrel, but that ain't her fault, and I ain't going to marry *him*."

"Foster," quietly asked Sinclair, "do you know the Perry gang?"

The man's brow darkened.

"Know them?" said he. "I know them much too well. Perry is as ungodly a cutthroat as ever

killed an emigrant in cold blood, and he's got in his gang nearly all those hounds that tried to hang me. Why do you ask, Major?"

Sinclair handed him the despatches. "You are the only man on the train to whom I have shown them," said he.

Foster read them slowly, his eyes lighting up as he did so. "Looks as if it was true," said he. "Let me see! Fort——. Yes, that's the —th infantry. Two of their boys were killed at Sidney last summer by some of the same gang, and the regiment's sworn vengeance. Major, if this story's on the square, that crowd's goose is cooked, and *don't you forget it!* I say, you must give me a hand in."

"Foster," said Sinclair, "I am going to put responsibility on your shoulders. I have no doubt that, if we be attacked, the soldiers will dispose of the gang; but I must take all possible precautions for the safety of the passengers. We must not alarm them. They can be made to think that the troops are going on a scout, and only a certain number of resolute men need be told of what we expect. Can you, late this afternoon, go through the cars, and pick them out? I will then put you in charge of the passenger cars, and you can post your men on the platforms to act in case of need. My place will be ahead."

"Major, you can depend on me," was Foster's reply. "I'll go through the train and have my eye on some boys of the right sort, and that's got their shooting-irons with them."

Through the hours of that day on rolled the train, still over the crisp buffalo grass, across the well-worn buffalo trails, past the prairie-dog villages. The passengers chatted, dozed, played cards, read, all unconscious, with the exception of three, of the coming conflict between the good and the evil forces bearing on their fate ; of the fell preparations making for their disaster ; of the grim preparations making to avert such disaster ; of all of which the little wires alongside of them had been talking back and forth. Watkins had telegraphed that he still saw no reason to doubt the good faith of his warning, and Sinclair had reported his receipt of authority and his acceptance thereof. Meanwhile, also, there had been set in motion a measure of that power to which appeal is so reluctantly made in time of peace. At Fort——, a lonely post on the plains, the orders had that morning been issued for twenty men under Lieutenant Halsey to parade at 4 P.M., with overcoats, two days' rations, and ball cartridges ; also for Assistant Surgeon Kesler to report for duty with the party. Orders as to destination were communicated direct to the lieutenant from the post commander, and on the minute the little column moved, taking the road to the station. The regiment from which it came had been in active service among the Indians on the frontier for a long time, and the officers and men were tried and seasoned fighters. Lieutenant Halsey had been well known at the West Point balls as the "leader of the german." From the

last of these balls he had gone straight to the field, and three years had given him an enviable reputation for *sang froid* and determined bravery. He looked every inch the soldier as he walked along the trail, his cloak thrown back and his sword tucked under his arm. The doctor, who carried a Modoc bullet in some inaccessible part of his scarred body, growled good-naturedly at the need of walking, and the men, enveloped in their army-blue overcoats, marched easily by fours. Reaching the station, the lieutenant called the agent aside, and with him inspected, on a siding, a long platform car on which benches had been placed and secured. Then he took his seat in the station and quietly waited, occasionally twisting his long blond mustache. The doctor took a cigar with the agent, and the men walked about or sat on the edge of the platform. One of them, who obtained a surreptitious glance at his silent commander, told his companions that there was trouble ahead for somebody.

“That’s just the way the leftenant looked, boys,” said he, “when we was laying for them Apaches that raided Jones’s Ranch and killed the women and little children.”

In a short time the officer looked at his watch, formed his men, and directed them to take their places on the seats of the car. They had hardly done so, when the whistle of the approaching train was heard. When it came up, the conductor, who had his instructions from Sinclair, had the engine

detached and backed on the siding for the soldiers' car, which thus came between it and the foremost baggage-car, when the train was again made up. As arranged, it was announced that the troops were to be taken a certain distance to join a scouting party, and the curiosity of the passengers was but slightly excited. The soldiers sat quietly in their seats, their repeating rifles held between their knees, and the officer in front. Sinclair joined the latter, and had a few words with him as the train moved on. A little later, when the stars were shining brightly overhead, they passed into the express-car, and sent for the conductor and other trainmen, and for Foster. In a few words Sinclair explained the position of affairs. His statement was received with perfect coolness, and the men only asked what they were to do.

"I hope, boys," said Sinclair, "that we are going to put this gang to-night where they will make no more trouble. Lieutenant Halsey will bear the brunt of the fight, and it only remains for you to stand by the interests committed to your care. Mr. Express Agent, what help do you want?" The person addressed, a good-natured giant, girded with a cartridge belt, smiled as he replied :

"Well, sir, I'm wearing a watch which the company gave me for standing off the James gang in Missouri for half an hour, when we hadn't the ghost of a soldier about. I'll take the contract, and welcome, to hold *this* fort alone."

"Very well," said Sinclair. "Foster, what progress have you made?"

"Major, I've got ten or fifteen as good men as ever drew a bead, and just red-hot for a fight."

"That will do very well. Conductor, give the trainmen the rifles from the baggage-car and let them act under Mr. Foster. Now, boys, I am sure you will do your duty. That is all."

From the next station Sinclair telegraphed "All ready" to the superintendent, who was pacing his office in much suspense. Then he said a few words to his brave but anxious wife, and walked to the rear platform. On it were several armed men, who bade him good-evening, and asked "when the fun was going to begin." Walking through the train, he found each platform similarly occupied, and Foster going from one to the other. The latter whispered as he passed him :

"Major, I found Arizona Joe, the scout, in the smokin'-car, and he's on the front platform. That lets me out, and although I know as well as you that there ain't any danger about that rear sleeper where the madam is, I ain't a-going to be far off from her." Sinclair shook him by the hand ; then he looked at his watch. It was half-past eight. He passed through the baggage and express cars, finding in the latter the agent sitting behind his safe, on which lay two large revolvers. On the platform-car he found the soldiers and their commander, sitting silent and unconcerned as before. When Sinclair reached the latter and nodded, he

rose and faced the men, and his fine voice was clearly heard above the rattle of the train.

"Company, 'tention!" The soldiers straightened themselves in a second.

"With ball cartridge, *load!*" It was done with the precision of a machine. Then the lieutenant spoke, in the same clear, crisp tones that the troops had heard in more than one fierce battle.

"Men," said he, "in a few minutes the Perry gang, which you will remember, are going to try to run this train off the track, wound and kill the passengers, and rob the cars and the United States mail. It is our business to prevent them. Sergeant Wilson" (a gray-bearded non-commissioned officer stood up and saluted), "I am going on the engine. See that my orders are repeated. Now, men, aim low, and don't waste any shots." He and Sinclair climbed over the tender and spoke to the engine-driver.

"How are the air-brakes working?" asked Sinclair.

"First-rate."

"Then, if you slow down now, you could stop the train in a third of her length, couldn't you?"

"Easy, if you don't mind being shaken up a bit."

"That is good. How is the country about the —xth mile-post?"

"Dead level, and smooth."

"Good again. Now, Lieutenant Halsey, this is a splendid head-light, and we can see a long way with my night glass. I will have a—"

"—2d mile-post just passed," interrupted the engine-driver.

"Only one more to pass, then, before we ought to strike them. Now, lieutenant, I undertake to stop the train within a very short distance of the gang. They will be on both sides of the track, no doubt ; and the ground, as you hear, is quite level. You will best know what to do."

The officer stepped back. "Sergeant," called he, "do you hear me plainly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have the men fix bayonets. When the train stops, and I wave my sword, let half jump off each side, run up quickly, and form line *abreast of the engine*—not ahead."

"Jack," said Sinclair to the engine-driver, "is your hand steady?" The man held it up with a smile. "Good. Now, stand by your throttle and your air-brake. Lieutenant, better warn the men to hold on tight, and tell the sergeant to pass the word to the boys on the platforms, or they will be knocked off by the sudden stop. Now for a look ahead!" and he brought the binocular to his eyes.

The great parabolic head-light illuminated the track a long way in advance, all behind it being of course in darkness. Suddenly Sinclair cried out :

"The fools have a light there, as I am a living man ; and there is a little red one near us. What can that be? All ready, Jack ! By heavens ! they have taken up two rails. Now, *hold on, all ! STOP HER ! !*"

The engine-driver shut his throttle-valve with a jerk. Then, holding hard by it, he sharply turned a brass handle. There was a fearful jolt—a grating—and the train's way was checked. The lieutenant, standing sidewise, had drawn his sword. He waved it, and almost before he could get off the engine, the soldiers were up and forming, still in shadow, while the bright light was thrown on a body of men ahead.

“Surrender, or you are dead men!” roared the officer. Curses and several shots were the reply. Then came the orders, quick and sharp:

“*Forward! Close up! Double-quick! Halt! FIRE!*”

* * * It was speedily over. Left on the car with the men, the old sergeant had said:

“Boys, you hear. It's that — Perry gang. Now, don't forget Larry and Charley that they murdered last year,” and there had come from the soldiers a sort of fierce, subdued *growl*. The volley was followed by a bayonet charge, and it required all the officer's authority to save the lives even of those who “threw up their hands.” Large as the gang was (outnumbering the troops), well armed and desperate as they were, every one was dead, wounded, or a prisoner when the men who guarded the train platforms ran up. The surgeon, with professional coolness, walked up to the robbers, his instrument case under his arm.

“Not much for me to do here, Lieutenant,” said he. “That practice for Creedmoor is telling on the shooting. Good thing for the gang, too.

Bullets are better than rope, and a Colorado jury will give them plenty of that."

Sinclair had sent a man to tell his wife that all was over. Then he ordered a fire lighted, and the rails relaid. The flames lit a strange scene as the passengers flocked up. The lieutenant posted men to keep them back.

"Is there a telegraph station not far ahead, Sinclair?" asked he. "Yes? All right." He drew a small pad from his pocket, and wrote a despatch to the post commander.

"Be good enough to send that for me," said he, "and leave orders at Barker's for the night express eastward to stop for us, and to bring a posse to take care of the wounded and prisoners. And now, my dear Sinclair, I suggest that you get the passengers into the cars, and go on as soon as those rails are spiked. When they realize the situation, some of them will feel precious ugly, and you know we can't have any lynching."

Sinclair glanced at the rails and gave the word at once to the conductor and brakemen, who began vociferating, "All aboard!" Just then Foster appeared, an expression of intense satisfaction showing clearly on his face, in the firelight.

"Major," said he, "I didn't use to take much stock in special Providence, or things being ordered; but I'm darned if I don't believe in them from this day. I was bound to stay where you put me, but I was uneasy, and wild to be in the scrimmage; and, if I had been there, I wouldn't have

taken notice of a little red light that wasn't much behind the rear platform when we stopped. When I saw there was no danger there, I ran back, and what do you think I found? There was a woman, in a dead faint, and just clutching a lantern that she had tied up in a red scarf, poor little thing! And, Major, it was Sally! It was the little girl that loved me out at Barker's, and has loved me and waited for me ever since! And when she came to, and knew me, she was so glad she 'most fainted away again; and she let on as it was her that gave away the job. And I took her into the sleeper, and the madam, God bless her!—she knew Sally before and was good to her—she took care of her, and is cheering her up. And now, Major, I'm going to take her straight to Denver, and send for a parson and get her married to me, and she'll brace up, sure pop."

The whistle sounded, and the train started. From the window of the "sleeper" Sinclair and his wife took their last look at the weird scene. The lieutenant, standing at the side of the track, wrapped in his cloak, caught a glimpse of Mrs Sinclair's pretty face, and returned her bow. Then, as the car passed out of sight, he tugged at his mustache and hummed:

"Why, boys, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?"

In less than an hour, telegrams having in the mean time been sent in both directions, the train

ran alongside the platform at Barker's ; and Watkins, inperturbable as usual, met Sinclair, and gave him his letters.

"Perry gang wiped out, I hear, Major," said he. "Good thing for the country. That's a lesson the 'toughs' in these parts won't forget for a long time. Plucky girl that give 'em away, wasn't she. Hope she's all right."

"She is all right," said Sinclair, with a smile.

"Glad of that. By-the-way, that father of her'n passed in his checks to-night. He'd got one warning from the Vigilantes, and yesterday they found out he was in with this gang, and they was a-going for him ; but when the telegram come, he put a pistol to his head and saved them all trouble. Good riddance to everybody, I say. The sheriff's here now, and is going east on the next train to get them fellows. He's got a big posse together, and I wouldn't wonder if they was hard to hold in, after the 'boys in blue' is gone."

In a few minutes the train was off, with its living freight—the just and the unjust, the reformed and the rescued, the happy and the anxious. With many of the passengers the episode of the night was already a thing of the past. Sinclair sat by the side of his wife, to whose cheeks the color had all come back ; and Sally Johnson lay in her berth, faint still, but able to give an occasional smile to Foster. In the station on the Missouri the reporters were gathered about the happy superintendent, smoking his cigars, and filling

their note-books with items. In Denver, their brethren would gladly have done the same, but Watkins failed to gratify them. He was a man of few words. When the train had gone, and a friend remarked :

“ Hope they'll get through all right, now,” he simply said :

“ Yes, likely. Two shots don't 'most always go in the same hole.” Then he went to the telegraph instrument. In a few minutes he could have told a story as wild as a Norse *saga*, but what he said, when Denver had responded, was only—

“ *No. 17, fifty-five minutes late.*”

THE MISFORTUNES OF BRO' THOMAS WHEATLEY.

BY LINA REDWOOD FAIRFAX.

HE is our office-boy and messenger, and, my senior tells me, has been employed by the firm in this capacity for about thirty years. He is a negro, about sixty years old, rather short and stout, with a mincing, noiseless gait, broad African features, beautiful teeth, and small, round, twinkling eyes, the movements of which are accompanied by little abrupt, sidewise turns of the head, like a bird. His manner is a curious mixture of deference and self-importance, his voice a soft, sibilant whisper, and as he was born and bred in Alexandria, Virginia, it seems almost superfluous to add that he and the letter "r" are not on speaking terms.

He has a prominent characteristic, which always attracts attention at first sight. This is the shape of his head, which is immensely large in propor-

tion, very bald, and so abundant in various queer, knobby excrescences about the forehead and sides, and so unnaturally long and level on top, that for some time after I made his acquaintance I could never see him without finding myself forming absurd conjectures as to whether his cranium and the hydrostatic press could ever have become acquainted at some early period of his life ; and so strong is this association of ideas that, even now, his sudden appearance invariably suggests to me the study of natural philosophy. Poor fellow ! his chagrin was great when this peculiar conformation of his skull was first brought to his notice. He had been telling me for some time past of the "splendid piccha" he had had "took," and I had been promised a sight of it just as soon as it arrived from the photographer's. I confess I had not been sanguine as to the result, although I knew a handsome portrait was confidently expected by the sitter. One morning he deposited the photograph before me.

"Hello !" I cried, taking it in my hand ; "here you are, hit off to the life."

"Do' say *that*, Mist' Dunkin, *do'* say hit, seh," he replied, in a tone of deep mortification. Then, catching a glimpse of the picture, his ire broke forth : "Nevvah wuz like *me* in de wueld," he cried, in an elevated key ; "nevvah *wuz* ha'f so ugly ez that. I'm—I'm a bettah-lookin' man, Mist' Dunkin. Why, look at de color of de thing," contemptuously. "Cain' tell de face f'om de coat.

I nevvah set up to be what you'd call *faih*-cum-plectid, but disha things iss same is that thaih ink ; jess iss same. My hade do' look that a way, neitha. Naw, *seh*, 'taint s' bad 's that."

"Why, Thomas," said I, "*I* think it a very good likeness—the complexion *is* a little dark, to be sure, but do you know I particularly admire the head. Look at that forehead ; any one can see that you are a man of intellect. I tell you it isn't every one who can boast of such a forehead."

"The—the 'mahk you make 'bout me, has been made 'fo'; I may say, has been made quite frequent—quite frequent ; on'y lass Tuesd'y fohtni't, Sistah Ma'y Ann Jenkins—a promnunt membeh of ouh class (that is, Asba'y class, meets on Gay Street), Sistah Ma'y Ann Jenkins, she ups an' sez, befo' de whole class, dat she'd puppose de motion, dat Bro' Thomas Wheatley wuz 'p'inted fus' speakah in de nex' 'Jug-breakin' an' Jaymiah's Hamma,' by de i-nanemous vote of de class. I'm clah to say I wuz 'stonished ; but ahta class wuz ovva, Bro' Moss tole me de 'p'intment wuz made jes' f'om de 'peahunce of my hade, 'Cause,' he sez, 'no man cain't be a po' speakah with sich a fine intellec' which we see expressed in de hade of Bro' Thomas Wheatley—but, same time, I knowed all time de fus' motion come f'om Sistah Ma'y Ann Jenkins—she's a ve'y good friend o' mine, Sistah Ma'y Ann Jenkins—thinks a sight o' me ; I 'scohts heh to class ev'y Tuesd'y—ev'y Tuesd'y, sine die.'"

"You do? What does your wife have to say to that?" I asked, maliciously.

He stared at me an instant, then replied :

"My wife!—oh—oh, Law bless yoh soul, seh, *she* do' keeh. Bro' 'Dolphus Beam, *he* sees ahta heh : you see, seh, she's l-o-n-g way 'moved f'om Asba'y class ; 'twont admit none but fus'-class 'speience-givvahs in Asba'y, an' my wife she wa'n't nevvah no han' to talk ; haint got de gif' of de tongue which Saul, suhname Paul, speaks of in de Scripcheh—don't possess hit, seh."

"She must be a very nice person to live with," I remarked.

"Well, y-e-es, seh," replied Thomas, after reflecting awhile. "I hain't got nuth'n' 'g'in' Ailse ; she's quite, an' ohdaly, a good cook, an' laundriss, an' she's a lady,* an' all that, but sh' ain't not to say what you'd call a giftid 'oman."

"Like Sister Mary Ann Jenkins, eh?"

"*Egg-zac'ly*, seh. Mist' Dunkin, you put hit kehrec', seh. Ailse hain't possessed with none of the high talence, cain't exhocht, naw sing with fehveh, naw yit lead in praieh ; heh talence is mos'ly boun' up in napkins—as Scripcheh say—mos'ly boun' up in napkins ; foh I do' deny she kin do up all kines o' table-linen, she kin indeed. Naw, seh, I cain't say I got nuth'n' 'g'in' Ailse."

He was, I think, the worst manager of finances that I have ever known. He cleaned all the offices

* A virtuous woman.

in our building, and earned, as near as I could estimate, about thirty-five dollars a month. Three of his four children were self-supporting, and his wife was honest and industrious, taking in washing, and getting well paid for her work. Yet, he was perpetually in debt, and his wages were always overdrawn. Whenever I came into the office after my two-o'clock lunch, and found him seated on his wooden chair, in the corner, gazing absently out at the dingy chimneys opposite—apparently too abstracted to observe my entrance, I knew I had only to go to my desk to find, placed in a conspicuous position thereon, a very small, dirty bit of paper, with these words laboriously inscribed upon it: “Mr. Dunkin Sir cen you oblidge me with the sum of three dolers an a half [or whatever the sum might be] an deduc thee same from mi salry i em in grate kneed of thee same yours mos respectfull thomas wheatley.”

The form was always the same, my name in imposing capitals and the remainder in the very smallest letters which he could coax his stiff old fingers to make, and all written on the tiniest scrap of writing-paper. I think his object was to impress me with his humiliation, impecuniosity, and general low condition, because as soon as he received the money—which he always did, I vowing to myself each time that this advance should be the last, and as regularly breaking my vow—he would tip-toe carefully to the mantel-piece, get down his pen and ink, borrow my sand-bottle, and

proceed to indite me a letter of acknowledgment. This written, he would present it with a sweeping bow, and then retire precipitately to his corner, chuckling, and perspiring profusely. He usually preferred foolscap for these documents, and the capitals were numerous and imposing. Like the others, however, they were invariably word for word the same, and were couched in the following terms :

"MR. DUNKIN

"SIR I have Recieved thee Sum of Three Dolers an a half from Your hans an I Recieve thee same with Joy an Grattetude.

"Yours respectfull

"THOMAS WHEATLEY."

I said his applications for money were always granted. I must, however, make an exception, which, after all, will only go to prove the rule. One bright morning he met me at the office-door, his face as beaming as the weather. He hardly waited for me to doff my overcoat and hat, when he announced that he had bought a second-hand parlor organ the evening before, on credit, for seventy-five dollars, to be paid in instalments of twelve dollars and a half each. He had been very hard up for a month past, as I had abundant occasion to know, and it was therefore with a feeling rather stronger than surprise, that I received the announcement of this purchase.

"But you haven't fifty cents toward paying for it. And what on earth can you possibly want with

a parlor organ? Can you play?—can any of your family play?"

"Well, naw, seh," scratching his head reflectively. "I cain't say they *kin* not to say *play*"—as if they were all taking lessons, and expected to become proficient at some not far distant day. "In fac', seh, none on um knows a wued o' music. I didn't mean, seh, I didn't 'tend the—the instrument fu' househol' puhpasses—I—I 'tended hit as a off'in' to ouh Sabbath-school. We—we has no instrument at present, an'—"

I am afraid I uttered a very bad word at this juncture. Thomas started, and retired in great discomfiture, and I thought I had made an end of the matter, but that afternoon I found the small scrap of paper on my desk—really, I think, with a little practice, Thomas might hope to rival the man who goes about writing the Lord's Prayer in the space of half a dollar. My name was in larger capitals, the rest in smaller letters, than usual, and I was requested "to oblidge him with the sum of twelve dolers an' a half." I knew then that the first organ-instalment was due, but I think it needless to add, his application was refused. About a week afterward, I learned that the Sabbath-school was again without a musical instrument, the organ having been pawned for twenty dollars, Thomas paying ten per cent a month on the money. It was so with everything he undertook. Once he gave me elaborate warning that I must furnish myself with another messenger at once, as he was

going to make a fortune peddling oranges and apples. Accordingly, he bought a barrel (!) of each kind of fruit, sold half at reasonable rates, and then, the remainder beginning to decay on his hands, he came to me, offering really fine Havana oranges at a cent apiece.

"I'm driffin' 'em off et coss—driffin' 'em off et coss," he whispered, speaking rapidly, and waving his hands about, oriental fashion, the palms turned outward and the fingers twirling; this peculiar gesture seemed intended to indicate the cheapness of his wares. "Dey coss me mo'n that; heap mo', but I'm faih to lose um all now, en I'm driffin' 'em off, sine die."

After that, some dozen or more of the large wholesale houses engaged him to furnish their counting-rooms with lunch, and he began with brilliant prospects. He brought his basket around to me for first choice. Everything was very nice; a clean new basket, covered with a white cloth, wherein lay piles of neatly arranged packages done up in letter-paper, with a strange-looking character inscribed upon each.

"What do these letters mean?" I asked, taking up one of the packages, and trying in vain to decipher the cabalistic sign upon it.

Thomas chuckled.

"Oh, that's to show de kine of san'wich dey is, Mist' Dunkin. You see, seh, I got th'ee kines—so I put 'B' on de beef, 'H' on de *hahm*, an' I stahtid to put 'H' on de hystehs. too, but den I

foun' I couldn't tell de *hystehs* f'om de *hahm*, so den I put 'H I' on de *hystehs*."

"Oh, I see," said I, opening one of the "hysteh" packages. It was very good; an excellent French roll, well spread with choice butter, and two large, nicely fried oysters between. I ate it speedily, took another, and, that disposed of, asked the price.

"Ten cents, seh."

"For two!"

"Yes, seh; fi' cents 'piece."

"Why, Thomas," I exclaimed, "you mustn't begin by asking five cents apiece; you'll ruin yourself. These things are *worth* at least twice as much money. Why, I pay ten cents for a sandwich at an eating-house, and it doesn't begin to have as good materials in it as yours. You ought to ask more."

"Naw, seh; naw, seh; Mist' Dunkin; as' less, an' sell mo'—that's my motteh. I have all dese yeah clean sole out 'fo' two 'clock—clean sole out 'fo' two 'clock."

I interrupted him, asking the cost of each article, and then proving to him by calculation that he lost money on each sandwich he sold at five cents. But I could not convince him—he received the twenty-five cents which I insisted on paying him with many expressions of gratitude, but he left me reiterating his belief in "quick sales and small profits." "Be back yeah clean sole out by two 'clock, sine die," he exclaimed, brightly, as he departed.

This venture brought him six dollars in debt at the expiration of a fortnight, and after that, by my advice, he abandoned peddling, condemning it as a "low-life trade," and agreeing to stick to legitimate business for the future.

One of his famous expressions, the most formidable rival of *sine die* (which, as the reader has doubtless discovered, he intended as an elegant synonym for *without fail*), was entirely original—this was "Granny to Mash" (I spell phonetically), used as an exclamation, and only employed when laboring under great mental excitement.

As I was proceeding homeward one evening, I spied him standing on a street corner, holding forth to a select assemblage of his own color, who were listening to him with an appearance of the profoundest respect. His back was toward me, and I stopped and caught his words without attracting observation. He had assumed a very pompous, hortatory manner, and I could well believe he held a prominent position in Asbury class. "Yes, gentlemun ; yes," he was saying, "ez Brotheh Jones 'mahks, I *do* live in a ve'y *su-pee*iaw at-mos-*ph*eeh—suh-roundid by people of leahnin', with books, pens, blottehs, letteh-pess, *en* what not, ez common ez these yeah bricks which I see befo' me. But thaih hain't no trueh wued then ev'y station has its hawdships, gentlemun, en mine ah not exemp', mine ah *not* exemp'.

"Fus'ly, thaih's the 'sponsebility. W'y, this yeah ve'y mawnin' I banked nigh on to a thousan'

dollehs fu' de young boss. En w'en I tell you mo'n two hundred stamps is passed my mouth this yeah blessid evenin', 't will give you some slight idee of the magnitude of the duties I has to puffawn. W'y, gentlemun, I is drank wateh, an' I is drank beeh, but my mouth hain't got back hits right moistuh yit."

The day of the 20th of July, 1877, was very quiet. We had heard, of course, of the "strikes" all over the country, and the morning papers brought tidings of the trouble with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad employés at Martinsburg, but no serious difficulty was apprehended in Baltimore.

That afternoon I was detained very late at the office. I intended beginning a three weeks' holiday next morning, and was trying to get beforehand with my work. My senior was out of town, and Thomas and I had been very busy since three o'clock—I writing, he copying the letters. After five, we had the building pretty much to ourselves, and a little after half past five, the fire alarm sounded. The City Hall bell was very distinctly heard, and Thomas—who had finished his work and was waiting to take some papers to the office of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for me—took down a list of the different stations, to ascertain the whereabouts of the fire.

"1—5," he counted, as the strokes fell; "that makes fifteen, and that is," passing his finger slowly down the card, "that is Eastun Po-lice

station, cawneh—naw, *on* Bank Street. On Bank Street, seh."

I listened an instanc.

"1—5—1," I said, "151; it isn't fifteen."

Another five minutes elapsed, while he searched for "151," I busily writing the while.

"Hit's—w'y, Lawd-a-massy! Mist' Dunkin, hit's fu' de milinte'y."

"Let me see," said I. "Yes, so it is; but they only want them to go to Cumberland. There's a strike there, and the strikers are getting troublesome."

He made no reply, and as the bells ceased ringing soon afterward, I resumed my work, which kept me busy until seven o'clock. I then placed the papers in an envelope, and took up the letters.

"Be sure you see the Vice-President himself, Thomas," I said. "You know him, don't you?"

Receiving no reply, and turning to ascertain the cause of his silence, I saw he was leaning out at the open window, gazing earnestly northward toward Baltimore Street.

"Thomas! Thomas!" I shouted.

He heard me at last, and withdrawing his head, apologized for his inattention.

"I thought—I heehed sup'n nutha like a hollehin' kine of a noise, an'—some guns, aw sup'n, an' I wuz look'n' to see, but thaih don't 'peah to be nuthin' goin' on."

"They're mending the railroad on Baltimore Street," I said. "I suppose that is what you

heard.' And I gave the papers into his hand, repeating my directions: "If the gentleman is not there, don't leave them on any account. I'll wait here until you get back—but go first to the post-office and mail these."

He wrapped the papers carefully in his handkerchief, placed them in his vest-pocket, and started off.

After he left, I leaned my elbow on the dusty window-sill and lounged there awhile, watching him as he trotted busily down the deserted street; then, rousing myself, I stretched my weary limbs and set about arranging my desk, closing the safe, etc. At last everything was put in order, and I seated myself in an arm-chair, rubbing my cramped fingers and wrist, and afterward consulting my watch, more for something to do than to ascertain the time, which the clock on the mantel-piece would have told me.

Only quarter past seven, and he might be detained until half-past eight. I leaned back and closed my eyes. How still and hot it was! I believe I was the only human being in that whole long block of big buildings on that July evening. Everything was as quiet as the typical country churchyard. I had a lethargic sense now and then of the far-off tinkle of a car-bell. I could catch a distant rumble from a passing vehicle a block or two away. And, yes, I *did* observe the presence of a dull, continuous drone, which proceeded from the direction of Baltimore Street, but just as I sat

up to hearken, some one passing whistled, "Silver Threads among the Gold," the melody tracing itself upon the stillness like phosphoric letters in a dark room. I listened with vivid interest, but the tune presently grew fainter, faded, and was dissolved into the dusk, leaving me lonelier than before, and too sleepy to give my attention to the strange hum, of which I again became dully conscious. It is tiresome work waiting here with nothing to do, was my last drowsy thought, as I folded my arms on the desk, and rested my head upon them, to be aroused by a knocking at my door.

"Come in," I called.

The door creaked on its hinges, and somebody entered. I waited an instant, when an adolescent voice of the colored persuasion asked :

"Do somebody name Mist' Dunkin live here?"

"Yes. I'm here ; what do you want ?"

"Dey wan's you down-y street."

I stretched myself, reached mechanically for a match, and lighted the gas, which disclosed a small yellow boy, standing in the doorway, some fright and a good deal of excitement in his aspect. I then detected that he had something important to tell, and that his errand was a source of gratification to him.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, after we had stared at one another.

"Ain't yer yeared nuth'n' 'tall?" a shade of contempt in his tone.

"No, what is there to hear?" I asked, rather irascibly.

"Dey's a big fight down-town; de folks dey done tore de Six Reggimen' all ter pieces, an' dey's wuk'n 'long on de Fif' now."

"Whereabouts?"

I started up, and got on my hat in an instant.

"Dey's et Camd' Street depot, now. Ole colored gentlemun he's been hurtid, an' sent me atter you."

It did not take half a minute to lock the door, and we proceeded down-stairs together.

"He's down yere on Eutaw Street," continued my informant. "Dey's fightin' all 'long dere—I come nigh gittin' hit myself—he gimme ten cents to come tell yer—maybe he's done dade now," he added, cheerfully, as we gained the street, and began to walk.

"Dey fet all 'long yere," was his next breathless remark, made some time later. We were now proceeding rapidly up Baltimore Street, as rapidly, at least, as people can who are pushing against a steady stream of agitated humanity. "Dey fawr'd a bullet clean through de Sun-paper room," pursued the boy, "an' dey bust up dem dere winder-glassis—"

Pausing involuntarily to look, I caught stray scraps of additional information.

"Twenty-five people killed."

"As many as that?"

"Oh, yes; fully, I should say. The Sixth fired

right into the crowd, all along from Gay to Eutaw Street."

"Well, I hear the Sixth are pretty well cleaned out by this time, so it's tit for tat."

Then—

"The Fifth must be there now—"

"The Fifth?—what are they—two hundred men against two thousand?—Lord knows how it will end. I hope this old town won't be burnt, that's all." The boy, listening, turned fearfully around, looking with distended eyes into mine. "Come on," I responded, and we spoke no more until we reached Liberty Street. Then, all at once, above the street noises—the rumbling of fugitive vehicles, the jingle of street-cars, and the hum of excited voices—rose a deep, hollow roar; a horrible sound of human menace in it, which was distinguishable even at that distance. The boy pressed closer, clutching timidly at my hand.

"Is yer—is yer gwine ter keep on?" he faltered. "De ole gentlemun, he 'lowed puticler you wa'n't to run no resk 'count o' him."

"Where *is* he?" I asked. "In the thick of it?"

"No, sir; he's lay'n' down in a little alley—clean off d' street."

"Come on, then; you'll have to show me where it is. I won't let you get hurt."

When we first wheeled into South Eutaw Street, I was conscious of an almost painful stillness, more noticeable after the tumult of confused sounds

from which we had just emerged. The houses on either side were fast closed, doors and windows. Some of them were even unlighted, and not a vehicle was in sight. The street was partially unpaved, where new gas-pipes had been laid, and piles of paving-stones were heaped on the edge of the sidewalks. The place seemed deserted.

But presently, far down in the immediate vicinity of the depot, I perceived accumulated a dense, dark mass, like a low-hanging cloud, from which a low, hoarse murmur seemed to proceed. It swayed slightly from side to side, with the inevitable motion of a large crowd, while at the same time it kept well within certain bounds. We walked quickly along, block after block, without encountering a single soul. I had been so engrossed with the dark, muttering pulsation in front, that I failed to attend to the sounds from behind, until the boy, jerking my hand, bade me listen to the drum. I heard it then plainly, as soon as he spoke, and the approaching tramp of disciplined feet was soon after distinctly audible. I turned and looked. The Fifth Regiment was marching down the middle of North Eutaw Street, having not yet crossed Baltimore Street, the drum corps in front, the colors flying, and crowding the sidewalks on either hand was a motley van and bodyguard, consisting of street loafers and half-grown boys, who had come along to see the "fun," and whose sympathies were plainly with the rioters. The foremost of these soon reached the spot where I stood, and

as I drew aside to let them pass, I heard a *gamin* say to his neighbor :

" I say, Bill, these yere putty little soldier-boys hadn't better make ther las' will an' testyment—ain't it ?' "

" I dunno 'bout that," replied the other, a veteran of fourteen, who was chewing tobacco, and whom I recognized as a certain one-eyed newsboy. " These yere men hez fought in the late war, yer see, plenty of 'um, an' you bet they don't carry no bokays on *ther* bayonits."

As the column advanced, I glanced anxiously toward the human sea down yonder. At first, no additional movement could be detected, then, as the drums approached nearer, a quick stir, like a sudden gust, struck its troubled waters ; the hoarse, horrible cry tore raggedly through the summer air. And then I hastily drew the terrified child with me into the shade of a receding doorway—for the mad flood came raving over its bounds toward us.

The mob was mostly composed of men in their working-clothes, with bare arms and gaunt, haggard faces. There were some women among them—wretched, half-starved creatures—who kept shrieking like furies all the time. As the regiment, still moving resolutely onward, approached within a few yards of them, there fell the first volley of stones, accompanied with hoots and jeers of derision.

" Thuz only two hundred of 'um, boys," shouted

a rough voice. "They'll run quick enough if you give it to 'um good," and a second shower of missiles fell into the ranks, the mob arming themselves with the paving-stones at hand.

But the little band of soldiers did not once falter, although here and there in their ranks you could discover a man leaning against a comrade, who gave him support as they moved on together. The crowd seemed a little dashed. The dispersion of the Sixth Regiment had been such a mere bagatelle, and their own number had, since then, been re-enforced by half the professional rowdies in town. They redoubled their cries, which, from jeers, now became shouts of rage and mortification.

"Wot are you 'bout?" Give it to 'um *good*, I tell yer. They daresn't fire," howled the same brawny giant who had spoken before.

As they continued the attack, a pistol-shot could be heard now and then from the crowd. The regiment did not return the fire, but as the mob pressed closer, an order from the front was passed along the line.

"Fix bayonets."

The opposing parties were now only a few feet apart, and a rain of stones was falling so thick and fast as to darken the air, when all at once I saw the colonel's sword flash out, the blunt edge striking one of the rioters who was pressing on him.

"Clear the way, there!" he cried.

Then, wheeling and facing his command, his voice rang out, clear as a bugle :

"A - r - m - s, 'port ! Double-time, march ! Ch-ar-ge, bayonets ! Hurrah ! Give 'em a yell, boys, and you can do it," added the colonel.

I cannot describe the shout which followed—a clear, ringing, organized whoop ; fresh and vibrant ; of a perfectly distinct quality from the hoarse, undisciplined howl of the mob—sounding cool and terrible, like the cry of an avenging angel.

The mob turned and fled, appalled, melting away like wax before the blue flame of the glittering bayonets, and the regiment entered the depot.

Then I took time to breathe, and remembered Thomas.

"He ain't fur f'om yere," said the boy. "Right 'roun' d' corner."

And we passed out of the shelter of the doorway to a small, dirty alley, about twenty-five yards distant, where I found the old man resting against a lamp-post, the blood streaming down his face from a ghastly wound in the head, and his eyes closed. I made the boy get some water, and after bathing his face for a few moments, I succeeded in rousing him.

"Is that you, Mist' Dunkin ?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes. How do you feel, Thomas ?"

"Dey's tuhibil times down-street," he gasped.

"I like to got kilt."

A pause.

“Dey 'lowed dey wanted dem daih papehs—an'—dey didn't git 'um—an'—den—den dey hit me side de hade—with a brickbat—an' I come 'long tell I git yeah—an' den, disha boy he come 'long—”

His voice was very faint and his hands very cold.

“Don't talk any more now,” I said, chafing them in mine, while I wondered perplexedly how I should get him home. Presently he spoke again :

“But de papehs is all right, seh. I hilt on to 'um, sho'. Dey—dey couldn't git 'um nohow, wid all de smahtniss,” he said, with feeble triumph. “Dey's right yeah in my wescut pocket.” Then he added, with a sudden change of tone : “But I'd like to go home, Mist' Dunkin ; Ailse'll be oneasy 'bout me.”

I had to leave him with the boy while I went for a doctor and a vehicle, neither of which was easy to be had, but finally a milk-wagon was pressed into service, and although the mob had gathered together again, and were besieging the depot, yet, after some delay, we succeeded in conveying him to his home. I saw him safe in bed, his hurt dressed ; then, after bestowing a reward upon the colored boy, who had rendered me such efficient service, I left him in charge of the doctor and his wife.

The latter was a small, plump yellow woman, with large, gentle black eyes, and the soft voice so often found among Virginia “house” servants. After watching her as she assisted the surgeon to

dress the wound, I came to the conclusion all of her talents were by no means "bound up in napkins," and I went home assured my faithful old messenger was left in very capable hands.

Next morning, directly after breakfast, I sallied forth to inquire concerning his condition. After passing along the crowded thoroughfares, where everybody was occupied with the riot, it was a relief to find myself turning into the obscure little street where he lived.

"Here, at least, everything seems peaceful enough," I said, aloud, as I approached the house. I was just in the act of placing my foot on the one door-step, when the door was thrown violently open, and a tall black woman bounced out, colliding with me as she passed, her superior momentum thrusting me backward across the narrow pavement into the street. She was too excited to heed my exclamation of astonishment. I don't think she saw me, even, for she turned immediately and faced some one standing in the doorway, whom I now perceived to be Ailse, looking dreadfully frightened.

"*Good-mornin'*, Mis' Wheatley," said the Amazon, with withering sarcasm; "*good-mornin'*, madam. I *think* you'll know it the nex' time I darkens your doors, I *think* you will. Served me right, though, we'en I *demeaned* myself to come; I might 'a' knowed what treatment I'd 'eceive from you. Ef I hadn't ben boun' by solemn class-rules to pay some 'tention to Brother Wheatley's im-

mortal soul"—these words were uttered at the very top of her voice—"you wouldn't 'a' caught *me* comin' ; but I'll never come ag'in, never ; so make yourself easy, Mis' Wheatley."

A shade of relief passed over Ailse's features as this assurance was repeated, and I coming forward at this moment, the representative of the church militant betook herself off, while I entered and spoke to Ailse, who, fairly dazed, sank into a chair, and stared me helplessly in the face. There was a moment's silence, when she suddenly rose and offered me a seat, remarking, as she did so, that "Sisteh Ma'y Ann Jenkins ca'in' on so" made her forget her manners.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"I dunno, seh, 'cep'n' she's mad 'cause docteh won't leave heh stay and talk to Mist' Wheatley ; *he* made heh go, an' I s'pose hit kindeh put heh out."

"What was she doing?"

"Talkin', seh ; jiss talkin' and prayin'."

"And exciting the man into a fever," said the doctor, entering at that moment. "I came here half an hour ago," he continued, turning to me, "and found this woman—who really is a good nurse—turned out of her husband's room by that termagant who has just gone, and whom I found in the act of preparing the man for death, *she* having decided his hours on earth were numbered ; in fact, I actually chanced in upon a species of commendatory prayer, which, if continued another

half hour—and I have every reason to think it would have been—would almost inevitably have ended the man's life."

"I suppose I had better not see him this morning, then," said I.

"Oh, yes; *you* can see him; he's doing well now, and if he doesn't talk too much, I think the sight of a cheerful face will do him good," and I left him giving some directions to Ailse, while I proceeded up-stairs to the room where Thomas lay. He was awake, so I walked up to his bedside, and asked him how he felt.

"I'm tollubul, thankee, seh; de medicine makes me kind o' sleepy, that's all."

I seated myself beside him, there was a moment or two of silence, then he asked, fretfully:

"Whai—whaih's Ailse? I like to see the 'oman 'roun'; s'haint got no speshul great gif', but she's kind o' handy wen a body's sick."

"You don't seem to care so much for gifted women in a sick-room, Thomas?" I remarked, somewhat mischievously, after I had summoned his wife from down-stairs.

"Well, naw, seh," a little shamefacedly. "Not so much. You see, seh, dey—dey's mos' too much fu' a body, sich times. Dey *will* talk, cou'se dey will, an' 'livah 'scouhcis, an' a sick man he hain't got de strenth to—to supplicate in kine, an' hit kind o' mawtifies him, seh."

Once more there followed a silence, when I asked:

"Thomas, why didn't you give up those papers to the mob, when they attacked you last night? Your retaining them might have cost you your life. I didn't mean you to endanger your life for them."

He smiled slightly, as his glance met mine.

"I dunno, seh," he replied, with his old reflective air. "You tole me mos' pehticaleh to hole on to 'um, an' 'twouldn't be doin' my duty faithful to let 'um go 's long ez I could hole on to 'um."

"But suppose they had killed you?"

"Well, Mist' Dunkin, ef dey had, I hope I'd been ready to go. I ben tryin' to lead a godly an' Chris'chun life, ez Scripcheh sez, fu' fawty yeahs, now, an' I hope I'd a foun' dyin' grace at de las'. You see, seh, thing hoped me mos' was de thoughts of a tex' Bro' Moss preached on las' Sund'y; 'peached like hit hep' on jinglin' in my hade all time dey was jawin' an' fightin' with me."

"What text was it?" I asked.

But he was almost asleep, and his wife signalled me not to wake him. So I was stealing away toward the door, when he opened his eyes and murmured, drowsily :

"De tex', oh yes, seh. I fo'got — 'twas a Scripcheh tex' — 'Be thou faithful unto —' "

He then turned over, settling himself comfortably in his pillows, and in a moment dropped asleep.

In due course of time, he made his appearance in the office again, being anxious to "resume his duties," he said. But that blow on the head has

proved to be a serious affair, affecting the old man's memory permanently, and giving a violent shock to his system, from which it will never entirely recover. He is no longer the clear-headed messenger he was, when he was wont to assert—no idle boast either—that he could “fetch an' cai' eq'il to any man.” Now and then, in these latter days, he confuses things a little, always suffering the keenest mortification when he discovers his mistakes. As I said in the beginning, he is still our office-boy and messenger, although a smart young mulatto is hired to come betimes, make things tidy, and leave before the old man gets down, so his feelings mayn't be hurt. He sometimes remarks on our being the “cleanis' gentleman in de wueld,” but we contrive that no whisper of the real state of the case ever reaches his ear, and he is allowed to sweep and dust a little to satisfy his mind.

THE HEARTBREAK CAMEO.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

“IT is a cameo to break one’s heart !” said Mrs. Dalliba, as she toyed with the superb jewel. “The cutting is unmistakably Florentine, and yet you have placed it among your Indian curiosities. I do not understand it at all.”

Mrs. Dalliba was a connoisseur in gems ; she had travelled from one extremity of Europe to the other ; had studied the crown jewels of nearly every civilized nation, haunted museums, and was such a frequent visitor at the jewellers’ of the Palais Royal, that many of them had come to regard her as an individual who might harbor burglarious intentions. She was a very harmless specialist, however, who, though she loved these stars of the underworld better than any human being, could never have been tempted to make one of them unfairly her own, and she seldom pur-

chased, for she never coveted one unless it was something quite extraordinary, beyond the reach of even her considerable fortune. Meanwhile few of the larger jewelry houses had in their employ lapidaries more skilled than Mrs. Dalliba. She pursued her studies for the mere love of the science, devoting a year in Italy to mosaics, cameos, and intaglios. And yet the Crèvecœur cameo had puzzled wiser heads than Mrs. Dalliba's, adept though she was. It was cut from a solid heart-shaped gem, a layer of pure white, shading down through exquisite gradations into deep green, and representing Aphrodite rising from the sea ; the white foam rose gracefully, with arms extended, scattering the drops of spray from her hands and her wind-blown hair ; the foamy waves were beautifully cut with their intense hollows and snowy crests ; it was evidently the work of a cultivated as well as a natural artist ; it was not surprising that Mrs. Dalliba should insist that it could not have been executed out of Italy.

But Prof. Stonehenge was right too ; it was a stone of the chalcedonic family, resembling sardonyx, except in color ; others, similar to it both in a natural state and wrought into arrow-heads, had been found along the shores of Lake Superior. This seemed to have been brought away from its associates by some wandering tribe, for it had been discovered in Central Illinois. The nearest point at which other relics belonging to the same period had been found was the site of Fort Crève-

cœur, near Starved Rock, Illinois. After all, the stone only differed from the arrow-heads of Lake Superior in its beautiful carving and unprecedented size—and, ah, yes! there was another difference, the mystery of its discovery. No other skeleton among all the buried braves unearthed by scientific research at Crève-cœur had been found with a gem for a heart—a gem that glittered not on the breast, but within a chest hooped with human bone. Mrs. Dalliba had just remarked that she had never felt so strong a desire to possess and wear any jewel as now; but when Prof. Stonehenge told how the uncanny thing rattled within the white ribs of the skeleton in which it was found, she allowed the gem to slip from her hand, while something of its own pale green flickered in the disgusted expression which quivered about the corners of her mobile mouth. The cameo was a mystery which had baffled geologist, antiquarian, and sculptor alike, for Father Francis Xavier had gone down to his grave with his secret and his cameo hidden in his heart. He had kept both well for two centuries, and when the heart crumbled in dust it took its secret with it, leaving only the cameo to bewilder conjecture.

Its story was, after all, a simple one. On the southern shore of Michillimackinac, in the romantic days of the first exploration of the great lakes by the *Coureurs de Bois* and pioneer priests, had settled good Père Ignace a devoted Jesuit missionary. The old man was revered and loved by the

Indians among whom he dwelt. His labors blossomed in a little village, called from his patron saint the mission of St. Ignace, that displayed its cluster of white huts and wigwams like the petals of a water-lily on the margin of the lake. Just back of the village was a round knoll which served as a landmark on the lake, for the shore near St. Ignace was remarkably level. On the summit of this mound the good father had reared a great white cross, and at its foot the superstitious Indians often laid votive offerings of strongly incongruous character. Here he had lived and taught for many years, succeeding in instructing his little flock in the French tongue, and in at least an outward semblance of the Catholic religion. Even the rude trappers, who came to trade at regular intervals, revered him, and lived like good Christians while at the mission, so as not to counteract his teaching by their lawless example. Here Père Ignace was growing old, and even this grasshopper of a spiritual charge was becoming a burden. His superior, at Montreal, understood this, and sent him an assistant.

Very unlike Father Ignatius was Père François Xavier, a man with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth in his blood—just the one for daring, hazardous enterprises ; just the one to undergo all the privation and toil of planting a mission ; to undertake plans requiring superhuman efforts, and to carry them through successfully by main force of will. A better assistant for Father Ignatius could

not have been found. It was force, will, and intellect in the service of love and meekness ; only there was a doubt if the servant might not usurp the place of the master, and the sway of love be not materially advanced by its new ally. Indeed, if the truth had been known, even the Bishop of Montreal had felt that Father Francis Xavier was too ambitious a character to reside safely in too close proximity to himself ; and engrossing employment at a distance for him, rather than the expressed solicitude for Father Ignatius, prompted this appointment. The results of the following year approved the arrangement. The mission received a new accession of life ; its interests were pushed forward energetically.

Father Francis Xavier devoted himself to an acquisition of the various Indian dialects, and to excursions among the neighboring tribes. Converts were made in astonishing numbers, and they brought liberal gifts to the little church from their simple possessions. Father Ignatius had never thought to barter with the trappers and traders, but his colleague did ; large church warehouses were erected, and the mission soon had revenues of importance. Away in the interior Father Xavier had discovered there was a silver mine ; but this discovery, for the present, he made no attempt at exploiting. He had secured it to the church by title deed and treaty with the chief who claimed it ; had visited it and assured himself that it would some day be very valuable, and he contented him-

self with this for the present, and even managed to forget its acquisition in his yearly report sent to Montreal. Father Francis Xavier was something of a geologist ; his father was a Florentine jeweller, and the son had studied as his apprentice, not having at first been destined for the church. Even after taking holy orders, Father Francis Xavier had labored over precious stones designed for ecclesiastical decoration. His specialty had been that of a gem engraver, and his long white fingers were remarkably skilful and delicate. This northern region, with all its wealth of precious stones, was a great jewel casket for him, and he became at once an enthusiastic collector.

Before the coming of his assistant, Father Ignatius had managed his own simple housekeeping in all its most humble details. Now they had the services of an Indian maid of all work, who had been brought up under the eyes of Father Ignatius, and whom the old man regarded rather as a daughter than as a servant. Her moccasined feet fell as silently as those of spirits as she glided about their lodge. She never sang at her work, and rarely spoke, but she smiled often with a smile so childlike as to be almost silly in expression. Father Ignatius loved the silent smile, and a word from him was always sure to bring it ; but it angered Father Francis Xavier more than many a more repulsive thing would have done. It seemed so utterly imbecile and babyish to him, he had got so far away from innocence and smiles and child-

hood himself, that the sight of them irritated him. The young Indian girl had a long and almost unpronounceable name. Père Ignace had baptized her Marie, and the new name had gradually taken the place of the old.

One day, as she was silently but dexterously putting to order the large upper room, which served Père Francis Xavier as study and dormitory, she paused before his collection of agates and minerals, and stroking the stones, said in her soft French and Indian patois, "Pretty, pretty." Father Xavier was seated at the great open window, looking over the top of his book away across the breezy lake. He heard the words, and knew that she was looking at him from the corner of her eye, but his only reply was a deeper scowl and a lowering of his glance to the printed page. The silly smile which he felt sure was upon her face faded out, but the girl spoke again, and this time more resolutely, determined to attract his attention. "Pretty stones. Marie's father many more, much prettier—much."

Father Xavier laid down his book. He was all attention. "Where did your father get them?" he asked.

"In the mountains climb, in the mines dig, in the lake dive, he seek them all the time summer."

"What does he do with them?"

"Cuts them like *mon père*," and Marie imitated in pantomime the use of the hammer and chisel. "Cut them all time winter, very many."

"What does he do that for?" asked the priest, surprised.

"All the same you," replied the girl—"make arrow-heads."

"Oh! he makes arrow-heads, does he? Mine are not arrow-heads, but I should like to see what your father does. Does he live far from here?"

"Marie take you to-night in canoe."

"Very well, after supper."

She had often taken him out upon the lake before, for she managed their birch-bark canoe with more skill than himself, and it was convenient to have some one to paddle while he fished or read or dreamed. She rowed him swiftly up the lake for several miles, then, fastening the canoe, led the way through a trail in the forest. The sun was setting, and "the whispering pines and the hemlocks" of the forest primeval formed a tapestry of gloom around the paternal wigwam as they reached it. Black Beaver, her father, reclined lazily in the door, watching the coals of the little fire in front of his tent. He was always lazy. It was difficult to believe that he ever climbed or dug or dived for agates as Marie had said, so complete a picture he seemed of inaction. The girl spoke a few words to him in their native dialect, and he grumbly rose, shuffled into the interior of the wigwam, and brought out two baskets. One was a shallow tray filled with the finished heads in great variety of material and color. There were white carnelian, delicately striped with prophetic red, blood-stone

deep colored and hard as ruby, agates of every shade and marking, flinty jasper, emerald-banded malachite, delicate rose color, and purple ones made from shells, and various crystals with whose names Father Francis Xavier was unfamiliar. There was one shading from dark green through to red, only a drop of the latter color on the very tip of the arrow where blood would first kiss blood. Father Xavier looked at it in wondering admiration, and at last asked Black Beaver what he called it.

"It is a devil-stone," replied the Indian. "More here," and he opened the deeper basket in which were stored the unground and uncut stones, and placed a superb gem in Father Xavier's hand. He had ground it sufficiently to show that it was in two layers, white and green ; in this there was no touch of red, but in every other respect it was the handsomer stone.

"Will you sell it to me?" asked the priest. "How much?"

The Indian smiled with an expression strangely like that of his daughter, and put it back with alacrity in his basket, saying, "Me no sell big devil-stone. No money buy."

"What do you mean to do with it?" asked Father Xavier.

"Make arrow-head—very hungry—no blood ;" and he indicated the absence of the red tint. "Very hungry—kill very much—never have enough!"

"Then you mean to keep it and use it yourself?"

"No," said the other. "Me no hunt game—hunt stones."

"What will you do with it?" asked the puzzled priest.

"Give it away," said Black Beaver—"give away to greatest—"

"Chief?" asked Father Xavier.

Black Beaver shook his head.

"Friend then?"

"No," grunted the arrow-head maker—"give away to big *enemy*!"

"What did he mean by that?" Father Xavier asked of Marie on their way back to the mission. And the girl explained the superstition that Indians of their own tribe never killed an enemy with ordinary weapons, for fear that his soul would wait for theirs in the Happy Hunting Grounds; but if he was shot with a devil-stone, the soul could not fly upward, but would sink through all eternity, until it reached the deepest spot of all the great lakes under the stony gaze of the Doom Woman.

When he inquired further as to the whereabouts of the Doom Woman's residence he ascertained that she was only a sharp cliff among "the pictured rocks of sandstone" of the upper lake—a cliff that viewed from either side maintained its resemblance to a female profile looking sternly down at the water beneath it, which was here believed to be unfathomable. The Doom Woman still exists. Strange to say, under its sharp-cut features a

steamer has since been wrecked and sunk, and its expression of gloomy fate is now awfully appropriate. Marie had visited "the great Sea Water" with her father. Nature's titanic and fanciful frescoing and cameo-cutting had strongly wrought upon her impressionable mind, and the old legends and superstitions of paganism had been by no means effaced by the very slight veneer of Christianity which she had received at the mission.

From this evening Father Xavier's manner toward her changed. Her smile no longer seemed to irritate him, and a close observer might have noticed that she smiled less than formerly. He talked with her more, paid closer attention to her studies, made her little presents from time to time, and spoke to her always with studied gentleness that was quite foreign to his nature. And Marie watched him at work over his stones, spent her spare time in rambling in search of those which she had learned he liked, and laid upon his table without remark each new discovery of quartz, or crystal, or pebble. She had been in the habit of making little boxes which she decorated with a rude mosaic of small shells, and Father Xavier noticed that these gradually acquired more taste and were arranged with some eye to the harmonies of color, while the forms were copied with Chinese accuracy from patterns on the bindings of his books or the borders of the religious pictures. Marie was developing under an art education which, if carried far enough, might effect great things. She even

managed his graving tools with a good deal of accuracy, copying designs which he set her, until he wondered what his father would have thought of so apt an apprentice.

Suddenly, one morning in midsummer, Marie announced that she should leave them. Her father was going on a long expedition for stones to the head of Lake Superior, and she did not know when she might return. As she imparted this information she watched Father Xavier from the corner of her eye, and something of the old childish smile reappeared as he showed that he was really annoyed.

The summer passed profitably for the Black Beaver, and he began to think of returning to St. Ignace with his small store of valuable stones before the fall gales should set in. He was just a few days too late. When within sight of Michilimackinac a storm arose driving them out upon the open lake, and playing with their canoe as though it were a cockle-shell. When the storm abated a cloudy night had set in ; no land was visible in any direction ; they had completely lost their direction, and knew not toward which point to seek the shore. Paddling at hazard might take them further out into the centre of the lake, and indeed they were too worn with battling with the storm to do any more than keep the tossed skiff from capsizing. Morning dawned wet and gray, after a miserable night ; they were drenched to the skin, and almost spent with weariness and hunger,

and now that a wan and ghostly daylight had come they were no better for it, for an impenetrable fog shut them in on every side. Marie and her mother began to pray. The Black Beaver sat dogged and inert, with upturned face, regarding the sky.

The day wore by wearily ; some of the time they paddled straight onward, with sinking hearts, knowing not toward what they were going, and at others rested with the inaction of despair. When the position of the bright spot which meant the sun told that it lacked but an hour of sunset, and the clouds seemed to be thickening rather than dispersing, the Black Beaver gave a long and hideous howl. His wife and daughter shuddered when they heard it, as would any one, for a more unearthly and discordant cry was never uttered by man or beast ; but they had double reason to shudder ; it was the death cry of their nation.

"We can never live through another night," said he, and he covered his face with his arms.

"Father," said Marie, "try what power there is in the white man's God. Say that you will give Him your devil-stone if He will save us now."

"The priest may have it," said the Black Beaver, and he uncovered his face and sat up as though expecting a miracle. And the miracle came. The sun was setting behind them, and in front, somewhat above the horizon, the clouds parted, forming a circle about a white cross which hung suspended in the air. They all saw it dis-

tinctly, but only for a few moments ; then the clouds closed and the vision vanished. With new hope the little party rowed toward the spot where they had last seen it, and through the fog they could dimly discern the outlines of the coast—they were nearing land. A little further on, and a village was visible, which gained a more and more familiar aspect as they approached. Night settled down before they reached it, but ere their feet touched the land they had recognized the mission of St. Ignace. The cross was not a vision. The clouds had parted to show them the great white landmark and sign which Father Ignatius had raised upon the little knoll.

The next day the Black Beaver unearthed his devil-stone, and fastening a silver chain to it, was about to carry it away and attach it to the cross, which was already loaded with the gifts of the little colony ; but Marie took it from his hand. "I will give it to the good priest myself," she said. "He may see fit to place it on the image of the Virgin in the church."

A few days later Marie placed the coveted stone in Father Xavier's hand ; but what was his bitter disappointment to find that she had marred the exquisite thing by a rude attempt at a delineation upon it of the vision of the cross. She had carefully chiselled away the milky white layer, excepting on the crests of some very primitive representations of waves, and within the awkwardly plain cross in the centre of the gem. All his hopes of

cutting a face upon this lovely jewel were crushed ; it was ruined by her unskilful work. Father Xavier was completely master of his own emotions. He took the stone without remark, and hung it, as Marie requested, about the neck of the Madonna. Each day as he said mass the sight of the mutilated jewel roused within him resentful feelings against poor, well-wishing little Marie. He had been very kind to her since he had first seen the stone in the possession of her father, but now it was worse than before. He avoided her markedly, for the smile which so annoyed him still lighted her face whenever she saw him, and there was in it a reproachful sadness which was even more aggravating than its simple childishness had been.

One day Father Xavier, in turning over his papers, came across an old etching of Venus rising from the sea. The figure, with its outstretched arms, suggested a possibility to him. He made a careful tracing of it, took it to the church, and laid it upon the stone. All of its outlines came within the white cross ; there was still hope for the cameo. All that winter Father Xavier toiled upon it, exhausting his utmost skill, but never exhausting his patience. His chief trial was in the extreme hardness of the stone, which rapidly wore out his graving tools. At last it was finished, and Father Xavier confessed to himself, in all humility, that he had not only never executed so delicate a piece of workmanship, but he had never seen its equal. Every curve of the exquisite-hued waves was

studied from the swell that sometimes swept grandly in from the lake on the long reef of rocks a few miles above St. Ignace. The form of the goddess was modelled from his remembrance of the Greek antique. It was a gem worthy of an emperor. What should he do with it?

As the spring ripened into summer, ambitious thoughts flowered in Père Francis Xavier's soul. What a grand bishopric this whole western country would make with its unexplored wealth of mines, and furs, and forest! Why should he be obliged to make reports of the revenue which his own financiering had secured to the mission, to the head at Montreal? Why should not his reverence the Lord Bishop Francis Xavier dwell in an episcopal palace built somewhere on these lakes, with unlimited spiritual and temporal sway over all this country? To effect such a scheme it would be necessary for him to see both the King of France and the Pope. He was not sure that even if he could return to Europe immediately, he had the influence necessary in either quarter, but the cameo was a step in the right direction. Something of the same thought occurred at the same time to the Bishop of Montreal. Father Xavier's reports showed the mission to be in a flourishing condition. The first struggles of the pioneer were over. Father Xavier must not be left in too luxurious a position. The Chevalier La Salle was now fitting out his little band designed to explore the lakes and follow the Mississippi from its

source to the Gulf. A most important expedition ; it would be well that the Jesuit fathers should share in the honors if it proved successful, and if the little party perished in its hazardous enterprise, Père Francis Xavier could perhaps be spared as easily as any member of his spiritual army.

And so, in the summer of 1679, the Chevalier sailed up the Lac du Dauphin, as Lake Erie was then called, into the Lac d'Orleans, or Huron, carrying letters in which Père Francis Xavier was ordered to leave his charge for a time in order to render all the assistance in his power to the explorers. The Bishop of Montreal could never have guessed with what heartfelt joy his command was obeyed. Father Xavier was tired of this peaceful life, tired of "the endless wash of melancholy waves," of the short cool summers, and long white blank of winter ; tired of inaction, of the lack of stimulating surroundings, of the gentleness of Father Ignatius and Marie's haunting smile. Here, too, might be the very occasion he craved of making himself famous and deserving of reward as an explorer. It was true that he started as a subordinate, but that was no reason that he should return in the same capacity. Marie had served the noble guests with pleasant alacrity, passing the rainbow-tinted trout caught as well as broiled by her own hand, and the luscious huckleberries in tasteful baskets of her own braiding, and Tontz Main de Fer, the chivalric companion and friend of La Salle, was moved like Geraint, served by

Enid, "to stoop and kiss the dainty little thumb that crossed the trencher." The salutation was received with unconscious dignity by little Marie ; once only was Père François Xavier annoyed by the absence of a display of childish pleasure in an ever-ready smile.

History tells how trial and privation of every kind waited on this little band of heroic men ; how hunger, and cold, and fever dogged their steps ; how the Indians proved treacherous and hostile ; how, having reached central Illinois, after incredible exertion, they found themselves in the dead of winter unable to proceed further, and surrounded by tribes incited against them by some unknown enemy. A fatality seemed to hang over them ; suspicious occurrences indicated that they had a traitor among their number, but he was never discovered. La Salle did not despair or abandon the enterprise ; but when six of his most trusted men mutinied and deserted, he lost hope, and became seized with a presentiment that he would never return from his expedition. Father Xavier was his confidant as well as confessor, but he seems not to have been able to disperse the gloom which settled over the leader's mind. Perhaps he did not endeavor to do so. Hopeless but still true to his trust, La Salle constructed near Peoria a fort which he named Crève-cœur, in token of his despondency and disappointment. Leaving Tontz Main de Fer in command here with the greater part of his men, he set out with five for Frontenac, on the 2d of

March, 1680, intending to return with supplies to take command again of his party, and to proceed southward. It was at this point that the most inexplicable event of the entire enterprise occurred. Before the party divided *some one* attempted to poison the Chevalier La Salle. The poison was a subtle and slow one, similar in its effects to those used by the Borgia family ; the secret of its manufacture was thought to be unknown out of Italy. Fortunately he had taken an under or overdose of it, and the effects manifested themselves only in a long illness. He was too far on his journey from Fort Heartbreak when stricken down to return to it, and was mercifully received and nursed back to health by the friendly Pottawottamies.

While the leader was lying sick in an Indian lodge, the knightly Tontz, ignorant of the fate of his friend, was having his troubles at the little fort of Heartbreak. Père François Xavier had remained with him, and aided him with counsels and personal exertions ; he had made himself so indispensable that he was now lieutenant ; if anything should happen to Tontz, he would be commander. He was secretary of the expedition, drew careful maps, and made voluminous daily entries in a journal, which was afterward found to be a marvel of painstaking both in the facts and fictions which it contained. Scanty mention was there of La Salle and Tontz Main de Fer, and much of Père François Xavier, but it was clear, explicit, depicting the advantages of an acquisition of this terri-

tory to the crown of France in glowing terms, and strongly advising that the man who had most distinguished himself in the difficulties of its discovery should be appointed as governor, or baron, under the royal authority.

While Father Xavier was compiling this remarkable piece of authorship, the Iroquois descended in warlike array upon the somewhat friendly disposed Illinois Indians, in whose midst Fort Crèvecoeur had been built. The suspicious Indian mind immediately connected the advent of their enemies with the building of the fort, and regarded the little garrison with distrust. Tontz, at the instance of Father Xavier, presented himself to their chief, and offered to do anything in his power to prove his friendly intentions. The chief accepted his services, and sent him as ambassador to inquire into the cause of the coming of the Iroquois. This mission had nearly been his last, for Tontz was received with stabs, and hardly allowed to give the message of the chief. His ill-treatment at the hands of their enemies did not reassure the suspicious Illinois, who ordered Tontz to immediately evacuate the fort and return with his forces to the country whence he had come. In his wounded condition such a journey was extremely hazardous, and it must have been with grave doubts as to his surviving it that Father Xavier took temporary command of the returning expedition.

It was in the spring of 1681. Father Xavier had been absent nearly two years. Father Ignatius

missed him sadly—all the life and fire seemed to have gone out of the mission. Even Marie moved about her work in a listless, languid way, which contrasted markedly with her once lithe and rapid movements. They had not once heard from the explorers, and Father Ignatius shook his head sadly, and feared that he would never see his energetic colleague again. The Black Beaver had slept through the last months of winter, and, as with the general awakening of spring the bears came out of their dens, and the snakes sunned themselves near their holes, he too stretched himself lazily and awoke to a consciousness of what was passing around him. In the first place something was amiss with Marie. When she came to the wigwam it was not to chat merrily of the affairs of the mission. She did not braid as many baskets as formerly, and no longer showed him new patterns in shell mosaic on the lids of little boxes. He was a curious old man, and he soon drew her secret from her. Marie loved Père François Xavier, and he had gone.

The Black Beaver went down to the mission one evening and had a long talk with Father Ignatius. He ascertained first that Père François Xavier really meant to return ; then, with all the dignity of an old feudal baron, he offered Marie as a bride for his spiritual son. Very gently the good Père Ignace explained that Romish priests were so nearly in the kingdom of heaven that the question of marrying and giving in marriage was not for

them to consider. The Black Beaver went home, told no one of his visit, and for several days indulged in the worst drunken spree of which he was capable. When he came out of it he announced to his wife and Marie that he was going away on his annual trip for stores, but that they need not accompany him.

Marie knelt as usual in the little church on the evening of the day on which her father had gone away. Père François Xavier had replaced the cameo on the Virgin's breast before he went ; it was a safer place than the vault of a bank would have been, had such a thing existed in the country. There was no one in the island sacrilegious enough to rob the church. Marie had gazed at the stone each time that she repeated the prayer which he had taught her. She looked up now, and it was gone.

Half way upon their northward route, Tontz's band were struggling wearily on when they were met by a solitary Indian, who, though he carried a long bow, had not an unfriendly aspect. He eyed the little band silently as they passed by him in defile, then ran after them, and inquired if the Père François Xavier, of Mission St. Ignace, was not of their number. He was informed that the reverend father had remained a short distance behind to write in his journal, but that he would soon overtake them ; and he was warmly pressed to remain with them if he had messages for the priest, and give them to him when he arrived ; but the

Indian shook his head and passed on in the direction in which they told him he would be likely to meet Father Xavier. The party halted and waited hour after hour for the priest, but he did not come. Finally two went back in search, and found him lying upon the sod with upturned face—the place where he had written last in his journal marked by a few drops of his heart's blood, and the long shaft of an arrow protruding from his breast. They drew it out, but the arrow-head had been attached, as is the custom in some Indian tribes, by means of a soft wax, which is melted by the warmth of the body, and it remained in the heart. Father Xavier had been dead some hours. They buried him where they found him, and proceeded on their march. Tontz recovered on the way. They reached Michillimackinac in safety, where they were joined two months later by La Salle ; and the world knows the result of his second expedition.

Little Marie learned by degrees to smile again, and in after years married another arrow-head maker, as swarthy and as shaggy as the Black Beaver. There is no moral to my story except that of poetic justice. Père François Xavier had sown a plentiful crop of stratagems, and he learned in the lonely forest that " Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Meanwhile to all but you, my readers, the Crève-cœur cameo remains as great a mystery as ever.

MISS EUNICE'S GLOVE.

BY ALBERT WEBSTER.

I.

FOR a long time blithe and fragile Miss Eunice, demure, correct in deportment, and yet not wholly without enthusiasm, thought that day the unluckiest in her life on which she first took into her hands that unobtrusive yet dramatic book, "Miss Crofutt's Missionary Labors in the English Prisons."

It came to her notice by mere accident, not by favor of proselyting friends; and such was its singular material, that she at once devoured it with avidity. As its title suggests, it was the history of the ameliorating endeavors of a woman in criminal society, and it contained, perforce, a large amount of tragic and pathetic incident. But this last was so blended and involved with what Miss Eunice

would have skipped as commonplace, that she was led to digest the whole volume—statistics, philosophy, comments, and all. She studied the analysis of the atmosphere of cells, the properties and waste of wheaten flour, the cost of clothing to the general government, the whys and wherefores of crime and evil-doing ; and it was not long before there was generated within her bosom a fine and healthy ardor to emulate this practical and courageous pattern.

She was profoundly moved by the tales of missionary labors proper. She was filled with joy to read that Miss Crofutt and her lieutenants sometimes cracked and broke away the formidable husks which enveloped divine kernels in the hearts of some of the wretches, and she frequently wept at the stories of victories gained over monsters whose defences of silence and stolidity had suddenly fallen into ruin above the slow but persistent sapping of constant kindness. Acute tinglings and chilling thrills would pervade her entire body when she read that on Christmas every wretch seemed to become for that day, at least, a gracious man ; that the sight of a few penny tapers, or the possession of a handful of sweet stuff, or a spray of holly, or a hot-house bloom, would appear to convert the worst of them into children. Her heart would swell to learn how they acted during the one poor hour of yearly freedom in the prison-yards ; that they swelled their chests ; that they ran ; that they took long strides ; that the singers anxiously tried

their voices, now grown husky ; that the athletes wrestled only to find their limbs stiff and their arts forgotten ; that the gentlest of them lifted their faces to the broad sky and spent the sixty minutes in a dreadful gazing at the clouds.

The pretty student gradually became possessed with a rage. She desired to convert some one, to recover some estray, to reform some wretch.

She regretted that she lived in America, and not in England, where the most perfect rascals were to be found ; she was sorry that the gloomy, sin-saturated prisons which were the scenes of Miss Crofutt's labors must always be beyond her ken.

There was no crime in the family or the neighborhood against which she might strive ; no one whom she knew was even austere ; she had never met a brute ; all her rascals were newspaper rascals. For aught she knew, this tranquillity and good-will might go on forever, without affording her an opportunity. She must be denied the smallest contact with these frightful faces and figures, these bars and cages, these deformities of the mind and heart, these curiosities of conscience, shyness, skill, and daring ; all these dramas of reclamation, all these scenes of fervent gratitude, thankfulness, and intoxicating liberty—all or any of these things must never come to be the lot of her eyes ; and she gave herself up to the most poignant regret.

But one day she was astonished to discover that all of these delights lay within half an hour's journey of her home ; and moreover, that there

was approaching an hour which was annually set apart for the indulgence of the inmates of the prison in question. She did not stop to ask herself, as she might well have done, how it was that she had so completely ignored this particular institution, which was one of the largest and best conducted in the country, especially when her desire to visit one was so keen ; but she straightway set about preparing for her intended visit in a manner which she fancied Miss Crofutt would have approved, had she been present.

She resolved, in the most radical sense of the word, to be alive. She jotted on some ivory tablets, with a gold pencil, a number of hints to assist her in her observations. For example : " Phrenological development ; size of cells ; ounces of solid and liquid ; tissue-producing food ; were mirrors allowed ? if so, what was the effect ? jimmy and skeleton-key, character of ; canary birds : query, would not their admission into every cell animate in the human prisoners a similar buoyancy ? to urge upon the turnkeys the use of the Spanish garrote in place of the present distressing gallows ; to find the proportion of Orthodox and Unitarian prisoners to those of other persuasions." But beside these and fifty other similar memoranda, the enthusiast cast about her for something practical to do.

She hit upon the capital idea of flowers. She at once ordered from a gardener of taste two hundred bouquets, or rather nosegays, which she intended

for distribution among the prisoners she was about to visit, and she called upon her father for the money.

Then she began to prepare her mind. She wished to define the plan from which she was to make her contemplations. She settled that she would be grave and gentle. She would be exquisitely careful not to hold herself too much aloof, and yet not to step beyond the bounds of that sweet reserve that she conceived must have been at once Miss Crofutt's sword and buckler.

Her object was to awaken in the most abandoned criminals a realization that the world, in its most benignant phase, was still open to them; that society, having obtained a requital for their wickedness, was ready to embrace them again on proof of their repentance.

She determined to select at the outset two or three of the most remarkable monsters, and turn the full head of her persuasions exclusively upon them, instead of sprinkling (as it were) the whole community with her grace. She would arouse at first a very few, and then a few more, and a few more, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It was on a hot July morning that she journeyed on foot over the bridge which led to the prison, and there walked a man behind her carrying the flowers.

Her eyes were cast down, this being the position most significant of her spirit. Her pace was equal, firm, and rapid; she made herself oblivious of the

bustle of the streets, and she repented that her vanity had permitted her to wear white and lavender, these making a combination in her dress which she had been told became her well. She had no right to embellish herself. Was she going to the races, or a match, or a kettle-drum, that she must dandify herself with particular shades of color? She stopped short, blushing. Would Miss Cro—. But there was no help for it now. It was too late to turn back. She proceeded, feeling that the odds were against her.

She approached her destination in such a way that the prison came into view suddenly. She paused, with a feeling of terror. The enormous gray building rose far above a lofty white wall of stone, and a sense of its prodigious strength and awful gloom overwhelmed her. On the top of the wall, holding by an iron railing, there stood a man with a rifle trailing behind him. He was looking down into the yard inside. His attitude of watchfulness, his weapon, the unseen thing that was being thus fiercely guarded, provoked in her such a revulsion that she came to a standstill.

What in the name of mercy had she come here for? She began to tremble. The man with the flowers came up to her and halted. From the prison there came at this instant the loud clang of a bell, and succeeding this a prolonged and resonant murmur which seemed to increase. Miss Eunice looked hastily around her. There were several people who must have heard the same

sounds that reached her ears, but they were not alarmed. In fact, one or two of them seemed to be going to the prison direct. The courage of our philanthropist began to revive. A woman in a brick house opposite suddenly pulled up a window-curtain and fixed an amused and inquisitive look upon her.

This would have sent her into a thrice-heated furnace. "Come, if you please," she commanded the man, and she marched upon the jail.

She entered at first a series of neat offices in a wing of the structure, and then she came to a small door made of black bars of iron. A man stood on the farther side of this, with a bunch of large keys. When he saw Miss Eunice he unlocked and opened the door, and she passed through.

She found that she had entered a vast, cool, and lofty cage, one hundred feet in diameter; it had an iron floor, and there were several people strolling about here and there. Through several grated apertures the sunlight streamed with strong effect, and a soft breeze swept around the cavernous apartment.

Without the cage, before her and on either hand, were three more wings of the building, and in these were the prisoners' corridors.

At the moment she entered, the men were leaving their cells, and mounting the stone stairs in regular order, on their way to the chapel above. The noisy files went up and down and to the right and to the left, shuffling and scraping and making a

great tumult. The men were dressed in blue, and were seen indistinctly through the lofty gratings. From above and below and all around her there came the metallic snapping of bolts and the rattle of moving bars ; and so significant was everything of savage repression and impending violence, that Miss Eunice was compelled to say faintly to herself, " I am afraid it will take a little time to get used to all this."

She rested upon one of the seats in the rotunda while the chapel services were being conducted, and she thus had an opportunity to regain a portion of her lost heart. She felt wonderfully dwarfed and belittled, and her plan of recovering souls had, in some way or other, lost much of its feasibility. A glance at her bright flowers revived her a little, as did also a surprising, long-drawn roar from over her head, to the tune of "America." The prisoners were singing.

Miss Eunice was not alone in her intended work, for there were several other ladies, also with supplies of flowers, who with her awaited until the prisoners should descend into the yard and be let loose before presenting them with what they had brought. Their common purpose made them acquainted, and by the aid of chat and sympathy they fortified each other.

Half an hour later the five hundred men descended from the chapel to the yard, rushing out upon its bare broad surface as you have seen a burst of water suddenly irrigate a road-bed. A

hoarse and tremendous shout at once filled the air, and echoed against the walls like the threat of a volcano. Some of the wretches waltzed and spun around like dervishes, some threw somersaults, some folded their arms gravely and marched up and down, some fraternized, some walked away pondering, some took off their tall caps and sat down in the shade, some looked toward the rotunda with expectation, and there were those who looked toward it with contempt.

There led from the rotunda to the yard a flight of steps. Miss Eunice descended these steps with a quaking heart, and a turnkey shouted to the prisoners over her head that she and others had flowers for them.

No sooner had the words left his lips, than the men rushed up pell-mell.

This was a crucial moment.

There thronged upon Miss Eunice an army of men who were being punished for all the crimes in the calendar. Each individual here had been caged because he was either a highwayman, or a forger, or a burglar, or a ruffian, or a thief, or a murderer. The unclean and frightful tide bore down upon our terrified missionary, shrieking and whooping. Every prisoner thrust out his hand over the head of the one in front of him, and the foremost plucked at her dress.

She had need of courage. A sense of danger and contamination impelled her to fly, but a gleam of reason in the midst of her distraction enabled her

to stand her ground. She forced herself to smile, though she knew her face had grown pale.

She placed a bunch of flowers into an immense hand which projected from a coarse blue sleeve in front of her ; the owner of the hand was pushed away so quickly by those who came after him that Miss Eunice failed to see his face. Her tortured ear caught a rough "Thank y', miss !" The spirit of Miss Crofutt revived in a flash, and her disciple thereafter possessed no lack of nerve.

She plied the crowd with flowers as long as they lasted, and a jaunty self-possession enabled her finally to gaze without flinching at the mass of depraved and wicked faces with which she was surrounded. Instead of retaining her position upon the steps, she gradually descended into the yard, as did several other visitors. She began to feel at home ; she found her tongue, and her color came back again. She felt a warm pride in noticing with what care and respect the prisoners treated her gifts ; they carried them about with great tenderness, and some compared them with those of their friends.

Presently she began to recall her plans. It occurred to her to select her two or three villains. For one, she immediately pitched upon a lean-faced wretch in front of her. He seemed to be old, for his back was bent and he leaned upon a cane. His features were large, and they bore an expression of profound gloom. His head was sunk upon his breast, his lofty conical cap was pulled

over his ears, and his shapeless uniform seemed to weigh him down, so infirm was he.

Miss Eunice spoke to him. He did not hear ; she spoke again. He glanced at her like a flash, but without moving ; this was at once followed by a scrutinizing look. He raised his head, and then he turned toward her gravely.

The solemnity of his demeanor nearly threw Miss Eunice off her balance, but she mastered herself by beginning to talk rapidly. The prisoner leaned over a little to hear better. Another came up, and two or three turned around to look. She bethought herself of an incident related in Miss Crofutt's book, and she essayed its recital. It concerned a lawyer who was once pleading in a French criminal court in behalf of a man whose crime had been committed under the influence of dire want. In his plea he described the case of another whom he knew who had been punished with a just but short imprisonment instead of a long one, which the judge had been at liberty to impose, but from which he humanely refrained. Miss Eunice happily remembered the words of the lawyer : " That man suffered like the wrong-doer that he was. He knew his punishment was just. Therefore there lived perpetually in his breast an impulse toward a better life which was not suppressed and stifled by the five years he passed within the walls of the jail. He came forth and began to labor. He toiled hard. He struggled against averted faces and cold words, and he began to rise. He

secreted nothing, faltered at nothing, and never stumbled. He succeeded ; men took off their hats to him once more ; he became wealthy, honorable, God-fearing. I, gentlemen, am that man, that criminal." As she quoted this last declaration, Miss Eunice erected herself with burning eyes and touched herself proudly upon the breast. A flush crept into her cheeks, and her nostrils dilated, and she grew tall.

She came back to earth again, and found herself surrounded with the prisoners. She was a little startled.

" Ah, that was good !" ejaculated the old man upon whom she had fixed her eyes. Miss Eunice felt an inexpressible sense of delight.

Murmurs of approbation came from all of her listeners, especially from one on her right hand. She looked around at him pleasantly.

But the smile faded from her lips on beholding him. He was extremely tall and very powerful. He overshadowed her. His face was large, ugly, and forbidding ; his gray hair and beard were cropped close, his eyebrows met at the bridge of his nose and overhung his large eyes like a screen. His lips were very wide, and, being turned downward at the corners, they gave him a dolorous expression. His lower jaw was square and protruding, and a pair of prodigious white ears projected from beneath his sugar-loaf cap. He seemed to take his cue from the old man, for he repeated his sentiment.

"Yes," said he, with a voice which broke alternately into a roar and a whisper, "that was a good story."

"Y-yes," faltered Miss Eunice, "and it has the merit of being t-true."

He replied with a nod, and looked absently over her head while he rubbed the nap upon his chin with his hand. Miss Eunice discovered that his knee touched the skirt of her dress, and she was about to move in order to destroy this contact, when she remembered that Miss Crofutt would probably have cherished the accident as a promoter of a valuable personal influence, so she allowed it to remain. The lean-faced man was not to be mentioned in the same breath with this one, therefore she adopted the superior villain out of hand.

She began to approach him. She asked him where he lived, meaning to discover whence he had come. He replied in the same mixture of roar and whisper, "Six ndered un one, North Wing."

Miss Eunice grew scarlet. Presently she recovered sufficiently to pursue some inquiries respecting the rules and customs of the prison. She did not feel that she was interesting her friend, yet it seemed clear that he did not wish to go away. His answers were curt, yet he swept his cap off his head, implying by the act a certain reverence, which Miss Eunice's vanity permitted her to exult at. Therefore she became more loquacious than ever. Some men came up to speak with the prisoner, but he shook them off, and remained in an

attitude of strict attention, with his chin on his hand, looking now at the sky, now at the ground, and now at Miss Eunice.

In handling the flowers her gloves had been stained, and she now held them in her fingers, nervously twisting them as she talked. In the course of time she grew short of subjects, and, as her listener suggested nothing, several lapses occurred ; in one of them she absently spread her gloves out in her palms, meanwhile wondering how the English girl acted under similar circumstances.

Suddenly a large hand slowly interposed itself between her eyes and her gloves, and then withdrew, taking one of the soiled trifles with it.

She was surprised, but the surprise was pleasurable. She said nothing at first. The prisoner gravely spread his prize out upon his own palm, and after looking at it carefully, he rolled it up into a tight ball and thrust it deep in an inner pocket.

This act made the philanthropist aware that she had made progress. She rose insensibly to the elevation of patron, and she made promises to come frequently and visit her ward and to look in upon him when he was at work ; while saying this she withdrew a little from the shade his huge figure had supplied her with.

He thrust his hands into his pockets, but he hastily took them out again. Still he said nothing and hung his head. It was while she was in the

mood of a conqueror that Miss Eunice went away. She felt a touch of repugnance at stepping from before his eyes a free woman, therefore she took pains to go when she thought he was not looking.

She pointed him out to a turnkey, who told her he was expiating the sins of assault and burglarious entry. Outwardly Miss Eunice looked grieved, but within she exulted that he was so emphatically a rascal.

When she emerged from the cool, shadowy, and frowning prison into the gay sunlight, she experienced a sense of bewilderment. The significance of a lock and a bar seemed greater on quitting them than it had when she had perceived them first. The drama of imprisonment and punishment oppressed her spirit with tenfold gloom now that she gazed upon the brilliancy and freedom of the outer world. That she and everybody around her were permitted to walk here and there at will, without question and limit, generated within her an indefinite feeling of gratitude; and the noise, the colors, the creaking wagons, the myriad voices, the splendid variety and change of all things excited a profound but at the same time a mournful satisfaction.

Midway in her return journey she was shrieked at from a carriage, which at once approached the sidewalk. Within it were four gay maidens bound to the Navy-Yard, from whence they were to sail, with a large party of people of nice assortment, in an experimental steamer, which was to be made

to go with kerosene lamps, in some way. They seized upon her hands and cajoled her. Wouldn't she go? They were to sail down among the islands (provided the oil made the wheels and things go round), they were to lunch at Fort Warren, dine at Fort Independence, and dance at Fort Winthrop. Come, please go. Oh, do! The Germanians were to furnish the music.

Miss Eunice sighed, but shook her head. She had not yet got the air of the prison out of her lungs, nor the figure of her robber out of her eyes, nor the sense of horror and repulsion out of her sympathies.

At another time she would have gone to the ends of the earth with such a happy crew, but now she only shook her head again and was resolute. No one could wring a reason from her, and the wondering quartet drove away.

II.

BEFORE the day went, Miss Eunice awoke to the disagreeable fact that her plans had become shrunken and contracted, that a certain something had curdled her spontaneity, and that her ardor had flown out at some crevice and had left her with the dry husk of an intent.

She exerted herself to glow a little, but she failed. She talked well at the tea-table, but she did not tell about the glove. This matter plagued her. She ran over in her mind the various doings of Miss Crofutt, and she could not conceal from herself that that lady had never given a glove to one of her wretches ; no, nor had she ever permitted the smallest approach to familiarity.

Miss Eunice wept a little. She was on the eve of despairing.

In the silence of the night the idea presented itself to her with a disagreeable baldness. There was a thief over yonder that possessed a confidence with her.

They had found it necessary to shut this man up in iron and stone, and to guard him with a rifle with a large leaden ball in it.

This villain was a convict. That was a terrible word, one that made her blood chill.

She, the admired of hundreds and the beloved of a family, had done a secret and shameful thing of which she dared not tell. In these solemn hours the madness of her act appalled her.

She asked herself what might not the fellow do with the glove ? Surely he would exhibit it among his brutal companions, and perhaps allow it to pass to and fro among them. They would laugh and joke with him, and he would laugh and joke in return, and no doubt he would kiss it to their great delight. Again, he might go to her friends, and, by working upon their fears and by threaten-

ing an exposure of her, extort large sums of money from them. Again, might he not harass her by constantly appearing to her at all times and all places and making all sorts of claims and demands? Again, might he not, with terrible ingenuity, use it in connection with some false key or some jack-in-the-box, or some dark-lantern, or something, in order to effect his escape; or might he not tell the story times without count to some wretched curiosity-hunters who would advertise her folly all over the country, to her perpetual misery?

She became harnessed to this train of thought. She could not escape from it. She reversed the relation that she had hoped to hold toward such a man, and she stood in his shadow, and not he in hers.

In consequence of these ever-present fears and sensations, there was one day, not very far in the future, that she came to have an intolerable dread of. This day was the one on which the sentence of the man was to expire. She felt that he would surely search for her; and that he would find her there could be no manner of doubt, for, in her surplus of confidence, she had told him her full name, inasmuch as he had told her his.

When she contemplated this new source of terror, her peace of mind fled directly. So did her plans for philanthropic labor. Not a shred remained. The anxiety began to tell upon her, and she took to peering out of a certain shaded window

that commanded the square in front of her house. It was not long before she remembered that for good behavior certain days were deducted from the convicts' terms of imprisonment. Therefore, her ruffian might be released at a moment not anticipated by her. He might, in fact, be discharged on any day. He might be on his way toward her even now.

She was not very far from right, for suddenly the man did appear.

He one day turned the corner, as she was looking out at the window fearing that she should see him, and came in a diagonal direction across the hot, flagged square.

Miss Eunice's pulse leaped into the hundreds. She glued her eyes upon him. There was no mistake. There was the red face, the evil eyes, the large mouth, the gray hair, and the massive frame.

What should she do? Should she hide? Should she raise the sash and shriek to the police? Should she arm herself with a knife? or—what? In the name of mercy, what? She glared into the street. He came on steadily, and she lost him, for he passed beneath her. In a moment she heard the jangle of the bell. She was petrified. She heard his heavy step below. He had gone into the little reception-room beside the door. He crossed to a sofa opposite the mantel. She then heard him get up and go to a window, then he walked about, and then sat down; probably upon a red leather seat beside the window.

Meanwhile the servant was coming to announce him. From some impulse, which was a strange and sudden one, she eluded the maid, and rushed headlong upon her danger. She never remembered her descent of the stairs. She awoke to cool contemplation of matters only to find herself entering the room.

Had she made a mistake, after all? It was a question that was asked and answered in a flash. This man was pretty erect and self-assured, but she discerned in an instant that there was needed but the blue woollen jacket and the tall cap to make him the wretch of a month before.

He said nothing. Neither did she. He stood up and occupied himself by twisting a button upon his waistcoat. She, fearing a threat or a demand, stood bridling to receive it. She looked at him from top to toe with parted lips.

He glanced at her. She stepped back. He put the rim of his cap in his mouth and bit it once or twice, and then looked out at the window. Still neither spoke. A voice at this instant seemed impossible.

He glanced again like a flash. She shrank, and put her hands upon the bolt. Presently he began to stir. He put out one foot, and gradually moved forward. He made another step. He was going away. He had almost reached the door, when Miss Eunice articulated, in a confused whisper, "My—my glove; I wish you would give me my glove."

He stopped, fixed his eyes upon her, and after passing his fingers up and down upon the outside of his coat, said, with deliberation, in a husky voice, "No, mum. I'm goin' fur to keep it as long as I live, if it takes two thousand years."

"Keep it!" she stammered.

"Keep it," he replied.

He gave her an untranslatable look. It neither frightened her nor permitted her to demand the glove more emphatically. She felt her cheeks and temples and her hands grow cold, and midway in the process of fainting she saw him disappear. He vanished quietly. Deliberation and respect characterized his movements, and there was not so much as a jar of the outer door.

Poor philanthropist!

This incident nearly sent her to a sick-bed. She fully expected that her secret would appear in the newspapers in full, and she lived in dread of the onslaught of an angry and outraged society.

The more she reflected upon what her possibilities had been and how she had misused them, the iller and the more distressed she got. She grew thin and spare of flesh. Her friends became frightened. They began to dose her and to coddle her. She looked at them with eyes full of supreme melancholy, and she frequently wept upon their shoulders.

In spite of her precautions, however, a thunder-bolt slipped in.

One day her father read at the table an item that

met his eye. He repeated it aloud, on account of the peculiar statement in the last line :

“Detained on suspicion. — A rough-looking fellow, who gave the name of Gorman, was arrested on the high-road to Tuxbridge Springs for suspected complicity in some recent robberies in the neighborhood. He was fortunately able to give a pretty clear account of his late whereabouts, and he was permitted to depart with a caution from the justice. Nothing was found upon him but a few coppers and an old kid glove wrapped in a bit of paper.”

Miss Eunice's soup spilled. This was too much, and she fainted this time in right good earnest ; and she straightway became an invalid of the settled type. They put her to bed. The doctor told her plainly that he knew she had a secret, but she looked at him so imploringly that he refrained from telling his fancies ; but he ordered an immediate change of air. It was settled at once that she should go to the “Springs”—to Tuxbridge Springs. The doctor knew there were young people there, also plenty of dancing. So she journeyed thither with her pa and her ma and with pillows and servants.

They were shown to their rooms, and strong porters followed with the luggage. One of them had her huge trunk upon his shoulder. He put it carefully upon the floor, and by so doing he disclosed the ex-prisoner to Miss Eunice and Miss Eunice to himself. He was astonished, but he

remained silent. But she must needs be frightened and fall into another fit of trembling. After an awkward moment he went away, while she called to her father and begged piteously to be taken away from Tuxbridge Springs instantly. There was no appeal. She hated, *hated*, HATED Tuxbridge Springs, and she should die if she were forced to remain. She rained tears. She would give no reason, but she could not stay. No, millions on millions could not persuade her ; go she must. There was no alternative. The party quitted the place within the hour, bag and baggage. Miss Eunice's father was perplexed and angry, and her mother would have been angry also if she had dared.

They went to other springs and stayed a month, but the patient's fright increased each day, and so did her fever. She was full of distractions. In her dreams everybody laughed at her as the one who had flirted with a convict. She would ever be pursued with the tale of her foolishness and stupidity. Should he ever recover her self-respect and confidence ?

She had become radically selfish. She forgot the old ideas of noble-heartedness and self-denial, and her temper had become weak and childish. She did not meet her puzzle face to face, but she ran away from it with her hands over her ears. Miss Crofutt stared at her, and therefore she threw Miss Crofutt's book into the fire.

After two days of unceasing debate, she called

her parents, and with the greatest agitation told them *all*.

It so happened, in this case, that events, to use a railroad phrase, made connection.

No sooner had Miss Eunice told her story than the man came again. This time he was accompanied by a woman.

"Only get my glove away from him," sobbed the unhappy one, "that is all I ask!" This was a fine admission! It was thought proper to bring an officer, and so a strong one was sent for.

Meanwhile the couple had been admitted to the parlor. Miss Eunice's father stationed the officer at one door, while he, with a pistol, stood at the other. Then Miss Eunice went into the apartment. She was wasted, weak, and nervous. The two villains got up as she came in, and bowed. She began to tremble as usual, and laid hold upon the mantelpiece. "How much do you want?" she gasped.

The man gave the woman a push with his forefinger. She stepped forward quickly with her crest up. Her eyes turned, and she fixed a vixenish look upon Miss Eunice. She suddenly shot her hand out from beneath her shawl and extended it at full length. Across it lay Miss Eunice's glove, very much soiled.

"Was that thing ever yours?" demanded the woman, shrilly.

"Y-yes," said Miss Eunice, faintly.

The woman seemed (if the apt word is to be

excused) staggered. She withdrew her hand, and looked the glove over. The man shook his head, and began to laugh behind his hat.

"And did you ever give it to him?" pursued the woman, pointing over her shoulder with her thumb.

Miss Eunice nodded.

"Of your own free will?"

After a moment of silence she ejaculated, in a whisper, "Yes."

"Now wait," said the man, coming to the front; "'nough has been said by you." He then addressed himself to Miss Eunice with the remains of his laugh still illuminating his face.

"This is my wife's sister, and she's one of the jealous kind. I love my wife" (here he became grave), "and I never showed her any kind of slight that I know of. I've always been fair to her, and she's always been fair to me. Plain sailin' so far; I never kep' anything from her—but this." He reached out and took the glove from the woman, and spread it out upon his own palm, as Miss Eunice had seen him do once before. He looked at it thoughtfully. "I wouldn't tell her about this; no, never. She was never very particular to ask me; that's where her trust in me came in. She knowed I was above doing anything out of the way—that is—I mean—" He stammered and blushed, and then rushed on volubly. "But her sister here thought I paid too much attention to it; she thought I looked at it too much, and kep' it

secret. So she nagged and nagged, and kept the pitch boilin' until I had to let it out : I told 'em '' (Miss Eunice shivered). "' 'No,' says she, my wife's sister, 'that won't do, Gorman. That's chaff, and I'm too old a bird'.' Ther'fore I fetched her straight to you, so she could put the question direct."

He stopped a moment as if in doubt how to go on. Miss Eunice began to open her eyes, and she released the mantel. The man resumed with something like impressiveness :

"When you last held that," said he, slowly, balancing the glove in his hand, "I was a wicked man with bad intentions through and through. When I first held it I became an honest man, with good intentions."

A burning blush of shame covered Miss Eunice's face and neck.

"An' as I kep' it my intentions went on improvin' and improvin', till I made up my mind to behave myself in future, forever. Do you understand?—forever. No backslidin', no hitchin', no slippin'-up. I take occasion to say, miss, that I was beset time and again ; that the instant I set my foot outside them prison-gates, over there, my old chums got round me ; but I shook my head. 'No,' says I, 'I won't go back on the glove.' "

Miss Eunice hung her head. The two had exchanged places, she thought ; she was the criminal and he the judge.

"An' what is more," continued he, with the

same weight in his tone, "I not only kep' sight of the glove, but I kep' sight of the generous sperrit that gave it. I didn't let *that* go. I never forgot what you meant. I knowed—I knowed," repeated he, lifting his forefinger—"I knowed a time would come when there wouldn't be any enthoosiasm, any 'hurrah,' and then perhaps you'd be sorry you was so kind to me; an' the time did come."

Miss Eunice buried her face in her hands and wept aloud.

"But did I quit the glove? No, mum. I held on to it. It was what I fought by. I wasn't going to give it up, because it was asked for. All the police-officers in the city could n't have took it from me. I put it deep into my pocket, and I walked out. It was differcult, miss. But I come through. The glove did it. It helped me stand out against temptation when it was strong. If I looked at it, I remembered that once there was a pure heart that pitied me. It cheered me up. After a while I kinder got out of the mud. Then I got work. The glove again. Then a girl that knowed me before I took to bad ways married me, and no questions asked. Then I just took the glove into a dark corner and blessed it."

Miss Eunice was belittled.

A noise was heard in the hallway. Miss Eunice's father and the policeman were going away.

The awkwardness of the succeeding silence was

relieved by the moving of the man and the woman. They had done their errand, and were going.

Said Miss Eunice, with the faint idea of making a practical apology to her visitor, "I shall go to the prison once a week after this, I think."

"Then may God bless ye, miss," said the man. He came back with tears in his eyes and took her proffered hand for an instant. Then he and his wife's sister went away.

Miss Eunice's remaining spark of charity at once crackled and burst into a flame. There is sure to be a little something that is bad in everybody's philanthropy when it is first put to use ; it requires to be filed down like a faulty casting before it will run without danger to anybody. Samaritanism that goes off with half a charge is sure to do great mischief somewhere ; but Miss Eunice's, now properly corrected, henceforth shot off at the proper end, and inevitably hit the mark. She purchased a new Crofutt.

BROTHER SEBASTIAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

I WHO tell this story, am called Brother Sebastian. This name was given me more than forty years ago, while Louis Philippe was still king. My other name has been buried so long that I have nearly forgotten it. I think that my people are dead. At least I have heard nothing from them in many years. My reputation has always been that of a misanthrope—if not that, then of a dreamer. In the seminary I had no intimates. In the order, for I am a Brother of the Christian Schools, my associates are polite—nothing more. I seem to be outside their social circles, their plans, their enjoyments. True, I am an old man now. But in other years it was the same. All my life I have been in solitude.

To this there is a single exception—one star shining in the blackness. And my career has been so

bleak that, although it ended in deeper sadness than I had known before, I look back to the episode with gratitude. The bank of clouds which shut out this sole light of my life quickened its brilliancy before they submerged it.

After the terrible siege of '71, when the last German was gone, and our houses had breasted the ordeal of the Commune, I was sent to the South. The Superior thought my cheeks were ominously hollow, and suspected threats of consumption in my cough. So I was to go to the Mediterranean, and try its milder air. I liked the change. Paris, with its gloss of noisy gayety and its substance of sceptical heartlessness, was repugnant to me. Perhaps it was because of this that Brother Sebastian had been mured up in the capital two thirds of his life. If our surroundings are too congenial we neglect the work set before us. But no matter; to the coast I went.

My new home was a long-established house, spacious, venerable, and dreary. It was on the outskirts of an ancient town, which was of far more importance before our Lord was born than it has ever been since. We had little to do. There were nine brothers, a handful of resident orphans, and some three-score pupils. Ragged, stupid, big-eyed urchins they were, altogether different from the keen Paris boys. For that matter, every feature of my new home was odd. The heat of the summer was scorching in its intensity. The peasants were much more respectful to our cloth, and, as to ap-

pearance, looked like figures from Murillo's canvases. The foliage, the wine, the language, the manners of the people—everything was changed. This interested me, and my morbidness vanished. The Director was delighted with my improved condition. Poor man ! he was positive that my cheeks had puffed out perceptibly after the first two months. So the winter came—a mild, wet, muggy winter, wholly unlike my favorite sharp season in the North.

We were killing time in the library one afternoon, the Director and a Swiss Brother sitting by the lamp reading, I standing at one of the tall, narrow windows, drumming on the panes and dreaming. The view was not an inspiring one. There was a long horizontal line of pale yellow sky and another of flat, black land, out of which an occasional poplar raised itself solemnly. The great mass below the stripes was brown ; above, gloomy gray. Close under the window two boys were playing in the garden of the house. I recall distinctly that they threw armfuls of wet fallen leaves at each other with a great shouting. While I stood thus, the Brother Servitor, Abonus, came in and whispered to the Director. He always whispered. It was not fraternal, but I did not like this Abonus.

"Send him up here," said the Director. Then I remembered that I had heard the roll of a carriage and the bell ring a few moments before. Abonus came in again. Behind him there was some one

else, whose footsteps had the hesitating sound of a stranger's. Then I heard the Director's voice :

"You are from Algiers?"

"I am, Brother."

"Your name?"

"Edouard, Brother."

"Well, tell me more."

"I was under orders to be in Paris in January, Brother. As my health was poor, I received permission to come back to France this autumn. At Marseilles I was instructed to come here. So I am here. I have these papers from the Mother house, and from Etienne, Director, of Algiers."

Something in the voice seemed peculiar to me. I turned and examined the new-comer. He stood behind and to one side of the Director, who was laboriously deciphering some papers through his big horn spectacles. The light was not very bright, but there was enough to see a wonderfully handsome face, framed in dazzling black curls. Perhaps it looked the more beautiful because contrasted with the shaven gray poll and surly features of grim Abonus. But to me it was a dream of St. John the Evangel. The eyes of the face were lowered upon the Director, so I could only guess their brilliancy. The features were those of an extreme youth—round, soft, and delicate. The expression was one of utter fatigue, almost pain. It bore out the statement of ill-health.

The Director had finished his reading. He lifted his head now and surveyed the stranger in

turn. Finally, stretching out his fat hand, he said :

"You are welcome, Brother Edouard. I see the letter says you have had no experience except with the youngest children. Brother Photius does that now. We will have you rest for a time. Then we will see about it. Meanwhile I will turn you over to the care of good Abonus, who will give you one of the north rooms."

So the two went out, Abonus shuffling his feet disagreeably. It was strange that he could do nothing to please me.

"Brother Sebastian," said the Director, as the door closed, "it is curious that they should have sent me a tenth man. Why, I lie awake now to invent pretences of work for those I have already. I will give up all show of teaching presently, and give out that I keep a hospital—a retreat for ailing brothers. Still, this Edouard is a pretty boy."

"Very."

"Etienne's letter says he is twenty and a Savoyard. He speaks like a Parisian."

"Very likely he is seminary bred," put in the Swiss.

"Whatever he is, I like his looks," said our Superior. This good man liked every one. His was the placid, easy Alsatian nature, prone to find goodness in all things—even crabbed Abonus. The Director, or, as he was known, Brother Elysee, was a stout, round little man, with a fine face and imperturbable good spirits. He was adored by all his

subordinates. But I fancy he did not advance in favor at Paris very rapidly.

I liked Edouard from the first. The day after he came we were together much, and, when we parted after vespers, I was conscious of a vast respect for this new-comer. He was bright, ready spoken, and almost a man of the world. Compared with my dull career, his short life had been one of positive gayety. He had seen Frederic le Maitre at the Comédie Française. He had been at Court and spoken with the Prince Imperial. He was on terms of intimacy with Monsignori, and had been protégé of the sainted Darboy. It was a rare pleasure to hear him talk of these things.

Before this, the ceaseless shifting of brothers from one house to another had been indifferent to me. For the hundreds of strangers who came and went in the Paris house on Oudinot Street I cared absolutely nothing, I did not suffer their entrance nor their exit to excite me. This was so much the case that they called me a machine. But with Edouard this was different. I grew to love the boy from the first evening, when, as he left my room, I caught myself saying, "I shall be sorry when he goes." He seemed to be fond of me, too. For that matter most of the brothers petted him, Elysee especially. But I was flattered that he chose me as his particular friend. For the first time my heart had opened.

We were alone one evening after the holidays. It was cold without, but in my room it was warm

and bright. The fire crackled merrily, and the candles gave out a mellow and pleasant light. The Director had gone up to Paris, and his mantle had fallen on me. Edouard sat with his feet stretched to the fender, his curly head buried in the great curved back of my invalid chair, the red fire-light reflected on his childish features. I took pleasure in looking at him. He looked at the coals and knit his brows as if in a puzzle. I often fancied that something weightier than the usual troubles of life weighed upon him. At last he spoke, just as I was about to question him :

“Are you afraid to die, Sebastian?”

Not knowing what else to say, I answered, “No, my child.”

“I wonder if you enjoy life in community?”

This was still stranger. I could but reply that I had never known any other life; that I was fitted for nothing else.

“But still,” persisted he, “would you not like to leave it—to have a career of your own before you die? Do you think this is what a man is created for—to give away his chance to live?”

“Edouard, you are interrogating your own conscience,” I answered. “These are questions which you must have answered yourself, before you took your vows. When you answered them, you sealed them.”

Perhaps I spoke too harshly, for he colored and drew up his feet. Such shapely little feet they were. I felt ashamed of my crustiness.

"But, Edouard," I added, "your vows are those of the novitiate. You are not yet twenty-eight. You have still the right to ask yourself these things. The world is very fair to men of your age. Do not dream that I was angry with you."

He sat gazing into the fire. His face wore a strange, far-away expression, as he reached forth his hand, in a groping way, and rested it on my knee, clutching the gown nervously. Then he spoke slowly, seeking for words, and keeping his eye on the flames :

"You have been good to me, Brother Sebastian. Let me ask you: May I tell you something in confidence—something which shall never pass your lips? I mean it."

He had turned and poured those marvellous eyes into mine with irresistible magnetism. Of course I said, "Speak!" and I said it without the slightest hesitation.

"I am not a Christian Brother. I do not belong to your order. I have no claim upon the hospitality of this roof. I am an impostor!"

He ejected these astounding sentences with an energy almost fierce, gripping my knee meanwhile. Then, as suddenly, his grasp relaxed, and he fell to weeping bitterly.

I stared at him solemnly, in silence. My tongue seemed paralyzed. Confusing thoughts whirled in a maze unbidden through my head. I could say nothing. But a strange impulse prompted me to reach out and take his hot hand in mine. It was

piteous to hear him sobbing, his head upon his raised arm, his whole frame quivering with emotion. I had never seen any one weep like that before. So I sat dumb, trying in vain to answer this bewildering self-accusation. At last there came out of the folds of the chair the words, faint and tear-choked :

"You have promised me secrecy, and you will keep your word ; but you will hate me."

"Why no, no, Edouard, not hate you," I answered, scarcely knowing what I said. I did not comprehend it at all. There was nothing more for me to say. Finally, when some power of thought returned, I asked :

"Of all things, my poor boy, why should you choose such a dreary life as this? What possible reason led you to enter the community? What attractions has it for you?"

Edouard turned again from the fire to me. His eyes sparkled. His teeth were tight set.

"Why? Why? I will tell you why, Brother Sebastian. Can you not understand how a poor hunted beast should rejoice to find shelter in such an out-of-the-way place, among such kind men, in the grave of this cloister life? I have not told you half enough. Do you not know in the outside world, in Toulon, or Marseilles, or that fine Paris of yours, there is a price on my head?—or no, not that, but enemies that are looking for me, searching everywhere, turning every little stone for the poor privilege of making me suffer? And do you know

that these enemies wear shakos, and are called gens d'armes? Would you be pleased to learn that it is a prison I escape by coming here? *Now*, will you hate me?"

The boy had risen from his chair. He spoke hurriedly, almost hysterically, his eyes snapping at mine like coals, his curls dishevelled, his fingers curved and stiffened like the talons of a hawk. I had never seen such intense earnestness in a human face. Passions like these had never penetrated the convent walls before.

While I sat dumb before them, Edouard left the room. I was conscious of his exit only in a vague way. For hours I sat in my chair beside the grate thinking, or trying to think. You can see readily that I was more than a little perplexed. In the absence of Elysee, I was director. The management of the house, its good fame, its discipline, all rested on my shoulders. And to be confronted by such an abyss as this! I could do absolutely nothing. The boy had tied my tongue by the pledge. Besides, had I been unsworn, I am sure the idea of exposure would never have come to me. It was late before I retired that night. And I recall with terrible distinctness the chaos of brain and faculty which ushered in a restless sleep almost as dawn was breaking.

I had fancied that Brother Edouard would find life intolerable in community after his revelation to me. He would be chary of meeting me before the brothers; would be constantly tortured by fear

of detection. As I saw this prospect of the poor innocent—for it was absurd to think of him as anything else—dreading exposure at each step in his false life, shrinking from observation, biting his tongue at every word—I was greatly moved by pity. Judge my surprise, then, when I saw him the next morning join in the younger brothers' regular walk around the garden, joking and laughing as I had never seen before. On his right was thin, sickly Victor, rest his soul! and on the other puffy, thick-necked John, as merry a soul as Cork ever turned out. And how they laughed, even the frail consumptive! It was a pleasure to see his blue eyes brighten with enjoyment and his warm cheeks blush. Above John's queer, Irish chuckle, I heard Edouard's voice, with its dainty Parisian accent, retailing jokes and leading in the laughter. The tramp was stretched out longer than usual, so pleasant did they find it. At this development I was much amazed.

The same change was noticeable in all that Edouard did. Instead of the apathy with which he had discharged his nominal duties, his baby pupils (for Photius had gone to Peru) now became bewitched with him. He told them droll stories, incited their rivalry in study by instituting prizes for which they struggled monthly, and, in short, metamorphosed his department. The change spread to himself. His cheeks took on a ruddier hue, the sparkle of his black eyes mellowed into a calm and steady radiance. There was no trace of feverish

elation which, in solitude, recoiled to the brink of despair. He sang to himself evenings in his dormitory, clearly and with joy. His step was as elastic as that of any school-boy. I often thought upon this change, and meditated how beautiful an illustration of confession's blessings it furnished. Frequently we were alone, but he never referred again to that memorable evening, even by implication. At first I dreaded to have the door close upon us, feeling that he must perforce seek to take up the thread where he had broken it then. But he talked of other things, and so easily and naturally that I felt embarrassed. For weeks I could not shake off the feeling that, at our next talk, he would broach the subject. But he never did.

Elysee returned, bringing me kind words from the Mother house, and a half-jocular hint that Superior General Philippe had me much in his mind. No doubt there had been a time when the idea of becoming a Director would have stirred my pulses. Surely it was gone now. I asked for nothing but to stay beside Edouard, to watch him, and to be near to lend him a helping hand when his hour of trouble should come. From that ordeal, which I saw approaching clearly and certainly, I shrank with all my nerves on edge. As the object of my misery grew bright-eyed and strong, I felt myself declining in health. My face grew thin, and I could not eat. I saw before my eyes always this wretched boy singing upon the brow of the abyss. Sometimes I strove not to see his fall—frightful and

swift. His secret seemed to harass him no longer. To me it was heavier than lead.

The evening the Brother Director returned, we sat together in the reading-room, the entire community. Elysee had been speaking of the Mother-house, concerning which Brother Barnabas, an odd little Lorrainer who spoke better German than French, and who regarded Paris with the true provincial awe and veneration, exhibited much curiosity. We had a visitor, a gaunt, self-sufficient old Parisian, who had spent fourteen days in the Mazas prison during the Commune. I will call him Brother Albert, for his true name in religion is very well known.

"I heard a curious story in the Vaugirard house," said the Brother Director, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, "which made the more impression upon me that I once knew intimately one of the persons in it. Martin Delette was my schoolmate at Pfalsbourg, in the old days. A fine, studious lad he was, too. He took orders and went to the north where he lived for many years a quiet country curé. He had a niece, a charming girl, who is not now more than twenty or one-and-twenty. She was an orphan, and lived with him, going to a convent to school and returning at vacations. She was not a bad girl, but a trifle wayward and easily led. She gave the Sisters much anxiety. Last spring she barely escaped compromising the house by an escapade with a young *miserable* of the town named Banin."

"I know your story," said Albert, with an air which hinted that this was a sufficient reason why the rest should not hear it. "Banin is in prison."

Elysee proceeded: "The girl was reprimanded. Next week she disappeared. To one of her companions she had confided a great desire to see Paris. So good Father Delette was summoned, and, after a talk with the Superioress, started post-haste for the capital. He found no signs either of poor Renée or of Banin, who had also disappeared. The Curé was nearly heart-broken. Each day, they told me, added a year to his appearance. He did not cease to importune the police chiefs and to haunt the public places for a glimpse of his niece's face. But the summer came, and no Renée. The Curé began to cough and grow weak. But one day in August the Director, good Prosper, called him down to the reception-room to see a visitor.

"'There is news for you,'" he whispered, pressing poor Martin's hand. In the room he found—"

"In the room he found—" broke in Albert, impertinently, but with a quiet tone of authority which cowed good Elysee, "a shabby man, looking like a poorly-fed waiter. This person rose and said, 'I am a detective; do you know Banin— young man, tall, blonde, squints, broken tooth upper jaw, hat back on his head, much talk, hails from Rheims?'

"'Ah,' said Delette, 'I have not seen him, but I know him too well.'

"The detective pointed with his thumb over his

left shoulder. 'He is in jail. He is good for twenty years. I did it myself. My name is so-and-so. Good job. Procurator said you were interested—some woman in the case, parishioner of yours, eh?'

" 'My niece,' gasped the Curé.

" 'O ho! does you credit; pretty girl, curly-head, good manners. Well, she's off. Good trick, too. She was the decoy. Banin stood in the shadow with' club. She brought gentleman into alley, friend did work. That's Banin's story. Perhaps a lie. You have a brother in Algiers? Thought so. Girl went out there once? So I was told. Probably there now. African officers say not; but they're a sleepy lot. If I was a criminal, I'd go to Algiers. Good biding.' The detective went. Delette stood where he was in silence. I went to him, and helped carry him up-stairs. We put him in his bed. He died there."

Brother Albert stopped. He had told the story, dialogue and all, like a machine. We did not doubt its correctness. The memory of Albert had passed into a proverb years before.

Brother Albert raised his eyes again, and added, as if he had not paused, "He was ashamed to hold his head up. He might well be."

A strange, excited voice rose from the other end of the room. I looked and saw that it was Edouard who spoke. He had half arisen from his chair and scowled at Albert, throwing out his words with the tremulous haste of a young man first addressing an audience:

"Why should he be ashamed? Was he not a good man? Was the blame of his bad niece's acts his? From the story, she was well used and had no excuse. It is he who is to be pitied, not blamed!"

The Brother Director smiled benignly at the young enthusiast. "Brother Edouard is right," he said. "Poor Martin was to be compassionated. None the less, my heart is touched for the girl. In Banin's trial it appeared that he maltreated her, and forced her to do what she did by blows. They were really married. Her neighbors gave Renée a name for gentleness and a good heart. Poor thing!"

"And she never was found?" asked Abonus, eagerly. He spoke very rarely. He looked now at me as he spoke, and there was a strange, ungodly glitter in his eyes which made me shudder involuntarily.

"Never," replied the Director, "although there is a reward, 5000 francs, offered for her recovery. Miserable child, who can tell what depths of suffering she may be in this moment?"

"It would be remarkable if she should be found now, after all this time," said Abonus, sharply. His wicked, squinting old eyes were still fastened upon me. This time, as by a flash of eternal knowledge, I read their meaning, and felt the ground slipping from under me.

I shall never forget the night that followed. I made no pretence of going to bed. Edouard's little dormitory was in another part of the house. I went once to see him, but dared not knock, since Abonus

was stirring about just across the hall, in his own den. I scratched on a piece of paper "Fly!" in the dark, and pushed it under the door. Then I returned to walk my chamber, chafing like a wild beast. Ah, that night, that night!

With the first cock crow in the village below, long before the bell, I left my room. I wanted air to breathe. I passed Abonus on the broad stairway. He strode up with unwonted vigor, bearing a heavy cauldron of water as if it had been straw. His gown was tumbled and dusty; his greasy *rabat* hung awry about his neck. I had it in my head to speak with him, but could not. So the early hours, with devotions which I went through in a dream, wore on in horrible suspense, and breakfast came.

We sat at the long table, five on a side, the Director—looking red-eyed and weary from the evening's unaccustomed dissipation—sitting at the head. Below us stood Brother Albert, reading from Tertulian in a dry, monotonous chant. I recall, as I write, how I found a certain comfort in those splendid, sonorous Latin sentences, though I was conscious of not comprehending a word. I dreaded the moment they should end. Edouard sat beside me. We had not exchanged a word during the morning. How could I speak? What should I say? I was in a nervous flutter, like unto those who watch the final pinioning of a criminal whose guillotine is awaiting him. I could not keep my eyes from the fair face beside me, with its delicately-cut profile, made all the more cameo-like by its

pallid whiteness. The lips were tightly compressed. I could see askant that the tiny nostrils were quivering with excitement. All else was impassive on Edouard's face. We two sat waiting for the axe to fall.

It is as distinct as a nightmare to me. Abonus came in with his great server laden with victuals. He stumbled as he approached. He too was excited. He drew near, and stood behind me. I seemed to feel his breath penetrate my skull ; and yet I was forced to answer a whispered question of Brother John's with a smooth face. I saw Edouard suddenly reach for the milk glass in front of his plate, and hand it back to Abonus with the disdain of a duchess. He said, in a sharp, peremptory tone :

"Take it away and cleanse it. No one but a dirty monk would place such a glass on the table."

Albert ceased his reading. Abonus did not touch the glass. He shuffled hastily to the side-board and deposited his burden. Then he came back with the same eager movement. He placed his fists on his hips, like a fish-woman, and hissed, in a voice choking with concentrated rage—

"No one but a woman would complain of it!"

The brothers stared at each other and the two speakers in mute surprise. But they saw nothing in the words beyond a personal wrangle—though even that was such a novelty as to arrest instant attention. I busied myself with my plate. The Director assumed his harshest tone, and asked the cause of the altercation. Abonus leaned over and

whispered something in his ear. I remember next a room full of confusion, a babel of conflicting voices, and a whirling glimpse of uniforms. Then I fainted.

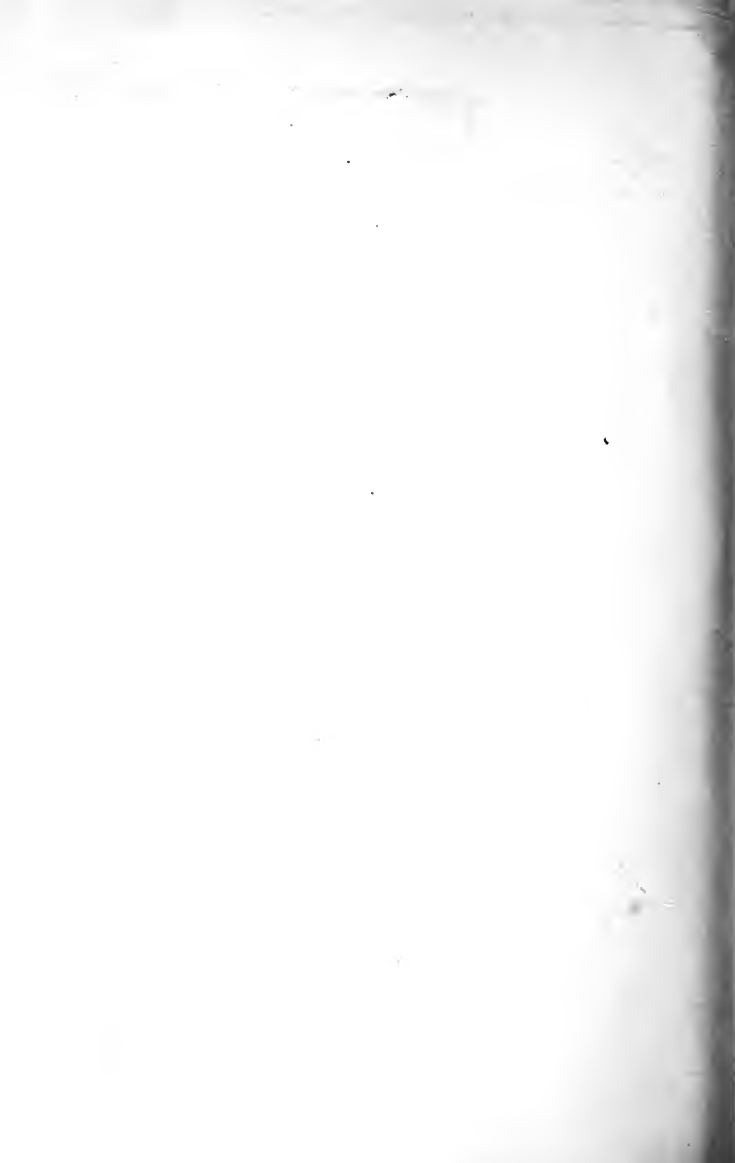
When I revived I was in my own room, stretched upon my pallet. I looked around in a dazed way and saw the Brother Director and a young gendarme by the closed door. Something black and irregular in the outline of the bed at my side attracted my eyes. I saw that it was Edouard's head buried in the drapery. As in a dream I laid my numb hand upon those crisp curls. I was an old man, she a weak, wretched girl. She raised her face at my touch, and burned in my brain a vision of stricken agony, of horrible soul-pain, which we liken, for want of a better simile, to the anguish in the eyes of a dying doe. Her lips moved; she said something, I know not what. Then she went, and I was left alone with Elysee. His words—broken, stumbling words—I remember :

“She asked to see you, Sebastian, my friend. I could not refuse. Her papers were forged. She did come from Algiers, where her uncle is a Capuchin. I do not ask, I do not wish to know, how much you know of this. Before my Redeemer, I feel nothing but pity for the poor lamb. Lie still, my friend; try to sleep. We are both older men than we were yesterday.”

There is little else to tell. Only twice have reflections of this episode in my old life reached me in the seclusion of a missionary post at the foot of

the Andes. I learned a few weeks ago that the wretched Abonus had bought a sailor's café on the Toulon wharves with his five thousand francs. And I know also that the heart of the Marshal-President was touched by the sad story of Renée, and that she left the prison La Salpetriere to lay herself in penitence at the foot of Mother Church. This is the story of my friendship.





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